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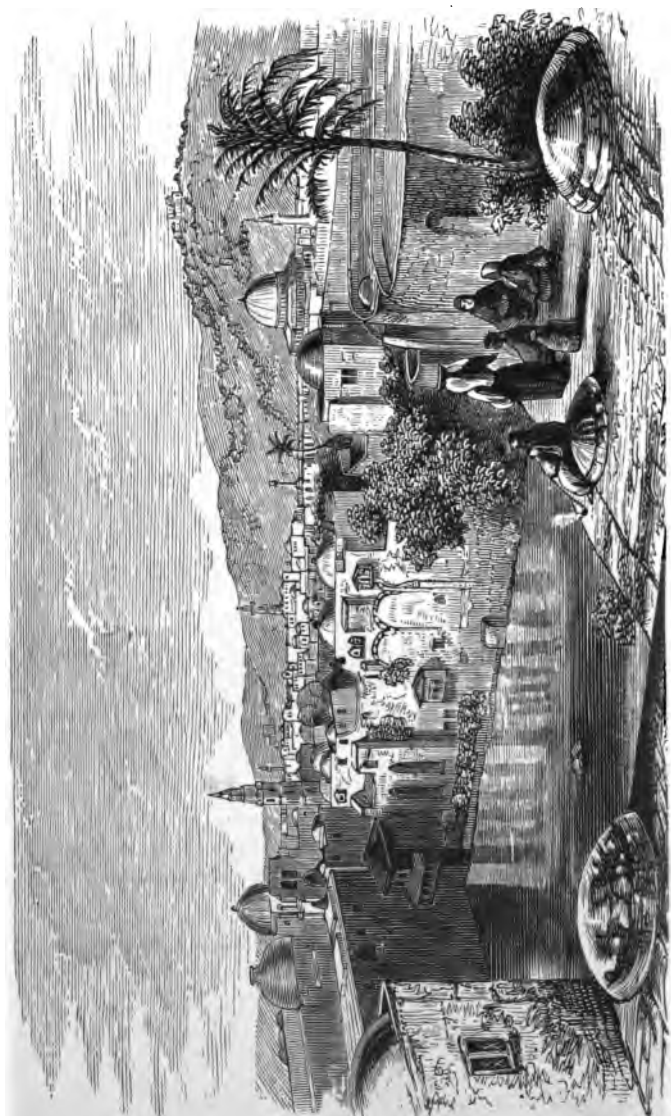
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JERUSALEM AND THE POOL OF HEZEKIAH.

SACRED CITIES:

NARRATIVE, DESCRIPTIVE, HISTORICAL.

BY

JOHN S. LEE, D.D.

PROFESSOR OF ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY IN THE THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT OF ST. LAWRENCE
UNIVERSITY, AUTHOR OF "NATURE AND ART IN THE OLD WORLD "



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To

Rev. S. M. M'Colister, D.D.

PRESIDENT OF BUCHTEL COLLEGE, AKRON, OHIO.

MY FRIEND AND TRAVELING COMPANION IN THAT PLEASANT AND
MEMORABLE TOUR TO THE HOLY LAND
WHICH WE TOGETHER ENJOYED,

THIS VOLUME,

THE FRUIT OF OUR WANDERINGS.
BE MOST RESPECTFULLY AND CORDIALLY

DEDICATED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

IN the years 1868-9 the Author traveled in Europe and the Holy Land; and, after his return, at the request of friends, published the results of his observations there in a compact volume. His account of Palæstine and other countries mentioned in the Bible was necessarily meager, and a wish has been expressed by some of the readers of that volume, for a more detailed description. The present volume has been prepared from the Author's notes, and descriptions of travelers, and history, partially to gratify that wish. The articles of which it is composed were originally published chiefly in the *Ladies' Repository*, of Boston, Mass., from which they have been transferred, with revisions and additions, to these pages.

The work makes no pretensions to complete or exhaustive treatment. The cities treated of are the principal ones in which the events related in sacred history occurred. In preparing it, the Author has consulted, besides his journal, many of the chief works on Palestine, Syria, Greece, and Rome; as Robinson, Thomson, Stanley, Tristram, Kitto, Hackett, Porter, Gage, Brewer, Olin, Coleman, Tischendorf, Felton, Gell, Chateaubriand, Lamartine, Rénan, Conybeare and Howson, "Early Travels in Palestine," Jeanne and Isambert, McGregor, of "Rob Roy" fame, Palmer, the excellent articles in Beard's, Kitto's, and Smith & Hackett's Dictionaries of the Bible, Wilson's and Warren's Reports of Recent Explorations in Jerusalem, and other parts of the Holy Land, monographs, and histories. Special pains have been taken to make the work accurate.

Numerous references have been made to Scripture passages, and it is hoped that some light has been thrown upon the explanation of those passages, which can not be understood without some knowledge of the natural features of the country, and the usages of

PREFACE.

the people. The Bible could have been written in its present form only in Palestine and other Oriental countries. Its figures and allusions are all drawn from that region. The Author, in his position for several years as instructor in Biblical Geography and Biblical Antiquities, has been led to realize more and more the importance of such knowledge to the correct understanding of the Sacred Scriptures. If he can contribute to make the Bible a work better understood and more interesting to its readers, he feels that he will not labor in vain. It is designed both for the Sunday School teacher and the general reader.

The Author's former work has been received with unexpected favor. He expresses the hope that this will prove not less interesting and instructive.

CANTON, N. Y., Nov. 15, 1876.

J. S. L.

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SACRED CITIES.

I.

JERUSALEM, THE HOLY CITY.



AMONG the requests which Jesus made to his disciples just before he ascended to his Father, was that they should tarry in the city of Jerusalem until they were endued with power from on high. They complied with this request. After Jesus had blessed them at Bethany, a little city just over the ridge of the Mount of Olives, "it came to pass that while he blessed them, he was parted from them and carried up into heaven." (Luke xxiv: 49-51.) Then, according to his request, they returned to Jerusalem, nearly two miles distant, and "were continually in the temple praising and blessing God." Here they remained until they received from the great Source of truth that power which made them strong and bold and zealous in the propagation of the faith committed to their charge. Thence they went forth to different parts of Palestine, the Isles of the Sea, the provinces of Syria, Asia Minor, Macedonia, Greece and Rome, proclaiming the truth which they had received from their Master, until multitudes in all these places listened to their message of salvation and

life, and under the inspiration of its power enrolled themselves in the service of the great Captain of their salvation.

But while contemplating the spread of gospel truth in different parts of the earth, we should not lose sight of the fact that Jerusalem was the place where it was preached by its great Author, and the centre of its influence. Here, too, his disciples, the bold champions of his truth, were made strong by the contemplation of the facts of his resurrection and ascension, endued with power from God and filled with his holy and life-giving spirit, through whose influence they were impelled to go forth, labor, preach, do battle, conquer and die, as martyrs to their faith.

To-day, Jerusalem is a like center of influence to the whole Christian world. Holy associations linger around it. Christians, Mohammedans and Jews alike call it *the holy city*. Pilgrims still go there as they have done ever since Jesus lived, taught, suffered and died there. From all parts of the world, the western as well as the eastern continent, they come, some dressed in silks and broadcloth and adorned with tokens of their wealth, some penniless, ill-clothed, ragged and filthy, yet animated by one common purpose—loyalty to Christ their Leader, and a desire to be blessed of him, that when they go back to their abodes they may become stronger to do his will and overcome their spiritual foes. When we landed at Jaffa and sat down to breakfast in the Latin Convent by the seashore, we learned that there were present representatives from South America, the United States, Germany, Italy, Hungary; and out in the streets, also, there were persons thinly-clad, some

covered simply with a sheep-skin, all on their way to the Holy City. American Protestants go there, not so much from the attractions of the city as it is, as from the remembrance of the thrilling scenes which for the last three thousand years have consecrated its dingy walls and holy mounts.

Jerusalem is a singular city, unlike any other in the world. It juts out, a rocky promontory, into the center of a huge basin, with deep gorges on the east, west and south, sitting naked and desolate in its silent and solitary grandeur. You enter, and strange sights meet your eyes. The streets are narrow, crooked, turning at frequent sharp angles, paved with large, irregular-shaped stones, so that neither man nor beast can with ease or safety walk over them. They are the receptacle of mud and filth from the houses and stables. In some parts of the city the walls of the houses have fallen down and filled up the passage-ways, and there is no one to remove the ruins. Weeds and briars have grown up between the stones, and give an air of neglect and desolation to the scene.

Some of the streets are covered with heavy and long stone arches, upon which the abodes of human beings rest, so that they appear damp and gloomy even on a sunshiny day. The houses are low, constructed of dull-looking brown stones, with flat roofs, and heavy balconies around the projecting sides; few windows fronting the street; none in the lower story, and those above barricaded with iron cross-bars, and so small that the light can hardly struggle through, giving them the appearance of prisons rather than dwelling-houses for men and women. It is only in the interior courts or

on the roof that you can obtain pure and fresh air. There are few buildings which display architectural beauty, so that, like Constantinople, the city looks better at a distance than when you are within its walls. The narrow, seven-by-nine stalls, destitute of good light and air, extending from the streets into the walls, where the Turks, slovenly and lazy, sit and smoke and sleep, are partially filled with old soiled goods, olive-wood mementoes, coarse sour bread, figs, oranges, pomegranates, grapes, lemons, various preparations of cake, rice, sweetmeats, oil and fruits, which they will permit you to buy if you will wait upon yourself and pay them their price.

Every class is characterized by habits of indolence and lassitude. The merchant sits and dozes in his store; the carpenter sits while sawing off his cedar board or planing his olive-wood box; the blacksmith sits, often on the edge of a little hole which he has dug in the ground, while hammering his iron or blowing his bellows, and while putting on the little round shoe on the horse's foot; and the servant who holds the foot sits while the operation is going on.

Every body is destitute of life and energy. The spirit of lassitude reigns over all. The sweet "do-nothing" feeling exists in all its supremacy. Even the beggars, who lounge at full length in the streets, are too lazy to ply their arts of trade during the whole day. The stout swarthy Arab, who hugs the pavement for rest at noontide, will hardly move to save himself from being run over by the passing camel or donkey. Even the Turkish soldiers, stationed here to keep the people in subjection, exhibit few signs of life.

I entered the Citadel, the highest point in the city. The Turkish guard crawled lazily up the narrow and broken stone stairway, and I followed till I stood within the bastion full of holes and crumbling to ruins. The top stones are loose and ready to fall, like those resting upon the city walls. I visited the Cœnaculum or "the upper room," where, according to tradition, the Saviour and his disciples assembled to partake of "the last supper," whose high tower, called the tower of David, attracts travelers from afar, and beneath whose roof is the tomb of David. Holy emotions came over my soul as I entered, but I was disturbed by the sight of cobwebs which had gathered in the corners and the smoke and dust that had soiled every thing.

The people partake of the gloom inspired by the crumbling and decaying look stamped on all outward things. Scarcely any one smiles. During the two weeks I spent in the city and environs, I witnessed frequent angry altercations between Arabs and Turks in the streets; but I scarcely once heard a downright hearty laugh. Cheerfulness seems to have forever fled from them. The men have yellow, shriveled-up, sombre countenances; and the poorly-clad women, with tones of wailing and despair, go to their dirty tasks.

Travelers remark the small number of persons they meet with in the streets, and the silence which pervades the little knots of persons that are seen. Nothing stirs their souls but selfishness and cupidity. Despair weighs down their spirits and takes away all sociability and life.

Down in the narrow lane at the base of the rock on which the Temple stood, where the walls tower up fifty

or sixty feet, on Friday afternoon at three o'clock, the Jews in great numbers, men, women and children, meet, to weep, kiss the stones that mark the sacred spot, wring their hands, sway their heads to and fro, sing their plaintive songs, and repeat their lamentations because their national temple is destroyed and has not yet been restored. This applies, with some modifications to be sure, to the whole city. It is a general wailing-place, where pilgrims come to weep and mourn. The city is a *via dolorosa*, or "mournful way," everywhere, not merely over a narrow and gloomy street where Jesus is said to have borne his cross and been scourged from the place of his trial to the scene of his crucifixion. So much for the modern city and its environs.

But viewed in the light of the past, the city appears full of interest to the Christian pilgrim. The eloquent language of Chateaubriand applies with full force to this whole region: "At first sight of this desolate country, fear seizes the heart; but when passing from solitude to solitude, a wide-extended prospect spreads out before you, this fear gradually passes away, and the soul of the traveler is thrilled with a feeling which far from casting it down gives it elevation and courage. Extraordinary aspects display on all sides a land marked by wonders. The burning sun, the impetuous eagle, the lowly hyssop, the lofty cedar, the barren fig-tree—all the poetry, all the pictures of Scripture are here. Each name incloses a mystery; each grotto declares the future; each mountain summit resounds with the accents of the prophet. God himself has spoken on these shores. The dried-up torrent, the

broken rocks, the uncovered tombs, attest wonders. The desert appears mute with terror, and we say that it does not break the silence for the Eternal hath spoken."

Here is Mount Moriah, which Abraham visited, in obedience to the command of Jehovah, to offer up his son Isaac, the site of the temple of Solomon and the latter house more glorious than the former "whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, to give thanks in the name of the Lord," where now stand the mosque of Omar Hassan, with its magnificent dome, and El Aksa, with its large oblong stones belonging to the ancient temple. Here Jesus disputed with the elders and the chief priests, and developed that wonderful system of religion which shall eventually overspread and bless the whole world. Here is Mount Zion rising up a hundred feet higher than Mount Moriah, which has been admired and celebrated by psalmist and prophet. "Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion;" "On the sides of the north is the city of the Great King," where Jesus rebuked the vain and haughty spirit of the Pharisees and refuted their false logic. Here is the pool of Siloam, that

" Brook which flowed
Fast by the oracle of God,"

still a living fountain, symbolic of Gospel truth, of which, if a man drink, he shall never die. Here is the pool of Bethesda, whose waters, stirred by an angel, cured the sick, the lame, the maimed, through the influence of Divine power, yet which now have lost their power,—

"But he whose word surpassed its wave
Is still omnipotent to save."

Here is the Mount of Olives, a mile from the city, one hundred and fifty feet higher than Jerusalem, covered with olive and fig-trees, reminding one of many incidents in the life of Jesus. I shall long remember that warm, quiet evening which succeeded the day of my arrival in the city, when after the sun set in glory in the west, I stood upon the flat stone roof of the Prussian Hospice, where the Knights of St. John abode seven hundred years ago, and saw with ecstatic delight the full moon rise, in that loveliness and splendor peculiar to oriental climes, over the southern slope of the Mount, and cast its silvery light upon dome, minaret, spire, turret and roof, spread out in all their beauty before me.

Again, on the following day, which was Sunday, after attending Protestant service at the Hospice, I visited the summit of the Mount, now occupied by the Church of the Ascension and a small Mohammedan village. It was a blessed privilege, and I endeavored to improve it. I sat down there among the old olive trees just outside the village, took out my Bible, which I carried every-where as my guide in the Holy Land, and read with the deepest interest the account of events which occurred there in the ministry of our Saviour. The city lies there before me and "the mountains round about Jerusalem," marking the outer limit of the grand panorama, give beauty and variety to the scene. Two days later, on my way from Jerusalem to Jericho, I reined in my horse on the spot, farther south, where Jesus is said to have stood on the occasion of

his triumphal entry into the city, and wept over it. He came on the eastern side of the Mount, the home of Mary and Martha, where he had raised Lazarus to life, and whither he had often retired to get rest after spending the day disputing with the doctors and Pharisees in the streets and in the temple. A great multitude hailed him with acclamation, for "the common people heard him gladly." "And when he came nigh even at the descent of the Mount of Olives, the whole multitude of the disciples began to rejoice and praise God with a loud voice for all the mighty works which they had seen, saying, Blessed be the King that cometh in the name of the Lord; peace in heaven and glory in the highest."

In the midst of all this display, he could not refrain from weeping as he gazed down there upon that city devoted as it surely was to destruction. The time must come—not all the power of man or the art of man's device could avert it—when these edifices, and especially this temple, so dear to every Jewish heart, would be leveled with the ground, and not one stone be left upon another. And this prophecy was fulfilled forty years afterwards when the Roman Titus took the city.

There are three roads, or rather paths, leading from Jerusalem over the Mount to the eastward; one over the north slope and down the valley between it and Mount Scopus; one over the summit proper, and another along the southern declivity leading directly to Bethany, the Apostles' Well, Jericho, and the Jordan. There can be little doubt of Jesus' having taken this route on the occasion referred to. Whatever faith we

may put in the tradition, this is certainly the spot from which one of the most striking views of the city can be obtained. I gazed upon the dark towers of the mosques of Omar and El Aksa, the new bright dome and brown walls of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, contrasting with the white walls of the Armenian Convent near it, the brown flat roofs and the light domes of the houses, the minarets, spires, domes and turrets of the smaller mosques, the churches and other public buildings of the city, the broken-down walls and heaps of rubbish filling up the streets, the gloomy valley of Jehoshaphat in front, covered with Mohammedan and Jewish graves on the opposite slopes, the deep gorge of the Kedron, crossed by stone-arched bridges, and the pool of Siloam with its fresh verdant garden below, the tomb of the Virgin Mary, and the garden of Gethsemane, with its eight old olive trees, where Jesus endured the agony of the cross by anticipation, the green slope of the Mount contrasting with the naked sterility and barren waste of the region round about, combining picturesque beauty and variety.

I was charmed while my mind was filled with sadness. Many have stood there and gazed, and all alike have admired it. How must it have affected our Saviour, who stood there pondering upon the certain destruction which hung over that devoted city! "It is impossible," says Milman, "to conceive a spectacle of greater natural or moral sublimity than the Saviour, seated on the slope of the Mount of Olives and thus looking down, almost for the last time, on the whole temple and city of Jerusalem, crowded as it then was with nearly three millions of worshipers. It was evening,

and the whole irregular outline of the city, rising from the deep glens which encircled it on all sides, might be distinctly traced. The sun, the magnificent emblem of the great Fountain of life, to which Jesus and his faith had been perpetually compared, may be imagined sinking behind the western hills, while its last rays might linger on the broad and massive fortifications of Mount Zion, on the stately palace of Herod, on the square tower, the Antonia, at the corner of the temple and on the roof, fretted all over with golden spikes which glittered like fire, while below the colonnades and lofty gates would cast their broad shadows over the courts and afford that striking contrast between vast masses of gloom and gleams of the richest light. The effect may have been heightened by the rising of slow volumes of smoke from the evening sacrifice, while even at the distance of the Mount the silence may have been broken by the hymns of the worshipers."

After his triumphal entry into the city, where he partook of "the last supper" with the twelve, he again passed out through the eastern, or St. Stephen's gate as it is now called, down a steep declivity, across the brook Kedron to Gethsemane, where he struggled with his feelings in view of the terrible scene that awaited him, wept as it were great drops of blood, while his disciples from sheer fatigue were sleeping near him, and soon he was betrayed, convicted, led away and crucified.

The hill where the cross was planted, and the tomb where his body was laid, at this late day can not easily be determined. Tradition, as related by the monks, locates the spot on Mount Akra, where stands the

magnificent Church of the Holy Sepulchre, but Dr. Robinson thinks it must have been outside the present city walls. Whatever may be the exact spot, it is certain that the great sacrifice was made within or near the city walls, and holy associations will come over the soul as we enter the sacred precincts. For fifteen hundred years pilgrims have daily visited this church and kneeled before the stone of unction, a few feet from the front door, upon which Christ's body is reputed to have been laid after it had been taken down from the cross. Then they have advanced, and turned to the left, entered the chapel of the angel and kissed the marble altar upon which the angel sat who announced the resurrection. Thence they crawl into the narrow room lighted by forty-two golden lamps, furnished by the sovereigns of Europe, and fall prostrate before the holy sepulchre, where they devoutly worship in silence at the shrine, the tears streaming down their cheeks, and sincerity marking all their movements. Then they slowly crawl backwards on their hands and feet and pass out of the church. You have it not in your heart to ridicule their fanaticism. You remove your hat if not your shoes, for you feel that you are standing on "holy ground." Few places inspire a higher degree of reverence. All are silent. Not a word is spoken. You give a piece of money to the monk who stands by your side, and he in turn puts fresh flowers into your hands, which you bring home as a memento of your visit.

You go into a grotto below, where you observe three holes bored in the rock, into which were inserted the three crosses upon which Jesus and the two thieves

were crucified. The guide also points out the rock that was rent in twain at the time of the crucifixion, and the column of porphyry to which he was bound when he was scourged. Here also are shown the tombs of Joseph, Nicodemus, Godfrey and Baldwin of the crusades, and the place where Jesus appeared to Mary after the resurrection, and other interesting localities. The church is occupied by Latins, Greeks, Armenians, Copts, and Maronites, each having a separate chapel and altar for worship. During Easter, the whole inclosure is filled with pilgrims, beggars, priests, sellers of relics, and Turkish soldiers, who are stationed here as a police to keep the different classes of worshipers in order. It was not within the city, but on the eastern slope of the Mount of Olives, near Bethany, where Jesus took leave of his disciples and made his ascension.

Near the great dome of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre stands the little mosque of Omar, who placed it here in order that he might worship as near the sacred spot as possible without disturbing the Christians. Cross the slight valley that extends along the southern slope of Akra, and you stand upon Mount Zion. The present wall divides it nearly in the center. The part within the walls is mostly covered with buildings. One of these is the Armenian Convent, the largest in the city, whose white walls rise up in strange contrast with the brown, decaying stone buildings around. It has rooms for three thousand pilgrims, a large garden planted with pines and shrubbery, and a chapel where several old paintings can be seen. The worship of the priests, with their tall black caps in

genuine military style, those of the patriarchs running up to a point on the top, and their singular-looking vestments and figured surplices, in the church, is unique and exciting.

On this mount, but outside the walls, are the missionary schools and the Christian cemeteries; first, the Armenian; south of this the Greek; farther to the east the Latin. The graves are simply covered with stones lying flat, with an inscription giving name, residence, and time of death. A little to the south, is the ground purchased by American missionaries for a place of burial. The bodies of a few Americans lie buried here, among whom was a revered teacher of mine, Prof. N. W. Fiske, of Amherst College, who while on a journey to Beyrout was taken sick, and at his request brought back to Jerusalem, in which above all other places he would have preferred to die, and thence he ascended to the New Jerusalem, May 27, 1847. The English cemetery overlooks the northern declivity of the valley of Hinnom.

These are some of the scenes suggested to the mind's eye as we ramble through and around Jerusalem. It is all holy ground, for patriarchs, prophets, kings, psalmists, apostles, and above all our Saviour, has trod it and consecrated it for all time. In this light we prefer to gaze upon the Holy City. The Bible, as well as lyric and religious poetry, is full of figures drawn from it, and the beauty of these figures is greatly heightened in the light of associations connected with it. Through their influence we shall be imbued with the spirit of those disciples of Jesus who tarried here till they were endued with power from on high, and like them we

shall thus be prepared to go forth and wage a successful warfare with our religious foes. With indescribable emotions, I first caught sight of the city from the heights of Ephraim on my journey from Jaffa. There the city lay before me, naked, dreary, silent, impressive. I felt something of the spirit of the old crusaders when they, in the eleventh century, from nearly the same spot, gazed upon it. My feelings, however, were not quite so enthusiastically manifested as were theirs on that occasion.

Just before the sun went down on the same day, we entered the city through the Jaffa gate. I felt the force of the Psalmist's words: "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord. Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem. . . . Pray for the peace of Jerusalem. They shall prosper that love thee."

Here we learn special proofs of the divine origin of Christianity. After divesting these places of the monkish legends and absurd traditions which have been thrown around them, I saw in a wonderfully clear light the strong probability, if not the essential accuracy of the records presented by the sacred historians. Many of the localities named in the Scriptures have disappeared from the memory of man, but many others remain, and are easily identified as those which are described by the sacred writers. The natural features of the country were essentially the same as they were two thousand years ago, even if man's works have changed or passed away.

The origin of Jerusalem is involved in the obscurity of pre-historic times. There is properly an old and

new city, the latter resting upon the former. It is filled up with rubbish some forty or fifty feet deep, and portions of the present city, including the edifices and the streets in the spaces between the hills, are built on this layer. The hills have been scraped off and lowered, and the spaces between them filled up so that the valleys have almost entirely disappeared, except that between mounts Zion and Moriah. "The old city is buried in the overthrow of her seventeen captures," in some of which she was totally destroyed. Surely in her case prophecy has been literally fulfilled. "They have made Jerusalem a heap of stones;" "not one stone shall be left upon another;" "the stones of the sanctuary are poured out at the top of every street."

An English party, under the superintendence of Capt. Warren, and others previous to him, have made excavations and sunk shafts through the upper crust, and made some valuable discoveries. They have found stones belonging to the old temple, stone arches and aqueducts, subterranean rooms and long passages from one underground locality to another, immense crypts or broad avenues arched and opening to the temple above. Two of these passage ways have been carefully examined. The arches are of hewn stone, with beveled edges, indicating a very ancient and Jewish style of architecture. They are nineteen feet wide and two hundred and forty-seven feet long, and really magnificent in appearance. Dr. Barclay, an American missionary, says: "As I walked through the broad isles in a stillness broken only by the sound of my footsteps, it was a thrilling thought that I was treading one of the avenues through which the tribes had passed to the tem-

ple. I seemed to see the throng of worshipers and hear their chant: 'I will pay my vows now in the presence of all the people, in the court of the Lord's house, in the midst of thee, O Jerusalem!'" If sufficient means can be procured, and the firman of the Sultan permits it, the old city, like Pompeii, bids fair to be exposed to the sight of the present generation. Much light might thus be thrown upon disputed points in history and the archæology of the old Jewish world.

Not only God's signal blessings, but the operations of his righteous judgments, are discernible here. The land is still held, as in the time of the invasion of the crusaders, by aliens and foreigners, of a different skin, a different faith, and a different order of civilization from those of its former possessors. But the Jews are still here in great numbers, clothed in a costume peculiar to themselves, speaking a different language, living in a distinct quarter by themselves, apart from the Arabs, the Turks, and the Christians, despising alike the government and the religion of their rulers and persecutors, maintaining with terrible tenacity the faith of the patriarchs, refusing to acknowledge the advent of the Saviour, yet vainly looking for him to come, always and every-where a "standing miracle" of the just retributions of God's economy, and a confirmation "strong as Holy Writ" of the fulfillment of the divine prophecies uttered against them by holy men belonging to their own nation.

The Jews crucified Jesus and still refuse to acknowledge him as their Redeemer. Hence a spiritual blindness came over them; their city and temple, the bond

of their national union, were destroyed by pagan armies and they were scattered abroad and became "a by-word and a reproach among all nations." Thus was an exclusive religion removed, to make way for the new and universal system of the Gospel which is adapted to all climes and all ages. The time had come when "neither in Jerusalem nor on Mount Gerizim" was God to be worshiped as a local or national Deity. The temple must be leveled with the ground, that God might be worshiped as the universal Father, and his truth be disseminated throughout the earth, that all might receive it and rejoice in its cheering assurances, and "the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

Such is Jerusalem, past and present; such are some of the lessons which its history teaches us. Viewed as a city redolent with blessed associations, compared with its present abject and wretched condition, it is rich in instruction. As we stand amid its expiring glories, gaze upon its sacred places, and cast a searching glance over its past history, a lofty spirit and a pure zeal take possession of our souls, which shall lead us forth to proclaim that truth which shall eventually restore all souls to God, and bring in universal righteousness.

Finally, we may regard Jerusalem as symbolic of the eternal world. The Revelator says: "And I, John, saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea. And I saw the Holy City, the new Jerusalem, coming down from God, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice

out of heaven, saying, Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."

Into this city, exalted, and purified, and made more glorious than the earthly Jerusalem in its finest estate, shall all men finally be gathered, free from sin, ignorance, error, pain, sickness, and death. This is the heavenly Jerusalem, where God shall be with us, where Jesus our Saviour shall redeem us. For this our souls, burdened with care, wearied with toil and strife, and dwelling in darkness and bondage, sigh. As the Israelites in exile sat down by the rivers of Babylon, hung their harps on the willows and wept when they remembered Zion, so we in exile here, "strangers and pilgrims on the earth," are waiting for our deliverance. Like them, we should not forget our home. "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."

Such is the condition of the Christian pilgrim wandering in this valley of the shadow of death. "In this we groan, being burdened, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven." Many, Christians as well as Jews, when called to go hence to be here no more, have expressed a wish to breathe their last within the precincts of the Holy City. We leave off, then, as we began. Jerusalem the

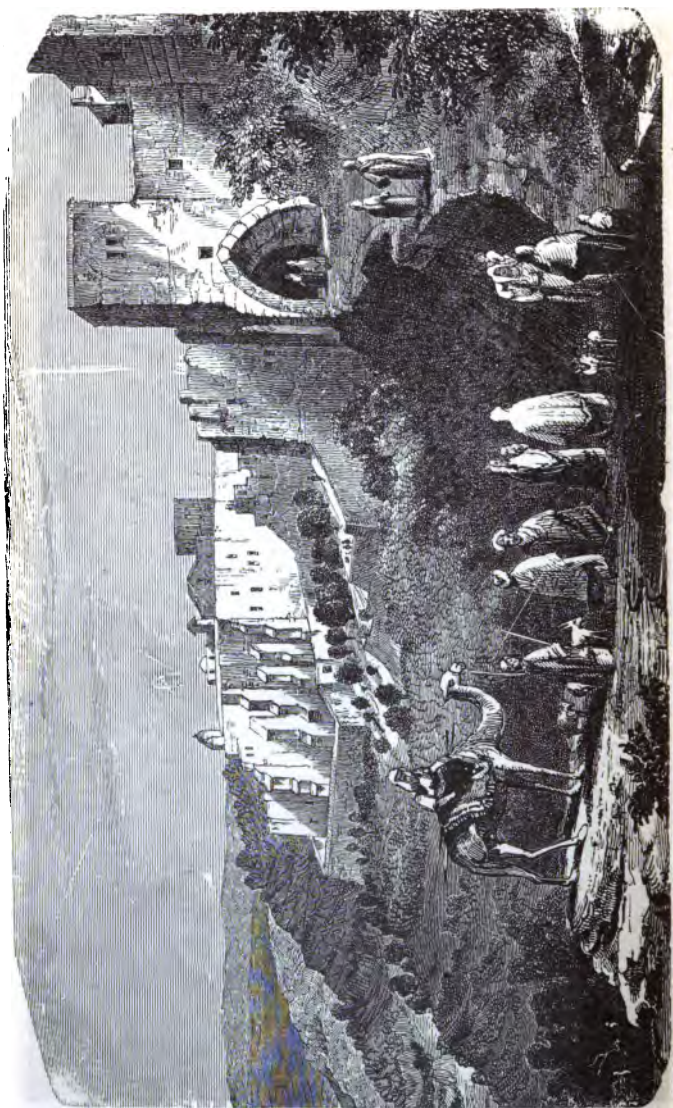
center of Christian influence, the final home of mortals !
Christianity originated *here* ; it will have its final glorious consummation *there*.

“ Jerusalem ! my happy home !
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labors have an end
In joy and peace in thee ?

Jerusalem ! my glorious home !
My soul still pants for thee ;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.”








MODERN BETHLEHEM.

II.

BETHLEHEM AND THE HISTORIC CHRIST.

 IN a lovely plain of arable land, adorned with olive and fig trees scattered over its surface, tradition locates the scenes so vividly described by Luke, of the angel by night announcing to the astonished shepherds the advent of Christ the Saviour. It is situated about a mile east from the present city of Bethlehem. It is a beautiful spot, even in the present decaying condition of Palestine. It is no longer a pasture for flocks, although we saw shepherds with crooks in their hands watching their flocks by day in the village three miles south of the plain near Solomon's Pools. It is cultivated and produces wheat and grapes. Like a bit of table-land, it borders the upper part of a valley or deep gorge that extends down from the ridge of the hill on which the city is built, towards the east in the direction of the northern extremity of the Dead Sea. This valley is also romantic, filled with olives, vines, and fig-trees, among whose green foliage square stone military towers rise up here and there, giving an air of picturesque beauty to the steep hill-slopes that extend down to the bottom of the rocky gorge. We rode slowly along the summit of the ridge, and picked up pieces of blood-red limestone that obstructed our passage, when looking up we saw the naked walls of the convent and the flat stone roofs of the houses rising like terraces one above an-

other, directly before us, and we thought of the scenes enacted here eighteen hundred and seventy years ago.

In this field were the shepherds keeping watch of their flocks by night, when the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid; and the angel said, "Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour who is Christ the Lord. And suddenly a multitude of the heavenly host appeared with the angel, praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men."

As the angels departed, the shepherds, moved by this scene whose splendor had thus suddenly burst upon them, were inclined to go to Bethlehem and verify the announcement of the angel, and see with their own eyes what the Lord had made known to them.

They went and found the child lying in the manger. After their interview with Joseph and Mary, which seemed to confirm their convictions and increase their wonder, they returned, praising and glorifying God for all the things they had seen and heard.

Since these remarkable events, Bethlehem has been a place of special interest to the whole Christian world. From the child Jesus lying there in the manger a sacred influence has gone forth, not only over the small country of Palestine, but throughout the civilized world, yea, into the dark places of heathen lands and the barbarous tribes of the continents and the isles of the sea—an influence as lasting as time, as enduring as eternity.

Bethlehem is a small city. It never occupied a large space on the map of the earth's surface, and it now contains only about three thousand inhabitants. It is one of the few cities of Palestine to-day under Christian influence. It is more beautiful than any other city or village there, save, perhaps, Nazareth, and its situation is similar. It lies on the ridge of semi-circular hills, and a well-cultivated and verdant valley extends down from the eastern wall towards the Dead Sea, and moderate hills rise gradually beyond it on the west. Compared with western cities, the streets are narrow, but wider and cleaner than those of Hebron, Nablous, and Tiberias. The one and two story stone houses rise up one above another on the hill-side, the brown solid walls and flat roofs appearing to the spectator approaching it from the east like fortifications, and the whole presents a strong barrier of defense. Some travelers have complained of the troublesome character of the people, but with one exception all the members of our party found them respectful and obliging. Nothing in the appearance of the city or its inhabitants was calculated to prejudice us against it.

Nearly all travelers stop at the Convent, just outside the city on the east, erected over the spot reputed to be the place of Jesus' birth. Some dispute it and are inclined, with Rev. Dr. Robinson, to locate it farther from the city. But however they may differ as to the exact spot, all acknowledge that Jesus was born in Bethlehem. I recall but one writer of any note who denies this. The French critic, Rénan, in his "Life of Jesus," says, "Jesus was born at Nazareth. All his life he was designated by the name of Nazarene,

and it is only by an awkward detour that the legend succeeds in fixing his birth at Bethlehem." Awkward or not, we reply, the fact is as well authenticated as any other event in ancient history, and as Rénan gives us no valid reason for rejecting the statements of Luke and John, we must accept them as well as the universal testimony of the Christian world for the last eighteen hundred years, and locate the place of his birth at Bethlehem.

But whether we are compelled to accept the grotto cut down fifteen feet into the rock under the roof of the Church of the Nativity as the identical spot where Jesus first saw the light is another thing. The tradition reaches back at least to the middle of the second century. At this time Justin Martyr speaks of the Grotto near Bethlehem as being the place. A hundred years later Origen says the heathen regarded it as the birth-place of him whom the Christians accepted as their leader. The historian Eusebius concurs in this statement. Helena, the mother of Constantine, caused a church to be erected here about A. D. 330. A portion of this church is seen here to-day in the nave of the edifice, where worship in harmony Greeks, Latins, and Armenians. If tradition, then, can be relied upon, which is consistent with itself for more than seventeen hundred years, Jesus was born here. But whether this is so or not, we must admit that this city is the birth-place of David and of "great David's greater son;" and hence it is called now, as in the days of Christ, "the city of David," and holy associations will crowd into the mind as we enter the sacred inclosure.

Some of the notable characters connected with Bible

history are associated with Bethlehem, and some of the most interesting events occurred here. While riding slowly over these hills and plains, and through these grassy valleys, we are reminded of the scenes and events that occurred here thousands of years ago. Here David lived and kept his father's sheep, as the shepherds do to this day. Hither Samuel the prophet came, saw the manly boy for the first time, and anointed him king over Israel in place of the renegade Saul. Here is laid the scene of that beautiful pastoral poem, Ruth. The land is fertile, and fields of grain are seen waving in the fields of Boaz, and the threshing floors in that region give life to the scenes depicted in the narration, and tend to prolong the illusion.

Fifteen minutes' walk from the city on the north towards Jerusalem, is seen a large stone structure which marks the spot where Rachel, the mother of Benjamin, died and was buried, when on her way with her husband from Shechem to Hebron. Jacob's sorrow on that occasion was vividly brought to my mind while I was gazing upon the silent monument of more modern structure standing in the place of the stone pillar erected by him.

For many centuries travelers have been accustomed to visit this place as one second to none save Jerusalem in sacred interest. Jerome, the celebrated Christian father, resided here in the Convent from A. D. 384 to the time of his death, A. D. 420, except during certain intervals when he was traveling or in Rome. Here he translated the Greek and Hebrew Bible into the Latin Vulgate, the English translation from which is now used by the Roman Catholics. The room which he used as a study is a small, rough stone structure, lighted

by a narrow window high up in the gable end, and his tomb, surmounted by a marble altar, is in the adjoining room. Here is laid that touching scene, Jerome partaking of the last Sacrament, so graphically painted by Domenichino. The saint's pale face, haggard features and attenuated form are visible, as he is lifted up from his couch, rests on his knees, with his long, fleshless fingers receives the consecrated wafer from the priest, with difficulty swallows it, falls back upon his pillow and ceases to breathe. Angels above are ready to welcome the released spirit; attendants surround him; one poor monk kneels and kisses his hand; a lion crouches mournfully at the feet of the dying saint, and in the distance, houses, olive and palm-trees are seen. This painting now adorns the Vatican in Rome, and a copy of it in mosaic is to be seen in St. Peter's Church in the same city.

In 1110 King Baldwin, of the Crusades, erected Bethlehem into a bishopric. In 1244 the Mohammedans retook it and drove out the Crusaders. In 1824 the Mohammedans revolted and took possession of the church, and despoiled it of its gold and silver ornaments, and left its ceiling naked and bare, when Ibrahim Pasha destroyed their quarter and banished them from the city. Since that time the Christian element has predominated and given character to the city. There is still, however, a feeling of hostility rankling in the breasts of these two classes which manifests itself occasionally in words and in deeds.

We visited it twice; at first on our way from the Jordan and the Dead Sea, approaching it from the direction of the Convent of Mar Saba on the east, and

afterwards on our passage from Hebron to Jerusalem. As we drew near and entered through the walls into a large, spacious yard filled with heaps of rubbish, where we left our horses, crowds of men and boys gathered around us with carved wood-work, mother-of-pearl devices, and figures cut from the black stone of the Dead Sea, representing crosses, scenes connected with the coming of the shepherds, the adoration of the Wise Men, and Madonnas, and pressed them upon us so persistently that we were obliged to call upon our dragoman to interfere and open the way for us into the Convent. We entered the Latin part and were kindly received by the monks. We met there a young Italian lady who could speak good English, and while we were debarred from conversing with the monks by reason of difference of language, we learned much from her. She said she had a brother in the American navy, who did service during our war. She expressed the strongest desire to go to New York and see him. Our dragoman informed us that she formerly belonged to the Protestant, but had renounced her religion and joined the Catholic church.

While dinner was preparing, a guide took us into the chapel. The nave or main body of the church is that part erected by Helena and Constantine in the fourth century, and is probably the most ancient specimen of Christian church architecture in the world. It is large and has the form of a cross. Two rows of variegated marble columns extend the whole length of the nave on each side, faded mosaics are dimly discerned on the walls, and unpainted beams of cedar of Lebanon overhead. It is a dull, gloomy-looking room. In the

sides are chapels for the three sects that worship here. The Latin convent occupies the north-eastern corner of this pile of buildings, the Greek convent the south-eastern, and the Armenian convent the south-western. A corridor leads to each of these convents, and two stairways lead from the nave down to the grotto or chapel of the Nativity. On the north side a winding marble stairway of sixteen steps affords a passage for the Latins and Armenians, and on the south side one of thirteen steps is used by the Greeks as an entrance-way to the sacred subterranean rooms.

It is said that since the announcement of the decree of the Pope's infallibility by the Œcumenical Council, the Latins and Armenians, who before were accustomed to go down the same stairway to the grotto, have had a quarrel about it, so that the Turkish authorities have been obliged to interfere and take possession of the stairway. The Armenians refuse to acknowledge the decree of the Council, while the Latins heartily approve of it. Hence the difficulty. Into these hallowed precincts, above all others, religious discussions among professed followers of Jesus should not be allowed to come. It was all harmony and peace when we were there. The Latin monks waited upon us, gave us refreshments, took us through the different apartments, and treated us with all kindness.

Here is seen the effect of attempting to force opinions upon an unwilling church. The waves of dissension reach even the place of Jesus' birth, as in the time of Jerome, and make sad havoc there. At the north end of a narrow room, cut out of the solid limestone, the floor of white marble flag-stones, the walls covered

with marble and silk stuff, is a marble slab and an altar above it. Upon the slab shines the star with fourteen rays to mark the place of the nativity, around which are these Latin words: "*Hic de virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est,*" which announces the great event of the world's history. Forty-five feet towards the south is a single marble column which supports an arch. Underneath this is a marble altar in the place of the wooden manger which, tradition tells us, has been deposited in the church of Santa Maria Maggiore at Rome, where it is exhibited by the Pope with pompous ceremonies on each returning Christmas day. To the south-west, on the side opposite the Chapel of the Manger, before which burn three great candelabra, symbolizing the trinity, there is another altar dedicated to the adoration of the Wise Men, above which is another silver star, representing the "star in the east," and an oil painting, representing the Magi doing homage and offering precious gifts to the child Jesus. Another painting adorns the walls. The whole room is lighted by twenty-one silver lamps, furnished by the Catholic sovereigns of Europe, like those in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem.

There are other chapels and recesses besides those we have named. The chapel of St. Joseph, a monk; the chapel of the Innocents, dedicated to the children under two years of age slain by order of Herod; the chapel of St. Eusebius of Cremona; the tombs of the saints, Paula and Eustachia, Roman ladies, mother and daughter, adorned with their portraits, glorified and surrounded by angels. Such are the sacred places beneath the roof of this pile of buildings. The exter-

nal view is not very attractive. These gray and naked walls bear the marks of dilapidation and decay. But we visit the spot with emotions hallowed by associations connected with its past history, and leave it feeling that it is good for us to have been there. For the last eighteen hundred years a sacred influence has gone out from this place. It is the influence of Jesus, the greatest character in human form that ever dwelt on earth. He is great, not merely as an individual endowed with the rarest powers, but as an agent under God in originating and working out the greatest problem in the world's history—the problem of freeing men from sin and making them one with the Father.

Looking back over the period of the last one hundred years, examining so many lives of Christ, and so many books written on his nature, rank, and office, and his share in the scheme of redemption, presenting so many conflicting theories, we are led to inquire, What mean these things? As a late writer says: "The idea of re-writing the Life of Christ is a thoroughly modern conception. So long as the doctrinal conclusions of the church as to the person of Christ were more valued than the facts of the sacred biography itself, and so long as the work of our Saviour overshadowed his life, any thing approaching to a psychological analysis of his character and acts seemed an idle, if not an irreverent procedure."

The same principle also guided the followers of Jesus in regard to his features. So long as they thought more of his instructions than of himself, or looked back upon him with overpowering reverence, while they submissively obeyed his word, they deemed it improper

to portray his features on canvas or carve them in marble. So long, too, as they looked upon him as the equal of the eternal Father or as God himself, they would not feel inclined to write his life or paint his portrait. According to this theory, he is the Author and Controller of all things and the Source of all spiritual life. Hence, it is not fitting for mortals to attempt to fathom his life or search out the hidden springs of action. He must be regarded as a man, possessing human elements and influenced by human motives, before any one would think of writing his life with a fuller amplification of details than had already been written by the inspired pen. But when the church began to realize that "we have in him not a high priest who can not be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but he was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin," it began to look more especially upon the human side of his character, and as a being actuated by human motives. Then was his life written and his acts weighed like the acts of other men. Such has been the tendency of the church for the last century, and during this period numerous lives of Christ have been poured forth upon the world.

One of the earliest was that of Jeremy Taylor; then one by J. J. Hess, of Zurich, near the close of the eighteenth century. Then followed those of Herder, Paulus, Schleiermacher, Hase in 1829 and Strauss in 1836, advocating the mythical theory, answered by Neander, the celebrated ecclesiastical historian, and several other Germans. Dr. Furness, of Philadelphia, has written four or five volumes, in which he presents different phases of Christ's character. The French

Rénan rejects as untenable many of the incidents related by the Gospel narrators, as baseless legends, and, like Paulus and Strauss, discards the supernatural element. He was effectually answered by Pressensé and other French writers, and by Rev. Dr. John R. Beard, of Manchester, England, in his "Manual of Christian Evidence;" while Rev. Dr. Young, of Scotland, has written "The Christ of History," and Rev. Dr. Turnbull, of Hartford, has traced "Christ in History," and different forms of "Ecce Homo" and "Ecce Deus," advocating the different phases of sentiment held by the several writers in regard to the nature and office of Christ, have appeared on both sides of the Atlantic.

Now, what do these facts show? That the Christian world is looking more at the humanitarian side of Jesus' character, bringing him down to the comprehension of the great masses of people, and infusing his spirit more into the common interests of human life. They show that the world is taking a deeper interest in him as an elder brother and spiritual Redeemer. For if we do not feel a profound and living interest in Jesus, who was born in Bethlehem, dwelt in Nazareth, and was martyred in Jerusalem, we shall not call for and read so many sketches of his life and character.

When we have read one, or at most two or three lives of a great man who acted a conspicuous part in the political or scientific world, we are content. We do not want them repeated every year or two. Sparks' "Life of Washington," with Irving's or Everett's sketch of his character and career, is sufficient. We should tire of a frequent repetition of them. So of Napoleon, or Socrates, or Luther; but not so with a

succession of "Lives of our Lord." Each new issue seems to present his life from a new stand-point, develop some new feature in his historical relation to the world, or make plain some controverted point. Hence we read with increased delight Herder, Hase, Neander, Furness, Schlenkel, Stier's "Words," and Ulman's "Sinlessness of Jesus," and every new "Ecce," *pro* and *con*, enlists our sympathies or calls forth our disapprobation.

In these things we see evidence of the respect paid to the greatness of Jesus' character and the acknowledgment of the inexhaustible nature of the materials of his words and works furnished by the Evangelists. Rénan may declare that many of the incidents of his life are legendary or fictitious; Herder may dwell simply on the human element, and Paulus eliminate the supernatural; Strauss may attempt to prove that the whole history is mythical and unreliable; but the world will persist in believing that Jesus is a person who appeared in Palestine less than two thousand years ago, taught, was listened to with astonishment, died, rose again, and put into operation a new set of influences which neither sage nor prophet had before recognized, and through all manifested more than the wisdom of a mere man.

Let it not be said that we can dispense with the supernatural or miraculous in his life, and still leave it perfect in all its parts. He claimed for his works' sake that he was sent of God, and if these were only magic arts or deceptive displays of power, how can he sustain his assumed position as an honest man? There is something inexpressibly attractive in the events of

his life that instantly arrests our attention and makes us involuntarily acknowledge that he is superior to all other men. What is it that invests the simple incidents of his life with such peculiar interest? that gives significance to the mere act of changing the water into wine at the marriage feast in Cana of Galilee, and the solemn scene of raising the widow's son at Nain? that infuses a sanctifying power into those tears shed over Lazarus' tomb? that throws an air of unearthly beauty around his manly form as he stands there upon the cold mountain-top bordering the Sea of Galilee, and amid the silence of deep midnight lifts up his voice to "his Father and our Father," when

"Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of his prayer,"

and as he goes forth from the sanctified spot and stills the raging tempest, administers consolation to the grief-stricken mourner, astonishes by his novel teachings in the synagogue, and with a single word lays bare the sophistries of his conscience-smitten and dumb accusers? Why is it that before his sublime presence the lordly Roman and the self-righteous Pharisee tremble; while the common people rejoice and hear him gladly, the sinner renounces his evil practices, the afflicted put off their habiliments of grief, the lame walk, the dumb speak, the dead come back to life? Why is it that so much glory hangs around the events connected with his trial, his crucifixion, his resurrection and his ascension? Why is it that when we look upon his calmness, his patient submission, his undisturbed dignity, when mocked and insulted by his enemies, as he hangs pierced and bleeding on the cross, when we listen to

the simple and beautiful prayer for his murderers, witness the rending of the vail in the temple, the sudden darkness, the opening of the graves and the coming forth of the dead, that we are impelled to cry out with the immediate spectators of these scenes: "*Truly this was the Son of God!*" It is the divinity that struggles in his soul, moves him on to action, and enables him to rise to glory and life.

We can not grow up out of Christ, as some pretend. He is greater than man can attain to with the utmost possibilities of his nature. He is "the power of God and the wisdom of God," and we can not acknowledge another Leader. He is the Sun in our spiritual firmament, the true Vine of which we are the branches, the Tree of Life, "whose leaves are for the healing of the nations," "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." Men may try to divest him of all that is exalted and peculiar, but they can not take away our Lord. We know in whom we believe. He is "the resurrection and the life" that "bringeth life and immortality to light through the Gospel," and we shall cling to him, march under his banners, fight his battles, and die, if need be, like the martyrs of old, with the glorious hope of enjoying his society in the realms of the blessed forever.

These are some of the thoughts suggested to the mind while we descend that winding stairway and stand within that dimly-lighted grotto which marks the advent of Jesus. Whatever may be the spot, memories of him will cling to this place to the end of time. The hills, vales, plains and skies are the same as when the glory of the Lord shone around the shepherds on

that eventful night, though man's hands have been busy in working changes in human habitations. As the shepherds went to Bethlehem to learn what the Lord had done for them, so let us, his professed followers, go there to-day, bow before that altar, and swear eternal allegiance to "the great Captain of our salvation." Let us "stand up for Jesus," re-affirm our loyalty to him, and like Jerome, dwell within the sphere of his influence. Then, as the grand refrain rings out on each returning anniversary of his birth, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and good-will to men," we can right loyally join in its strains.

III.

HEBRON AND THE CAVE OF MACHPELAH.



FEW years since, while stopping at a hotel in Brattleboro, Vermont, I met an Indian who gave me an account of his wanderings. He had come from the plains far beyond the Mississippi, and visited the graves of his fathers, who formed a tribe that once dwelt within the borders of Maine. His regard for their last resting-place had induced him to walk more than two thousand miles, and then he was on his way back to his tribe, who occupied the western plains. When the Persian Darius pursued the wandering Scythians over the broad and featureless morasses of northern Europe, they sent him a haughty message that they would meet him in battle by the tombs of their fathers. Such is the estimate put upon the burial-places of their ancestors by nomadic races. In all their wanderings they turn with pious veneration to these places as objects of tender interest. Whatever else may be desecrated, these shall be preserved intact. Whatever other place may be taken in war, these shall be defended to the last. This feeling prompted the lone Indian to make his long and toilsome pilgrimage to the sacred place where many of his ancestors were buried, and the Scythians to flee before their hostile pursuers until they came to these sacred places, where reposed the dust of their fathers, and where they would boldly make a stand against the ruthless invader. This same feeling has

prompted Jew, Christian and Mohammedan to preserve a remembrance of the tombs of Joseph near Shechem, of Rachel near Bethlehem, of Aaron on Mount Hor, of David on Mount Zion in Jerusalem, and Abraham in Hebron, to erect monuments over them, and renew these monuments when the old ones had become decayed, and make pious pilgrimages to them on special occasions. It is a feeling belonging to the human race which impels us as a sacred duty to care for the dust of those who have passed away before us. With this idea in our minds, we turn with peculiar interest to the survey of Hebron, where have rested for thousands of years the bodies of Abraham and the other patriarchs and their wives. They were wandering herdsmen and shepherds, but here is the Cave of Machpelah, where their mortal dust rests, fixed and undisturbed by the ravages of time, around which their wanderings were made. Sarah was one hundred and twenty-seven years old when she died in the city of Hebron. Her husband was sojourning in Beer-sheba, twenty-five miles south-west of Hebron. He heard of her departure, and immediately returned to mourn for her and weep over his loss. The country around Hebron was held by the Hittites. Abraham kept sheep and cattle, and pastured them wherever he could find pasturage. On the occasion of the death of a member of his family, he desired to obtain a spot of ground which he could call his own, to be used as the common burial-ground of his kindred. The sons of Heth offered to give him land enough for this purpose. But no; he would not be subject to them in this matter. He wanted to control the family burial-ground.

He offered to purchase the Cave of Machpelah near the city for this purpose. Finally, after some parleying and delay, the land was purchased for four hundred shekels of silver, some two hundred dollars in our currency, which was a large sum for this piece of land in that day, when money was worth so much more than it now is.

In this ground was Sarah buried. As the record reads: "And after this Abraham buried Sarah his wife in the cave of the field of Machpelah before Mamre: the same is Hebron; in the land of Canaan. And the field and the cave that is there were made sure unto Abraham for a possession of a burying-place by the sons of Heth." (Gen. xxiii: 19, 20.)

Thus the body of Sarah was the first one deposited there, and afterward those of Abraham, his son Isaac, and his wife Rebekah, Jacob, who died in Egypt and was brought thence to be interred by the side of his wife Leah, Esau, and some say Joseph; but according to a passage in Joshua, confirmed by tradition, Joseph was buried by his brethren, or descendants, in the valley of Shechem, some forty miles north of Jerusalem. And the traveler of to-day who stops at Jacob's Well, at the base of Mount Ebal, sees a square stone structure, surmounted by a dome and whitewashed, an eighth of a mile distant, which marks the spot of his burial. Those who affirm that his bones rest in Hebron, while admitting the account in Joshua, say that his body was afterward brought hither for the purpose of placing it by the side of the other patriarchs. These tombs in Hebron still remain, among the oldest in the world, save the Pyramids in Egypt. The identity of

the place is unquestionable. A Mohammedan mosque, called the Mosque of Abraham, covers the spot where the bodies were deposited. It is a large and stately structure, standing near the summit of the ridge on which the city lies, two hundred feet long, one hundred and fifteen feet wide, and some sixty feet high on the lower side, for, like the ten-story houses in Edinburgh, it is situated on a steep slope.

One beautiful morning in November, I stood before it, ascended the steps of the stairway which extends along the south end of the building, and gazed at it in all its vast proportions and antique grandeur. It was originally erected at a very early day, doubtless before the Christian era. The large beveled stones, like those in Jerusalem, supposed to belong to the temple on Mount Moriah, indicate a Jewish origin. Josephus speaks of an edifice here in his day, and a traveler in the fourth century calls it a quadrangle structure, formed of beautiful stones, which corresponds to the appearance of the present edifice. It has two tall, square minarets or towers and a round cupola or small dome like other mosques in Palestine, and spires or turrets which were called by our guide the towers of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and Esau. That of Esau is apart from the others, because he, having sold his birthright, was not deemed worthy of being commemorated on an equality with his brother Jacob and the other Jews. There are no windows in the outside walls. The naked masses of stone rise up in all their gloomy grandeur, unrelieved by a single ornament, save the towers and the flagree Saracenic work on the roof. Scarcely a human being could be seen around, and

this circumstance may have added to the general air of desolation and gloom. The spirits of the old patriarchs seemed to repose in breathless silence here. It was early in the morning, soon after the day had dawned. There are said to be forty men employed within the walls, but we neither saw nor heard any movement. A Jew stood facing the wall near what is called Joseph's tomb, at the north-west corner, and was engaged in his morning devotions. He was reading from his Hebrew liturgy when his eye caught sight of our party on his right, and his curiosity being excited, he turned his eyes alternately toward his book and toward us, thus showing that he was thinking more of us than the God whom he was pretending to worship. The Jews hold this spot in great veneration, and they pour out their lamentations under the walls of the Mosque as they do in their wailing-place in Jerusalem, because they are excluded from the graves of their fathers by the infidel Mussulman.

The inclosure has been held in such peculiar sanctity that but very few persons have visited it for the last seven hundred years, or since it was taken possession of by the Mohammedans, in the year 1187. Three instances only are mentioned of modern visits, one by an Italian Mussulman, one by an English clergyman, and one by a Spaniard. Only confused and unsatisfactory accounts of it were given until the celebrated visit of Dean Stanley and Prince of Wales in April, 1862. And they encountered many difficulties thrown in the way of their visit to it by the Turkish authorities. They applied directly to the Sultan at Constantinople for a firman, when he referred them to the

Governor of Jerusalem, who dallied with them for nearly three months, and at last gave a very reluctant consent in consideration of the head of the party being the heir of the English throne. He would open it to no one less than the royal representative of England. The Governor seemed to be surprised that any one should think of visiting the Cave of Machpelah, and professed that he had never visited it except for the purpose of snuffing the sacred air. Up to the seventh century it was firmly believed by the Mussulmans that if any of their number should enter the cave, he would drop down dead. I verily believe that if our party had attempted to affect an entrance into the interior of the Mosque we should have been struck down by the guardians inside. They seem to have a fear of the patriarchs who lie buried there in a state of unconscious existence. When Dean Stanley asked to see the grave of Abraham, the chief of the Mosque hesitated, groaned aloud, entered before the visitors, and offered up the deprecatory prayer to the patriarch, "Friend of God! forgive this intrusion." He entreated the party not to enter the tomb of Isaac, as being a more dangerous operation than entering that of his father; for said he, "Abraham was full of loving kindness, and would overlook an affront; but Isaac was jealous, and it is exceedingly dangerous to exasperate him. When Ibrahim Pasha endeavored to enter, he was driven out by Isaac, and fell back as if thunderstruck."

This jealousy on the part of the Mohammedans to intruding into the sanctity of the burial places of prophets and saints is very great, and leads sometimes to serious consequences. When Mohammed's tomb at Medina, a

few years ago, needed repairing, it was with great difficulty that a man could be found to undertake the work; and as soon as he had finished it and came out of the tomb, he was put to death by the exasperated followers of the Prophet as having been guilty of a sacrilegious act.

The Governor would not guarantee the safety of the party, but promised an escort of soldiers, which went out from Jerusalem and really took military possession of Hebron; while the Prince and his party were visiting the tombs. The inhabitants remained indoors, or at least out of sight of the party, while they marched through the town to the Mosque. Doubtless some Mussulman fanatic would have fired upon them, or thrown missiles down from the roofs of the houses or minarets of the Mosques, if soldiers in strong force had not carefully guarded them.

The inside of the building varies very much in Dean Stanley's description from that of earlier travelers. He found a Mussulman wall built upon the earlier Jewish wall. Its internal structure shows that, like the Mosque of St. Sophia in Constantinople, it was originally a Byzantine church. They went into an open court and thence into the Mosque proper, where the tombs are. There are shrines made of marble or other stone inclosed within silver or iron railings. The tombs of Sarah, Rebekah and Leah are placed on the opposite side of the passage-way, or the nave, from those of their husbands. Abraham's tomb is the most magnificent, covered with three green silk cloths, embroidered with gold. A simple pall lies over the tomb of Sarah. Those of Jacob and Leah are placed in separate cloisters on

the opposite side of the open court. The two green banners that cover Leah's tomb are accustomed to be placed in the pulpit on Fridays, when the priest addresses the people. The windows are on the sides of the inner courts and contain some fine painted glass. The tops of these windows can be seen over the outer wall of the Mosque. The cave underneath where the real bodies were deposited is probably divided into two apartments as indicated by the word Machpelah, which according to the best authorities means "double." The only aperture which connects with this cave that could be discovered by Dean Stanley is a circular opening extending downwards from a corner of Abraham's shrine, eight inches in diameter. A curb of strong masonry is built a foot above the pavement, and the remainder, so far as he could examine, is of the living rock. It is left open to allow the holy air of the cave to escape into the Mosque and perfume the faithful, and through this also a lamp is suspended by night to light up the tomb of the faithful patriarch. The attendant would not light the lamp to gratify the English party, for, he said, "the saint likes to have a lamp at night, but not in the full daylight." The Mussulmans said that a servant of a king, two thousand five hundred years ago, went into the cave through another opening, and he returned blind, deaf, and crippled. The original entrance was undoubtedly on the south or lower side, now closed up by the ancient walls.

In ancient times the custom in the East was, instead of burying the dead in the ground, to cut niches into the sides of the rocks and deposit the bodies there in stone sarcophagi. In Alexandria, Shechem, Nain, Je-

rusalem, and along the slopes of the Lebanon range of mountains inland from Tyre and Sidon, parallel with the coast of the Mediterranean Sea, are seen innumerable instances of this mode of disposing of the dead. We visited the extensive tombs of the Judges and the Kings outside of the walls of Jerusalem, and entered the long, winding passages which extend from a large open court into the living rock far down below the level of the ground. The valleys of Jehoshaphat and Hinnom on the east and south sides of Jerusalem are lined with niches cut sidewise into the rocks, where dead bodies were placed. These are now entirely empty, or inhabited by filthy Arabs. The sides of the rocks where the bodies lie are kept whitewashed, and look picturesque to the traveler in the distance, contrasting as they do with the gray and brown aspect of the fields around. This fact gives significance to the words of Jesus to the Pharisees: "Ye are like whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful without, but within are full of dead men's bones and of all uncleanness."

It was with peculiar emotions that I stood there before that august pile of gray marble walls which cover the remains of the patriarchs. My mind flies over the varied events of thousands of years, and fastens upon those simple incidents so graphically portrayed by the sacred writers, the touching account of Sarah's life, the declining years of Abraham, the embalmed body of Jacob arriving from Egypt and sacredly deposited here by his pious descendants, the accumulation of representatives of successive generations here, and the careful guarding of this sacred spot by Jew, Christian, and Mohammedan alike, from the hand of sacrilege; and

then I seem to realize that the bodies of the patriarchs and their wives are still resting here safe within these sacred precincts. Some day, when Mussulman jealousy shall be allayed, the inner shrines will be visited, and the embalmed body of Jacob, doubtless, if not those of the other sleepers, will be exhumed and exposed to the gaze of those who will reverently and tenderly care for them. No wonder that this oldest of tombs is thus sacredly preserved.

The city of Hebron contains about eight thousand inhabitants, mostly Mohammedans. There are some five hundred Jews, but no Christians. The hostile jealousy of the Turks and Arabs will not permit Christians to reside here in peace. The Jews who dwell here live in squalid poverty. Most visitors to the city take with them tents and encamp on the outside, on the green slope of one of the numerous hills that rise up from the vale. We were not so fortunate as to have tents; and as there are no hotels, and it is not safe to seek lodgings in the private houses of the Mohammedans, we were obliged to stop at the house of a Jew. We ascended a stone stairway on the outside of a two-story house, and stood upon the flat roof of the first story, where the ordinary kitchen work of the family is done, and thence we entered through a side door into the apartments assigned us in the second story. We were courteously received by the members of the family, the women as well as the men coming into the room where we ate our supper. They furnished us with a nice cup of tea, and seemed disposed to do what they could to make our visit pleasant. Unlike the Arabs, the Jewish women are accustomed to converse with visitors, remaining

in the room for that purpose. Generally in the East the women cover their faces, except their eyes, when in the streets, and they are not allowed to eat or converse with men who call upon their fathers, husbands, or brothers, but must retire into the room assigned them back of the reception and dining-rooms. But not so with the Jewish or Christian women, who are accorded more liberty, and not treated as slaves utterly unworthy of all confidence.

The Jews adhere with a tenacity which amounts almost to stubbornness to the faith and customs of their ancestors. The dress of the men and women corresponds more nearly to the western style than that of any other people in Palestine. I noticed a few modern books in the Hebrew language piled up in a recess made in the side wall. The men smiled when we took down the books to examine them. That night we were disturbed by the howling of dogs and jackals, which rent the air with their cries. The dogs are lean and fierce-looking; the jackals are savage, like our wolves, but seldom attack a man unless they are driven to desperation by hunger. It seemed strange to us to hear such wild cries on the border of so large a city. But few houses are seen in the country around. The inhabitants dwell mostly in villages, as here they can be better protected from brigands and soldiers in time of war and fierce animals by night.

This whole region, though uneven and hilly, is still rich in vegetation. Grapes grow in great abundance, and olives, figs, quinces, apricots, pomegranates, and other fruits peculiar to warm climates, are gathered in and around Hebron. This is supposed to be the vale

of Eschol, which the spies sent out by Moses to view the promised land visited, whence they brought back to the Israelites at Kadesh specimens of the fruit grown in the land. (Numb. xii: 21-28.) It is styled by them a land "flowing with milk and honey." There are many vineyards extending along the rugged slopes above the valley. High stone watch-towers stand on the highest points of land overlooking the vineyards. Before and during harvest, watchmen are stationed on these towers under a canopy of leaves and branches, as in the times of the prophets and the apostles, to keep off robbers and wild animals. If a stranger enters the vineyard, they give him repeated warnings to leave, and then if he refuses, they fire upon him.

After a troubled sleep we sallied forth to view the city. It is situated on the northern slope of a hill, across the valley up the opposite slope. The houses are of stone, like all edifices in Palestine, with high brown walls and flat roofs, often surrounded by a little white dome. The buildings rise one above another, like a terraced slope, and at a distance it appears as if a person could walk on the roofs from the bottom to the top of the hill. The streets are very narrow, in some instances not more than six or eight feet wide. Many of them are covered with stone arches or plank awnings, which shut out the light and the fresh air, and make the walking slippery and dangerous. There are extensive bazaars here in which you can find silks and cotton cloths, fruits, beef, and mutton, and various articles of glass manufacture made here, especially lamps and ladies' bracelets and finger-rings. At the early hour we visited it scarcely any thing was going on.

The city is not fortified by a wall, but the walls of the houses are strong and afford protection to the inhabitants in times of rioting and war. Palisades or gates extend across the streets in different parts of the city, and these are shut at night, so that the people after a certain time can not pass from one quarter to another.

There are two pools for water in the city, one in the higher or northern, and the other in the lower or southern part. The latter is of great antiquity, having been built before the time of David, for he is represented as hanging the assassins of Ishbosheth over the Pool of Hebron, and this is doubtless the identical pool. It certainly looks ancient enough. It is a reservoir, one hundred and thirty-three feet square and nearly twenty-two feet deep. At the two opposite corners stone steps lead to the water, which was very shallow when we were there. Up and down these steps we saw Arab women passing with their rough brown earthen water-pots to supply the families with water for breakfast. These pools are filled, not from the natural fountain, like the pools of Solomon south of Bethlehem, but with rain-water. The city is chiefly supplied from these pools, and as there is little or no rain from April to November, the water in them becomes brackish and breeds vermin, so that it is utterly unfit for drinking or culinary purposes. Water is carried about the streets in goat-skins, or "bottles," to use the Scripture phrase, placed on the backs of donkeys. This water is said to be as sweet as that which is brought in earthen vessels, but I could never make up my mind to test it.

There are several interesting localities in the vicinity

of Hebron. Bidding adieu to our Jewish friends, we mounted our horses and rode up a narrow valley more than a mile, left our horses with our dragoman, and started to go "across lots" to see the celebrated "Oak of Abraham." We walked several rods, scaled two stone walls, encountered briars and bushes on the way, and finally stood beneath its shade. It is an evergreen oak, twenty-six feet in circumference, consisting of three large branches, and covering an area of ninety-three feet in diameter. It is a venerable old tree, exhibiting few traces of decay, and it may possibly be a thousand years old. Confident I am that Abraham's eyes in the flesh never gazed upon it, even in its days of youth or its green old age. We rode back to the turn of the road, and then began a toilsome ascent over the old Roman road to Jerusalem, badly paved with large stones over which our horses with great difficulty stumbled along. A mile or more from the Oak we came to the "House of Abraham," which consists of two walls and a mass of stones scattered about in a basin or valley surrounded by undulating hills. This is the field of Mamre, probably, and here stood the Oak underneath whose shade in the tent the patriarch entertained his angel visitants. Here stood a large Terebinth tree mentioned by Josephus, upon which, in the time of Constantine, were hung images and a picture representing the Entertainment of the Angels; and an annual fair was held by Christians, Jews, and Arabs, who met here in harmony to honor, each by his peculiar rites, the sacred tree, and testify in common their veneration for the name of the faithful patriarch. Constantine abolished the custom and destroyed the

images, but the tree survived till the seventh century. A deep well in one corner of the inclosure now marks the spot. This union of the several sects at so early a period is an interesting fact in the history of the church. It exhibits the genuine spirit of Christian toleration and charity.

Of the ancient cities, Hebron is perhaps the most interesting. It was established seven years before Zoan in Egypt and mentioned in the Bible prior to Damascus, which has been by general consent called the oldest city in the world, being at least four thousand years old. It has been governed by different nations and tribes, but all have associated with it the name of Abraham, and the Turks and Arabs to this day call it "El Khalil," *The Friend*, an allusion to the name given to the patriarch, "The Friend of God." The Anaks, a race of giants, dwelt here before Abraham. The patriarchs spent much of their lives here, communed with God, built altars and tombs, and worshiped. Here Abraham retired with his flocks after the settlement of his difficulties with his nephew Lot. It was from the hills east of Hebron that he saw the smoke that attended the destruction of the cities on the plain when Lot fled from the devouring element which overtook his wife and his effects. And it is an interesting fact which tends to confirm the account given in Genesis, that the waters of the Dead Sea, now occupying the valley where stood Sodom, Gomorrah, and the other cities that were destroyed, can be seen, at the distance of ten or twelve miles, from the same heights. A knowledge of the configuration of the country and distances from place to place also enables us to get a clearer view of

the events related by the sacred writers. This important subject constantly forces itself upon the attention of the intelligent Christian traveler in Palestine. The Biblical narrations challenge the closest scrutiny of critical tourists.

Jacob dwelt here with his family, and hence departed to Egypt during the time of the famine that came upon the land. When the Israelites returned to the promised land, Joshua took the city, expelled the inhabitants and placed it in the hands of Caleb. It was afterwards made one of the cities of refuge, and became the residence of priests and Levites. It was here that David reigned as king for seven and a half years after having dethroned Saul. David transferred his capital to Jerusalem as a more central city, and it was this circumstance, undoubtedly, which stirred up the discontent of the people and resulted in the open rebellion of Absalom against the rule of his father, that ended so tragically to the chief of the revolt. Rehoboam afterwards fortified it, and on the return of the Jews from their exile, they occupied Hebron and the adjacent country.

In this city David probably composed many of his Psalms which have thrilled the souls of Jews and Gentiles for thousands of years, and still form the best lyrical and religious poetry in the world, for they contain a perennial element which takes hold of human souls in every land and every age. And associations connected with the place, drawn from this fact, form not the least thrilling of all the great memories called up by a visit to it. The mind goes back over the ages to the time when the shepherd king sang these melodies on the hills and along the vales of this romantic region.

In later times Hebron was burnt by the Romans, occupied by the Crusaders, and bestowed as a fief upon Gerhard d'Avesnes. They formed of it a bishopric under the name of St. Abraham, and erected a church here, which was converted into a mosque when the Mohammedans retook it in 1187. It is still held by them. They have been noted for their hostility to travelers from the West, and till within a few years it was considered dangerous to travel here without an escort. It took part in the rebellion against the Turks in 1834, but the city was taken by Ibrahim Pasha, who defeated its army near Solomon's Pools, and gave the city up to pillage. The spirit of the people is not yet crushed. They frequently stand out against the payment of taxes, and ever exhibit a sullen and revengeful feeling towards the government.

Still all the inhabitants, Jews, Arabs, Mussulmans, ever manifest a sacred regard for that famous tomb of the Patriarchs. I can not but respect this feeling. It proves that the spirit of religion, amid all the social, moral, and political revolutions of the world, has not yet died out from the hearts of men. It still lives to bless the world. This is our hope and rejoicing. Go where you will among the tribes and communities of the earth, and you will find something to respect and admire. The spirit of religion in some form, in its higher or lower manifestations, is still active, showing that it can not be utterly erased from the soul.

As I wandered over the hills and along the streets of this city, stood under the shade of Abraham's Oak, gazed upon the fabled ruins of his house in the field of Mamre, where patriarchs sat, walked, and conversed

with God and angels more than three thousand years ago, and looked down upon that marble pile, dingy with the storms of two thousand years, which covers the dust of Abraham, his wife and descendants, I could not but be deeply moved, and the spirit of those old worshipers came over my soul, which induced in me the disposition to bow down and worship, not only the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, but our Father, and the Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.



IV.

SHECHEM AND JACOB'S WELL.



WE had started the day before from Jerusalem on a journey to the Sea of Galilee. After bidding good-by to the hospitable monks at the Latin Convent of Ramah, where we obtained food and lodgings for the night, we came past the ruins of Bethel, where we noticed the Arabs plowing the arid and stony soil with steers attached to a stick tipped with a triangular piece of iron, which scratched up the soil but turned over no furrows. At the base of the steep hill of Shiloh, on the summit of which once rested the ark of the Israelites, we saw a large stone caravansary, where brigands once dwelt, and from which they issued to prey upon the surrounding inhabitants and the tourists who chanced that way. Olive trees were scattered up and down the valley, and fig trees loaded with ripe fruit shaded the terraces that extended up the steep declivity. Multitudes of women and a few men were out gathering the olives from which the sweet oil of commerce is pressed. We rode over a terribly rocky ridge, giant boulders standing up all around between which we were compelled to pick our way; and in descending the opposite side, my horse was compelled to leap three or four feet down the stone steps, making it dangerous for the rider to remain on his back. So I dismounted and led him down the rocky stairway, and when we reached

the base, we found our party preparing to take their lunch seated around a fountain of pure water that flowed forth from a crevice in the rock. A fertile valley lay spread out before us, in which were pitched the black goatskin tents of the Bedouins; and the little village of Labun, marking the site of the ancient Labonah, lay in plain view upon the spur of the opposite hill. As we wended our way slowly over the ridge of the hill, we noticed the Arab women picking up roots and olive twigs for fuel, with which they loaded their little donkeys, and then led them down the slope.

Descending another rocky stairway, we came out upon the open plain of Mukna, the ancient Moreh, a narrow space between rocky eminences, extending along eight or ten miles in a northerly direction. Villages built and inhabited by Arabs are seen to the right and left of the valley, and directly before us the naked and rounded form of Gerizim, the green valley of Shechem and the rocky heights of Ebal beyond. Our path winds along on the slope of the western ridge, until it is lost in the entrance to the valley between the mountain peaks. Along this path we rode toward Ebal until we came in sight of Jacob's Well, which lies below us on our right on an elevation of land above the plain. We turn aside to view it. From my boyhood I had been interested in the account of Jesus' conversation with the woman of Samaria as he sat, weary and thirsty, on the well. I resolved that if I ever visited Palestine, I would not lose the opportunity of visiting this well. We had just passed over the identical path, probably, which Jesus trod on

his way with his disciples from Judea to Galilee (John iv.)

Here is the well only a quarter of a mile from us. Yet some of the party, faint and weary, wish to go directly into the city of Nablous and leave this as the object of another visit. I demur. We are not to return this way on the morrow. We must pass on direct to Samaria in the west. I must see the well to-night. I carry my point, though our dragoman does not accompany us, but goes forward into the city to provide a lodging-place for us during the night. A wall incloses, perhaps, two acres of ground of an oblong shape. We ride our horses through the gaps in the wall. Great stones lie scattered over the inclosure, and in one corner lie the ruins of a church said to have been occupied by the Crusaders. At the opposite end of the inclosure is the site of the well. This is no doubt the identical well which Jacob gave the Jews, "and drank thereof himself, and his children, and his cattle." Few writers have disputed it. It is a mile and a half east from the city of Sychar, whence came the Samaritan woman hither to draw water, and into which the disciples were gone to buy food. It is between Mounts Ebal and Gerizim, to the latter of which the woman referred when she said, "our fathers worshiped in this mountain," on which their temple was erected in rivalry of the Jewish temple in Jerusalem, where they claimed "men ought to worship." It is on the "parcel of ground which Jacob bought of the sons of Hamor, the father of Shechem, for an hundred pieces of silver; and it became the inheritance of Joseph." (Joshua xxiv : 32.) And although there are

other springs in the vicinity, yet Jacob dug this well, undoubtedly, so as not to be dependent on his neighbors for so important an article for himself, his family, and his flocks, as good water. And this water from a living fountain; cut into the solid rock, was purer and cooler than that collected in cisterns or running on the surface of the soil, which is frequently impregnated with decayed vegetable matter.

The well is surrounded by a wall or curb formed of stones bearing marks of great antiquity. A large stone or stones cover its mouth. It is said that the Arabs in the vicinity did this out of revenge because they could not get "backshish" enough from the visitors to the well. This covering can easily be removed, and some have done so and measured its depth. Maundrel, one of the earlier travelers, found it to be one hundred and five feet in depth. Others during the last thirty years have ascertained that it was only seventy-five or eighty. One of the most recent tourists, Lieut. S. Anderson, measured it exactly, and calls it seventy-five feet in depth and seven and one-half feet in diameter. It was much deeper formerly than now, as travelers have been disposed to drop in stones to ascertain its depth, which have filled it up ten feet at least within the last ten years.

A church was erected over the well in the fourth century, which remained for several hundreds of years. Out of the ruins of this church the Crusaders may have obtained materials for the new church erected in the inclosure during their occupation of Palestine in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. A vault was excavated to the depth of ten feet and in this vault an

altar of worship was placed. Thus the original feature of the well was effaced, like the manger at Bethlehem, and the house in which Jesus dwelt when a boy at Nazareth. At the bottom of this vault is the real mouth of the well, just large enough to admit a man's body. Through this Lieut. Anderson, of the English Ordnance Surveying Party, six years ago, descended, and reached the bottom in safety. He found the bottom entirely dry, but as evidence of water having formerly been there, he relates the fact that he saw a little pitcher lying there unbroken, for if it had fallen upon the naked stones it must have been broken. The bottom of the well was covered with loose stones and the sides were lined with rude masonry. He expresses his opinion that more than half of the well has been filled up. Other observers have found ten or twelve feet of water in it. During the rainy season, water to the depth of several feet is generally found here.

After entering the inclosure and riding over the ground inclosed by the wall, I turned my horse towards the well. It was not "the sixth hour" or sultry midday, but the shades of evening were gathering in the valley. I had been riding all day, and I felt faint and weary. It was an hour for pensive thought. I took out my Bible and read the account in the fourth chapter of John. I saw new meaning in these memorable words of Jesus: "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." "The hour cometh when ye shall neither in this mount-

ain, nor yet at Jerusalem worship the Father. . . . The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship him. God is a spirit; and they that worship him, must worship him in spirit and in truth."

Thus does he teach the adaptation of spiritual truth to the soul and its ability to satisfy our deepest wants; the spirituality of divine worship and its universality in contrast with mere formal act and local pretense. How cheering to the soul, sick and sad, are these words of Jesus when, "wearied with his journey," he declined to partake of the food which his disciples urged upon him, saying, "I have meat to eat that ye know not of. . . . My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work."

And again I realized that this was one of the most fertile regions in Palestine, and that vast fields of wheat were growing in the valley before him and up the hillsides, just putting forth their verdure, and glistening, not yet whitened fruit, when he says, giving as on all such occasions a spiritual meaning to the material phenomenon, "Say not there are yet four months and then cometh the harvest? Behold, I say unto you, lift up your eyes and look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest." He thus inspires the souls of his disciples with the glorious vision of the ingathering of all souls, when each one shall hear for himself and "know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world."

Thus I read and mused as I sat there on my horse with his head turned towards the well. My mind was

filled with holy and elevated thoughts as I wandered back to the scene depicted by John, and onward to the glorious consummation of the Saviour's work. I could not descend into the well and drink of its waters, but I could drink in the life-giving truths of the Gospel symbolized by them and thus be spiritually refreshed.

I turned slowly away and passing through a grove of olive trees, old, gnarled and decaying, yet still bearing great quantities of fruit, I entered the city of Nablous, which is the modern name for Neapolis, Shechem and Sychar. We rode along its narrow and winding streets, and examined the Church of the Resurrection, which was erected in the central part of the city, in 1167. The front door is curiously wrought, resembling on a small scale that of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. After a long and tedious ride, we enter the court of the Convent where three or four monks receive us kindly and set before us fresh food, and give us homely lodgings.

The next morning, before breakfast, I went with our guide to the Synagogue and witnessed the novel worship of the Samaritans. This is the oldest sect that has kept up continuous worship in the world. They are few in numbers, counting only one hundred and fifty-two men, women and children. It was Saturday, their Sabbath, equally with the Jews, and they assembled early in the morning. The room is small, capable of holding only fifty or sixty persons. They are all dressed in uniform, in long white robes and red turbans, and the priest in red robes and a white turban. He takes out the manuscript or roll of parchment containing the Pentateuch, which is all of the Old Testa-

ment which they acknowledge as genuine. The manuscript is on rolls, like all ancient books, adorned with gilt devices, and inclosed in white figured silk. They claim that it is thirty-five hundred years old, but though worn with much kissing and handling, and somewhat patched, it is probably not two thousand years old, though there is some reason for assigning it to the age of Manasseh, about three hundred and thirty years before Christ. They all stand up, the priest takes the parchment from the recess, carefully unrolls it, reads a long passage, kisses it fervently and rolls it up, when the people utter their loud responses, without much concert or sense, the boys screaming as loud as possible so as to outdo the elder ones. They may be sincere, but it seemed a wild jargon to me, with little order or devotional feeling.

They still hate the Jews, who will "have no dealings with the Samaritans" except in the matter of trade, and the two sects do not intermarry. They are fast running out. They eagerly inquire of travelers from other countries whether there are any Samaritans in their respective places of residence, and express their disappointment when told that there are none. Yet they think they have the best system of religion in the world. They afford a melancholy example of religious fanaticism. Different accounts have been given of their origin. They are probably descendants of Babylonians and Assyrians, who were sent hither after the capture of the Israelites, to re-people the land and who were joined by renegade Jews. Their worship was at first wholly idolatrous, but having been frightened by lions, they applied to the King of Assyria

for an Israelitish priest. He introduced the Jewish mode of worship, but they still continued to "serve their own gods," even while "they feared the Lord," and thus did their worship become corrupt. But they had so far imbibed the Jewish spirit that when the Jews returned to rebuild their temple in Jerusalem, they applied for permission to aid in the work. This was refused, and it was this refusal that laid the foundation for the subsequent hatred which existed between the two races.

Henceforth, the Samaritans did all in their power to retard the rebuilding of the temple in Jerusalem. Afterwards, in the fourth century before Christ, Sanballat, the Persian governor of Samaria, obtained permission from Alexander the Great to build a temple on Mount Gerizim which should be the rival of the temple in Jerusalem. Manasseh, the son-in-law of Sanballat, who had been expelled from Jerusalem for marrying into a pagan family, was made High Priest. The ruins of this temple are still seen on Mount Gerizim. From the time of building this temple and even before down to the present, some twenty-two hundred years, has their worship been kept up. They are "the oldest and smallest sect in the world."

Three times a year they go to the summit of Gerizim, up the steep and narrow pathway and stone steps from the city, and celebrate their festival. The Passover occurs in April, and on this occasion the whole population take part in the ceremonies. In the afternoon they encamp in tents, in imitation of the Israelites, put on their sacred costumes, and half an hour before sunset engage in their devotions with their faces

turned towards the holy place on the mount, and just as the sun goes down behind the western ridge of hills, seven youths, dressed in white robes, rush forth and slay the seven lambs that have been brought up here for the purpose, and prepare them for roasting. The bodies of the animals are pierced with sticks in the form of a cross and placed in a pit dug in the ground over the fire which has been kindled at the bottom of the pit. By the light of the midnight moon, they partake of the feast which

“Smokes on Gerizim’s Mount, Samaria’s sacrifice.”

Rapidly they tear the flesh piecemeal with their fingers, in obedience to the command given to the Jews, “ye shall eat in haste.” At an early hour all descend to their usual habitations at the base of the mountain.

A few rods from the scene of sacrifice is the Holy Place, an extensive naked surface of a rock inclining towards a cistern on the west. This is their Kibleh, or holiest spot, where the tabernacle of the Lord with the ark of the covenant was formerly placed. They approach this with their shoes removed from their feet, and when they pray, they turn their faces towards it. Near by is a thick wall and vast ruins of a square structure which, some suppose, are the remains of the Samaritan temple, but which others believe to be those of a fortification erected by Justinian. On one side of the inclosure is a large Wely or sheik’s tomb, which can be seen afar off, similar to those which are often seen in Palestine. If an ambitious man wishes to secure popularity among the people, he builds a costly tomb to the memory of some great man or saint. If a wealthy man

wishes to atone for some wicked deeds that he may have committed in his eagerness to acquire wealth, he builds a splendid tomb, whitewashed and garnished, on some conspicuous spot, where it can be seen by travelers at a great distance.

Near the walls of the castle are several flat stones, lying on the surface of the ground, underneath which the Mohammedans say lie the twelve stones which the Israelites brought out of the Jordan when they entered the Promised Land. These are to remain in their places until the prophet and guide appears. In another part are what they call "the seven steps of Adam out of Paradise." The trench where the lambs are sacrificed is formed of two parallel rows of rough stones laid upon the ground. There are indications of a city on this mount.

Mount Ebal, on the north, is not so often visited by tourists, but it is said that the best view of the town can be obtained from it. It has no ruins on the summit except a queer old square structure with thick walls of rough stone. The sides of Ebal on the south bordering on the west side of the city are fertile, and at the proper season full of vegetative life. Dr. Robinson says: "Here a scene of luxuriant and almost unparalleled verdure burst upon our view." The whole valley was filled with gardens of vegetables and orchards of all kinds of fruits, watered by several fountains which burst forth in various parts and flow westward in refreshing streams. It came upon us suddenly, like a scene of fairy enchantment. We saw nothing to compare with it in all [other parts of] Palestine. Here, beneath the shade of an immense mulberry tree, by the

side of a purling rill, we pitched our tent for the remainder of the day and night."

As we rode out of the city through the western gate, we saw gardens watered by the fountains, filled with fresh vegetation, carrots, melons, cucumbers, figs and oranges, the whole enlivened by the songs of thousands of birds. The whole valley is one of unusual fertility. Immense wheat and barley fields at the present day wave in the breezes on the east and the west of the city. It was this feature, undoubtedly, that attracted Jacob hither, and induced him to purchase it for the pasturage of his son's flocks. Hence the significance of the words, "Joseph is a fruitful bough whose branches run over the wall." (Gen. xlix: 22.) It is an interesting fact to the modern tourist in Palestine that as he enters the tomb of Joseph near the well, he will see a trailing vine whose "branches run over the wall," thus illustrating literally the words of Jacob at the distance of three thousand five hundred years from the present.

Some have asserted that Ebal is more desolate than Gerizim, and assign as the reason that the curses of the Israelites were pronounced from it. But Dr. Robinson says that he could see no essential difference in the appearance of the two mounts. They both have a barren and desolate look alike, save in the ravine which slopes down from Gerizim into the city. It exhibits a little more fertility by reason of the natural fountains that send their fertilizing streams down the declivity. The slopes of both mountains are alike cultivated, though the summits exhibit few marks of vegetative life. It is a blind and ignorant superstition that would pro-

nounce Gerizim blessed and Ebal cursed because Jehovah ordered the rewards of obedience to be announced from the one, and the retributions of disobedience from the other.

It is interesting to the intelligent reader of Bible history, while standing in the valley between the summits, to call to mind the scene related in the eighth chapter of Joshua, according to the prophecy in Deuteronomy. Simeon, Levi, Judah, Issachar, Joseph and Benjamin stood on Gerizim, and Reuben, Gad, Asher, Zebulun, Dan and Naphtali stood on Ebal. The valley is narrow, only sixty rods wide near the eastern extremity, so that, as has been actually demonstrated, the voice of an individual can be clearly heard from one mount to the other. A natural amphitheatre slopes down from the summit of Ebal, and opposite to this is another amphitheatre on the sides of Gerizim. It has been conjectured that the tribes were assembled here while the vast congregation stood on each side of the ark of the covenant in the vale below. And Joshua read before the priests, the elders, the judges, the officers, and the men, women and children, all the words of the law, both blessings and cursings, as Moses, before their passage over the Jordan, had commanded him. The representatives of half the tribes stood on one peak and half on the other. The place was fitted to inspire solemnity and wonder. Two bold peaks rose up before the people. And the people themselves were not the least inspiring element in the scene. As Dr. Thompson says: "This is beyond question the most august assembly the sun ever shone upon; and I never stand in that narrow plain, with Ebal and Gerizim rising on either

hand to the sky, without involuntarily recalling and reproducing the scene. I have shouted to hear the echo, and then fancied how it must have been when the loud-voiced Levites proclaimed from the naked cliffs of Ebal, 'Cursed be the man that maketh any graven image, an abomination unto Jehovah.' And then the tremendous *Amen!* tenfold louder, from the mighty congregation rising and swelling, and re-echoing from Ebal to Gerizim and from Gerizim to Ebal, *Amen! even so let it be accursed!* No, there never was an assembly to compare with this." ("The Land and Book," Vol. II. 204.)

Nablous is a city containing some eight thousand inhabitants, mostly Mohammedans, there being only eight hundred Greek Christians and one hundred and fifty Samaritans. It extends along the narrow valley and up the slopes of the mounts, and is surrounded with trees and verdure, and presents to the outside observer a very picturesque appearance, with its brown stone houses three and four stories high, overlooked by its dark minarets and white domes, its white limestone and crenellated walls. The interior is not so inviting, for its streets are narrow and winding, damp and gloomy, few windows fronting the streets and a general air of desolation spread over all things. In the winter season great streams of water run through the streets, and as the city lies on the water-shed which separates the Mediterranean from the valley of the Jordan, these streams run in opposite directions in the east and west ends of the city. It lies nearly seventeen hundred feet above the sea, and Ebal rises ten hundred and Gerizim nine hundred feet above the city. Tombs in great numbers have been cut into the steep rocks of Ebal on the

north, and Joseph's tomb, a square stone structure, with a white dome some twenty feet above the surface of the ground, shaded by high trees, is seen not more than a fourth of a mile from Jacob's Well, near the base of Ebal. On the eastern slope of Gerizim are numerous little clusters of houses and ruins of those that once stood here. Three miles east of the city is seen Salim on the slope or ridge beyond the valley of Moreh, where John baptized "because there was much water there." Numerous fountains are still seen here, and sheep, goats and donkeys, cattle and horses were crowding around these while we were riding through the valley.

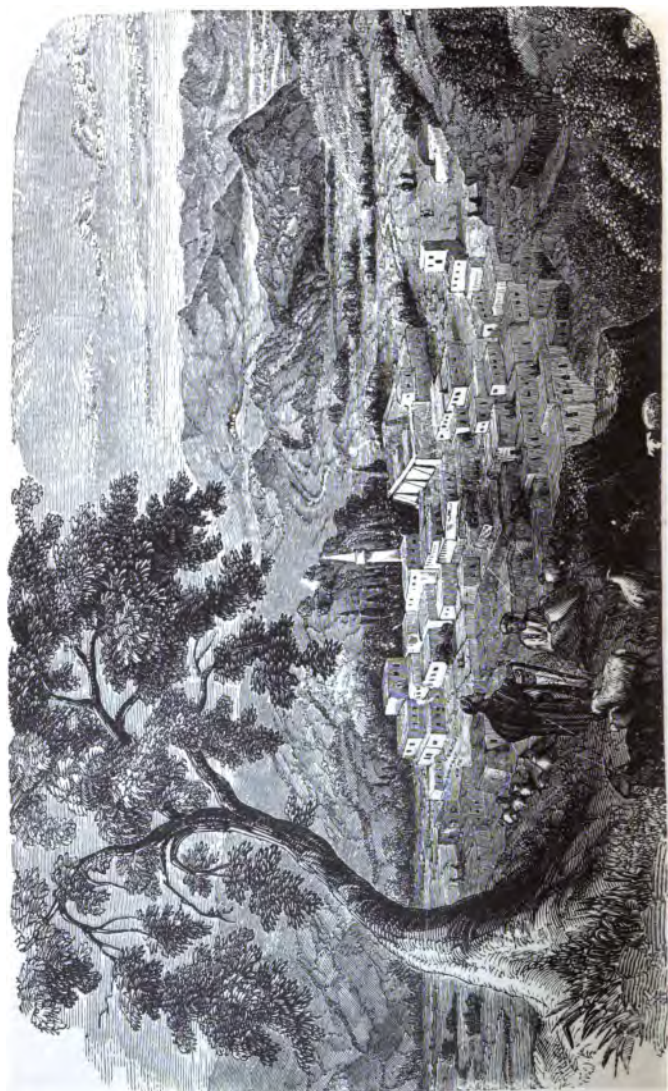
The city of Samaria lies on a conical hill, eight miles north-east of the city, near the path that leads to Jenin. It is mostly in ruins. It is traditionally asserted that the body of John the Baptist was deposited here, and a church bearing his name once stood here, but its walls are rapidly crumbling. Some pillars of an old temple are standing at the base of the hill. Thus has Samaria, once a royal residence, rebuilt in splendid style by Herod the Great, yielded to the devastating influences of time.

Nablous has had an eventful history. Abraham pitched his tent under a Terebinth near, Jacob purchased a field in its suburbs, and sent his son Joseph hither to search for his brethren; the Israelites under Joshua erected an altar here, and it became a city of refuge. Abimelech slew his brethren and proclaimed himself the ruler of Israel, on which occasion Jotham gave forth his fable from one of the spurs of Gerizim, the most ancient of its class; Rehoboam was proclaimed king

here, and after the nation was divided, Jeroboam fortified and enlarged the city and made it his capital. In the year 721 before Christ, Salmanazer led away the inhabitants in captivity to Babylon. The descendants of the new inhabitants built a temple on Mount Gerizim as the rival of that in Jerusalem built by the Jews, and this in turn was destroyed by John Hyrcanus B. C. 132. Jesus preached here after his conversation with the woman at Jacob's Well, and gained many converts. The celebrated Christian father and writer, Justin Martyr, was born here. It was held awhile by the Crusaders and afterwards given to the Mussulman. The inhabitants have manifested oft-times a rebellious spirit, and were severely punished in 1834 by Ibrahim Pasha.

The Greeks are kind and hospitable to strangers. Amid all these changes the Samaritans have kept up their worship, and Mounts Gerizim and Ebal and Jacob's Well have remained to teach us the judgments of Heaven and the importance of worshiping God "in spirit and in truth."






MODERN NAZARETH.

V.

NAZARETH, THE HOME OF JESUS.

N the southern slope of the Mount Lebanon range, near its junction with the plain of Esdraelon, in the upper part of a gorge or valley, lies the secluded little village of Nazareth. It is situated sixty-five miles north of Jerusalem, twenty west of Mount Carmel, eighteen south-west of Tiberias, midway between the Jordan and the Mediterranean. At the time of the advent of our Saviour it was held in low repute by the people dwelling outside of Galilee. Indeed, all the province was treated with contempt by those dwelling in Jerusalem and vicinity. It was a common remark that no teacher or prophet could come out of Galilee. To be called a Nazarite or Galilean was evidence of the person's being held in ill repute.

Jesus was born in Bethlehem, but dwelt in Nazareth for the most part during the first thirty years of his life. Here his parents lived ; here he spent the period of his infancy, his youth and early manhood, and for these reasons he was said to belong to Nazareth. The Jews rigidly followed the custom of assigning each person to the town whence he originated. They distinguished him from others by this means rather than by surnames, which had not then been introduced.

Jesus partook of the odium attached to the place of his residence. He was held in low estimation, not

only by the Jews in other parts of Palestine, but also by his own townsmen, as is seen in the treatment which he received from them when he preached for the first time in their synagogue. [Luke iv: 16-31.] They drove him out of town, and would have thrown him down the precipice, had he not broken away from them and escaped to Capernaum.

So when Philip finds Nathaniel, supposed to be the same as Bartholomew, a native of Cana of Galilee, whom Jesus recognized as a very good man when he said of him, "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile;" and when he speaks to him of Jesus as a resident of Nazareth, the son of Joseph who was known to dwell there, Nathaniel quickly replies, under the influence of this feeling: "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?"

He had such a mean opinion of the town that he verily believed nothing good could have its origin there. This same feeling we still see cherished toward certain towns and places. We see it illustrated all along the history of the world. A village is the scene of some mean or criminal deed, or succession of deeds. It gets a bad name. In all the region round about a feeling of prejudice is excited against it. The people speak contemptuously of it. They misrepresent the accounts of transactions that have occurred there. They exaggerate them. They talk as if nothing good could originate there. And if a citizen of such a village happens to rise above the odium that attaches to it, and goes forth to do good in the world, however honest and pure-minded he may be, he is looked upon with suspicion and distrust by all. He is speedily con-

demned for having been born in such a disreputable place. The odium of the town is fastened upon him, and he is compelled like Jesus to bear the stigma until he outlives it.

The same thing is true of nations. Spain and Turkey, for instance, have a bad reputation with us, and we can not have that confidence in a man coming from these countries which we put in a German, or Englishman, or a Scotchman, whom we are accustomed to hold in honor. This accounts for the hatred manifested toward the poor Chinese laborer who comes to our shores to get an honest living. He is received with jeers and insults because he comes from old standstill China, which is ranked so low in the estimation of its antipodal neighbors. Each neighborhood, school-district and house has its good or bad character, as we give it the meed of praise, or dismiss it with contempt. It requires more than one generation to wipe out the specific name given it.

Each religious sect, too, illustrates the same point. The Jesuits, disciples of Jesus, have an honorable appellation, but their detestable policy has justified all the meaning that we contrive to crowd into the word Jesuitical. Universalists and Methodists were held in detestation and horror in the early period of their history, the latter, because they broke away from a distinguished religious body, and resorted to measures that were regarded of questionable value; and the former, because they taught a doctrine that was so opposed to the old associations of the religious world, and they so vigorously attacked the darling dogmas of the popular creed, that it was alleged the barriers of re-

ligion and morality would be swept away. But as we become better known and understood, the less suspicious become other sects in regard to us. Yet the old stigma adheres to us in some communities, and it will require many years to remove it, and convince the world that we are not revolutionary and destructive in our doctrines and acts.

This may, in some instances, come from the principle enunciated by our Saviour, "By their fruits ye shall know them," and in other instances from false or highly exaggerated reports. And having once conceived a prejudice against a house, family, community, district, nation, or sect, whether generated by a true or false estimate, we are unwilling to give it up, but cling to it, and by it we are led to judge of all subsequent deeds.

But this is unreasonable on our part and unjust toward the subject of our prejudice. It does not appear that Nazareth had done any thing to entitle it justly to the bad name given it by its neighbors, unless it was to speak in a rude, barbarous dialect. It was an obscure place. It is not mentioned in the Old Testament, nor by Josephus, who describes all the towns around it. And in later years, long after Christianity had gained a firm foothold in the world, it had no political or historical importance. The Crusaders made it the center of their operations, consecrated it as the seat of a bishopric, and did much to give it significance and power. It is now a pleasant, quiet village of some four thousand inhabitants, and is every year growing in wealth and influence. It long ago outgrew its early, bad reputation. It has not fallen to decay like most

cities of Palestine. It is still under Christian influence, like Bethlehem, and these two villages, similarly situated, are probably the handsomest and most interesting of all in Palestine. And from the fact of their having been the birth-place and the chief residence of Jesus, who is now honored more than prince or potentate, as the Son of God and the Saviour of men, they have attained names of honor, and are visited by thousands of his followers, who examine every object here with the keenest interest. When asked, then, whether any thing good can come out of Nazareth, let us lay aside our prejudices and say with Philip, "Come and see."

Nazareth was one of the villages of Galilee, formerly one of the most fertile provinces of Palestine. According to Josephus, within a circuit probably not more than forty miles in diameter, two thousand years ago, there were two hundred and four towns and from two to three millions of people, mostly Jews. Though the population is now meagre, yet the country is capable of supporting a much larger number of people than that around Jerusalem. There is one striking difference in the features of the two districts. The south of Palestine is full of barren and desolate hills, with little verdure on their summits or slopes, while Galilee abounds in valleys and table lands, which are covered with grass and shrubs. Thus it presents a beautiful appearance in contrast with the hills of Ephraim and Engedi.

Nazareth appears most lovely to the traveler coming from Samaria to Jenin, thence over the quiet plain of Esdraelon, across the brook Kishon, to the base of an

abrupt ridge covered with small stones and irregular-shaped bowlders, scattered here and there over the surface.

One fine day, in the sunny month of November, we rode over the plain to the foot of the ridge, where we stopped in sight of Nain, Endor, Shunem, Jezreel, and Mounts Tabor, Little Hermon, and Gilboa. After resting our horses and taking our dinner while seated by our table spread on the grass, we begun the slow and toilsome ascent. Our dragoman had previously warned us that it was one of the most difficult parts of our journey, and we found it so. We crossed a rocky hill, descended into a valley, passed over a little stream and up another slope to the summit of the ridge, when suddenly there burst upon our view the whitish-brown walls of Nazareth, nestling cosily in a rural retreat, under a bold, semicircular ridge of hills at the western end of a pear-shaped valley or basin less than a mile long. The Cross and the Crescent are the objects that first attract the gaze of the traveler. It was with peculiar emotions that I first gazed upon this romantic city, while sitting there on my horse, with dusky Arabs around me, who were utterly unable to appreciate my feelings, or understand why I should detain them there among the rocks to look upon that quiet village two miles distant. They became impatient and jogged on with our baggage while I was rapt in meditation. I was not thrilled as when I first caught sight of Jerusalem, or went down those stone steps into the grotto of Christ's nativity in Bethlehem. It was a less exciting, but not a less pleasurable feeling.

This is the home of Jesus; here he lived with his

parents. On these hills and through these vales he walked in cheerful and quiet meditation, pondering upon his earthly mission and the great work which he was sent to accomplish. Here he labored at his trade of house-building and masonry with Joseph, and here he showed his affection for his mother by little acts of attention and kindness. Here "he was subject to them," and "increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man," before he began his public mission. [Luke ii: 51-52.]

For a long time I lingered on the spot, rapt in musings of the past, unwilling to withdraw my gaze from the sacred place. I descended to the upper border of the basin, passed along the winding path in the shade of the olive and fig trees, with great cactus fences on each side, and entered through the large gate into the open court in front of the Convent, descended from my horse, and took lodgings at the convent attached to the Church of the Annunciation. We entered the central court, were kindly greeted by the monks, ascended the well-worn stone steps to the second story, and obtained needed rest in a small but comfortable side-room. Soon after we arrived, a young Englishman came in from the north, on his way from Beyrout to Jerusalem, while we were going in the opposite direction. In such a place where all around speak a strange language, it is pleasant to meet one who can converse with you in your own native tongue. It begets a home feeling, and opens the sympathies of our common nature, while unknown words close the avenues of the soul. He had his dragoman, muleteers, and a large amount of baggage, which was stowed away in the basement while he

secured lodgings above. He gave us valuable hints in regard to the country through which we were about to pass.

It was our blessed privilege to spend a Sunday in this village, where doubtless Jesus so often worshiped. We first went into the Church of the Annunciation, so called because in a grotto cut into the rock, tradition says Mary received the salutation of the angel. This grotto is now used as a place of worship by the Latin Christians. An altar is placed in the chapel, surrounded with silver lamps, and adorned with a painting of the Annunciation. Upon the granite slab which forms the pavement are carved these words: "*Verbum caro hic factum est*;" "The Word was here made flesh." Behind the altar is a recess where is seen another painting representing the flight of the holy family into Egypt. The church is smaller than most other churches that are erected over the holy places. It is plain without. The walls are of dark brown limestone, overtopped by a tall, slender, white campanile. The walls of the interior are covered with red damask, striped with blue, contrasting vividly with the dark rough surface of the native rock that crops out here and there. Near the altar are two granite pillars, one broken off near the base, and directly underneath this a short piece of a marble pillar, which the monks sometimes say is the base of the upper pillar suspended from the ceiling. But a close examination reveals the fact of iron rods having been inserted to support the broken column. Directly under the chapel, in the basement, is the kitchen, where tradition asserts that Mary lived and provided for her household, and a door is shown

which opens through the rock toward the fountain where Mary was accustomed to go for water which she used for culinary purposes. The shop where Joseph and Jesus worked at their trade is now a little chapel a few rods from the church. A painting of the two at work hangs over the altar.

The worship in this church is very impressive. Savage, dusky faces of Bedouins, dressed in their loose robes, sandals, and turbans, appear here, and respond in their rude, guttural tones, and the priest condescends to address them also in Arabic. While the Latins affect to believe this to be the exact spot of the annunciation, the Greeks insist that it is farther east, outside of the town, over the fountain, and they have erected a rude chapel there. Thus the whole round of traditions is made uncertain. The Armenians have erected their church on the site of the ancient synagogue where Jesus preached when he so incensed his neighbors, as related by Luke, and the Maronites have erected still another church or convent under one of the steepest cliffs which overhang the village on the west, which they allege is the true Mount of Precipitation, down which the Nazarenes would have thrown him headlong while he, "passing through the midst of them, went his way," and escaped to Capernaum. There is a series of precipices on the western side of the town which may constitute "the brow of the hill," without resorting to what is popularly called the Mount, some two miles south of the town, on another ridge overlooking the plain of Esdraclon. This cliff rises up fifty feet or more, very steep, over the little

Maronite church, while the hill is some four hundred feet above it.

While we must regard with great uncertainty if not absolute incredulity, the monkish legends concerning the place of the annunciation, the house of Joseph, the kitchen of Mary, the worship and the stone table upon which the family are alleged to have taken their daily meals, the garden and the synagogue, we need not attach the same uncertainty to the site of the fountain where they used to obtain water for domestic use. It is a few rods from the houses of the town at the base of a hill. It is the only fountain in or near the town, and the inhabitants still procure water here. The water is brought from the fountain to a figured stone cistern, probably once a sarcophagus, covered over with a rude stone arch, and underneath this at all hours of the day, from sunrise till dark, multitudes of women may be seen, with their brown earthen waterpots, bearing away the water on their heads. We rode up to the fountain in the morning on our way to Tiberias; the waiting women politely stood aside to give us an opportunity to examine the fountain, in their demeanor totally unlike those that frequented the fountains on the road from Jerusalem to Hebron, in the southern part of Palestine, where it was extremely difficult to reach the fountain in order to water our horses, and as difficult to get out of the crowd that beset us after we had quenched our own thirst and that of our horses. The countenances of the women here are more beautiful, and indicate a higher degree of intelligence and refinement than in most other parts of the Holy Land. Schools have been established here by the natives and

foreign missionaries, and much interest is felt in the subject of education.

A few years since, Abu Nasir, an Arab-Christian of the Greek Church, established schools here and drew in a good number of scholars, and among them several girls, an unusual circumstance in this region, where woman is regarded of little account and sedulously kept secluded from the sight of men, and débarred from the advantages of intellectual and social education. These schools did not continue long, but the English Mission took up the work, and are now laboring faithfully to promote the moral and religious interests of the people.

After our visit to the Church of the Annunciation, we called upon Dr. Varten of this Mission, and in the evening attended service at the house of Rev. J. Zeller, the missionary, who preached a sermon to an audience of a dozen persons, members of the English families and travelers. I was deeply moved while listening to a sermon in this town where our Saviour dwelt and preached, and hearing my native language spoken—a language that was not in existence when Jesus dwelt here, but which is now used to propagate in distant lands the system of gospel truth that he came to proclaim. The new English church now building here is a beautiful structure of stone, with a modern spire, turrets and belfry. It looks veritably like a New England village church, and presents a strange contrast to the dingy, flat-roofed houses around it. A large congregation of people is gathered here every Sunday, to whom Mr. Zeller preaches in the Arabic language. The physician, also, is doing much in curing physical

disease as preparatory to healing moral maladies. Indeed, physicians are now regarded as essential to the success of missionary operations as preachers. By healing diseases which the native quacks can not treat scientifically, they secure the gratitude and confidence of the poor sufferers, and thus enlist their sympathies in favor of the spiritual message that is communicated. The two go hand in hand and secure remarkable results.

The village lies at the upper end of a valley, partly up the slope of the hill, which rises four or five hundred feet above it on the west. Fifteen hills partly covered with verdure rise up from the little basin in which the village lies, giving to the scenery a romantic air. The basin abounds in gardens, cactus hedges, olives, vines, and palm trees. Sheltered by the hills and the groves, it affords a quiet retreat for the inhabitants, but in the summer season the heat is oppressive. The flat roofs of the houses rise up one above another along the slope, and are destitute of the white domes that are seen in southern Palestine. Most of the streets are narrow, badly paved, and steep, but less filthy than some oriental cities. The houses are built of limestone that gradually crumbles on exposure to the air, and this gives a dingy and decaying look to the town. The earthquake of 1837 injured the limestones very seriously, and led the inhabitants afterward to erect them upon the foundation of the solid rock, and run them up not more than one or two stories in height.

On Monday morning, before we departed, we left our lodgings and ascended the ridge which overlooks the town on the west. A Mohammedan tomb

or Wely, a square stone structure, surmounted by a dome, some twenty feet high, stands on the summit. Standing by its side, I gazed upon a panorama of wonders. At our feet the quiet village lies in shaded beauty. The sun has just risen over the long ridge of the mountains of Moriah, beyond the valley of the Jordan, and cast its beams over the still waters of the Mediterranean in the west. On the south stretches out the verdant plain of Esdraelon, with Tabor, Little Hermon and Gilboa overlooking it like sleepless sentinels on the east, the low succession of the hills of Samaria on the south, from which runs the lofty ridge of Carmel sloping abruptly down to the sea in the west, the village of Kaifa at the base lying on the water's edge, and on the north the little plain of El Buttauf with villages scattered over it, and Sefurrieh, at the base of a round cone-like eminence surmounted by a castle, the plain of Hattin on the north-east bordered by oak groves; and rising over all, in the distant north, the snow-capped Hermon, glittering in the sunlight. Beyond the basin of the sea of Galilee are the dim outlines of the hills of Bashan. On this side of Hattin, in a valley, are the scattered ruins of Cana of Galilee, where Jesus wrought his first miracle at the wedding feast, and beyond, far up the barren heights, is Safed, "a city set on a hill that can not be hid," and below on the south are the Mount of Beatitudes and the gentle slope where tradition locates the scene of Jesus' feeding the five thousand. Mount Tabor is five miles to the west, wedge-shaped, and covered with scrub oaks and green grass, rising up eight hundred feet above the surrounding plain. Divested of the associations that

naturally cluster around it, this scene is one of great natural beauty, and like the view from the Mount of Olives, Mount Pagus overlooking the Bay of Smyrna, St. Elmo over the city and bay of Naples, and Windsor Castle on the Thames,—it impresses itself so deeply upon the mind of the spectator that he does not soon forget it. Again and again I love to recall this scene, and with “the eye of the mind” gaze upon its separate features and linger over its specific attractions. The atmosphere is clear; no smoke arises from the houses as in our own country to obscure its brightness, and consequently all things seem to be brought nearer to our vision.

But an additional charm is thrown over the landscape as viewed by the Christian. He can not divest his mind of the thought that Jesus in his youth often stood upon this spot and looked out upon the same landscape, scaled the same heights and trod the same vales. While meditating there I felt in full force the sentiments of Dr. Robinson :

“Seating myself in the shade of the Wely of Neby Ismail, I remained for some hours upon this spot, lost in the contemplation of the wide prospect, and of the events connected with the scenes around. In the village below, the Saviour of the world had passed his childhood; and although we have few particulars of his life during these early years, yet there are certain features of nature which meet our eyes now, just as they once met his. He must often have visited the fountain near which we had pitched our tent; his feet must frequently have wandered over the adjacent hills, and his eyes doubtless have gazed upon the splendid pros-

pect from this very spot. Here the Prince of Peace looked down upon the great plain where the din of battles so oft had rolled, and the garments of the warrior been dyed in blood ; and he looked out, too, upon that sea over which the swift ships were to bear the tidings of his salvation to nations and to continents then unknown. How has the moral aspect of things been changed ! Battles and bloodshed have indeed not ceased to desolate this unhappy country, and gross darkness now covers the people ; but from this region a light went forth which has enlightened the world and unveiled new climes ; and now the rays of that light begin to be reflected back from distant isles and continents, to illuminate anew the darkened land where it first sprung up."

I put little credence in the stories of the monks concerning the site of Mary's house, the workshop of Joseph, the garden where the child Jesus is alleged to have sported. But the natural features of the country remain essentially the same while men's works may have passed away. The history of Nazareth contains few interesting incidents. Its obscurity, I suppose, was the reason of its not being mentioned by the early writers. The residence of Jesus here, who became so distinguished even in his life-time, gave it a temporary renown, though the people would not acknowledge him as the Redeemer and Prophet that he was. "He came unto his own and his own received him not." As Christianity advanced, and he became in the estimation of his followers the Sun of Righteousness and the Light of the World, this village came to be regarded with peculiar interest. The worship of Mary in the

Greek and Latin churches increased the interest felt in it, as she lived here, and consecrated it for all time. Absurd legends concerning the place have been told by the superstitious Christians. According to the story of the monks, the house of Mary, which once stood over this grotto, to escape the contaminations of the Mohammedans after Nazareth was taken by the Sultan Khalil, in 1291, took flight and wandered off through the air across the Mediterranean, at first to Raunizza, on the Dalmatian shore of the Adriatic Gulf, and thence after three years to Loretto, near Ancona, on the eastern slope of the Apennines. There it is still seen under the roof of the Church of the *Casa Santa*, a small brick or red stone structure incased in marble, containing a black cedar image of the Virgin and the child, adorned with jewels, the whole lighted by silver lamps. It is the object of veneration to tens of thousands of pilgrims who daily visit it in crowds, and really believe that it was transported by angels in a single night to this spot. So Loretto which, before this story originated, had no existence as a town, according to Dean Stanley has become "the European Nazareth," the object of "devotion of one half the world and the ridicule of the other half."


Often relics and mementoes have been brought from Palestine. The earth which forms the Sacred Cemetery at Pisa once covered the field of Aceldama. But most of the reputed relics have been manufactured for the occasion. Many cart-loads of pieces of the cross, which religious devotees assure you are genuine, are shown to the tourist in the cathedrals and monasteries of Europe, yet the true cross yet remains perfect!

Other relics reputed to have been connected with sacred churches or places, in equally absurd numbers or quantities are thrust upon your credulity. While such things disgust us or make us smile, we desire to bring real relics from the Holy Land—roses from the plain of Sharon, lilies that bloomed by the refreshing waters of Siloam, and Jordan water from the ford where Jesus was baptized, not because we believe these have any peculiar sanctity, but for the sacred and pleasant associations connected with places where great events have happened. In this we are prompted by a feeling akin to that which induces us to keep mementoes of our departed friends—a lock of hair, a ring, the playthings of a child, or the cherished household treasures of our father and mother.

The Crusaders cherished Nazareth, and increased its wealth and importance, but after their terrible defeat on the plain of Hattin, eighteen miles distant, on the 4th of July, 1187, they were obliged to give it up and leave it in the hands of Mussulmans. Bonaparte fought a bloody battle with the Turks within sight of the town, at the base of Mount Tabor, and afterwards spent several hours here. The population is still Christian, and their good influence on the people is seen in and around it. From the fact of its having been the residence of Mary and Jesus, it must ever be held in high estimation by Christians in all coming time. This, with its natural beauties, will attract all tourists here who follow the route of Jesus from Jerusalem to Galilee. Let it ever be associated in our minds with the life and teachings of Him “who spake as never man spake.”

VI.

TIBERIAS AND THE SEA OF GALILEE.

HE tourist from Nazareth to Tiberias scales a high and rocky ridge of hills on the north, descends into a valley and passes the ruins of a village which the native Arabs call Kefr Kenna, but which tradition assumes to be the Cana of Galilee where Christ wrought his first miracle of changing water into wine at the wedding festival, containing a few dilapidated houses, the ruins of a church, said to have stood over the house in which the miracle was wrought, and the fountain from which the water for the festival was brought. Thence he rides along for several hours over a plain covered with verdure and tall rank weeds, occasionally meeting a train of camels loaded with merchandise or the fruits of this country, or a party of Arabs, some walking and some riding on donkeys and horses. The rounded form of Mount Tabor is in his rear and a two-peaked hill lies before him. After a weary journey in the sultry sun, he stands on one of the summits of this hill which is known as the "Mount of Beatitudes," as designating the place where Jesus gave his "Sermon on the Mount," contained in Matt. v, vi, vii; though some writers locate the place across the Sea of Galilee east of the mouth of the Jordan. The scene which meets his eye is varied and enchanting. As he turns towards the east, he sees a precipice before him, down whose

jagged slopes he looks upon the plain of Gennesaret and beyond, the quiet waters of the Sea of Galilee. This sea lies in a basin thirteen miles long and six broad, sunk nearly seven hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean. A chain of hills rises abruptly from near the water's edge above the sea, except upon the north-west, where the undulating plain of Gennesaret spreads out a long distance to a circular range of conical peaks which stand up like a vast line of fortifications overlooking and protecting the basin! The hills and slopes are partly rock and barren soil, but mostly covered with vegetation, only here and there a tree scattered over the surface.

As the spectator stands here on the ridge, he follows with his eye the current of the Jordan entering the sea from the north, its dark waters like a broad ribbon winding along the blue and placid surface in the form of the arc of a circle, until it reaches the southern border of the sea. The ruins of several villages lie along the northern and western shores of the sea, while just below the spectator, not half a mile distant, is seen the earthquake-battered city of Tiberias, its walls broken through in several places, the walls of the houses brown and crumbling, masses of rubbish filling up the streets and solitary palm trees waving as in triumph over the ruins. Not a boat on the water, not a ruffle on the surface as the sun wends its way slowly down behind the ridge of hills that hide from view the Mediterranean in the west.

On the left and behind the spectator, spreads out a smooth, green, sloping surface, several miles in extent, bounded by a ridge which marks the horizon,

where, according to monkish tradition, Jesus fed the five thousand, men, women, and children, who came out of the hamlets and villages to listen to his instructions. Still farther behind him is a village of brown houses on the hillside, and beyond, the conical summit of Mount Tabor, which is covered with luxuriant verdure and wide spreading oaks. It is the most beautiful mountain in Palestine, justifying the description of it by sacred and secular writers. It is literally "a high mountain apart," between the plains of Esdraelon and Hattin. This mountain is the reputed scene of the transfiguration of Christ, though most writers now locate it elsewhere. On the north is Mount Hermon, covered all the year round with snow and ice, like a crystal peak piercing the sky, one of the highest mountains in Palestine. The position of these mountains is verified by the Psalmist's words: "The north and the south, thou hast created them; Tabor (on the south) and Hermon (on the north) shall rejoice in thy name." A few miles to the north, but nearer than Hermon, the city of Safed catches the eye of the observer nestling there among the hills, its light brown walls arresting his attention at once, far up above him. If this is the place where "the Sermon on the Mount" was given, Jesus might have had in view this city, or one situated on or near its present site, when he uttered the words to his disciples, "Ye are the light of the world; a city that is set on a hill can not be hid." This spot agrees so well with the accounts given in the sacred records, that we can hardly resist the inclination to believe in the old legends, and locate here the scene of the delivery of

Jesus' inimitable sermon and feeding the five thousand by miraculous agency.

This view as presented to the spectator on the mount, though combining a few bleak and repulsive features, is not destitute of natural beauty. But it is superlatively beautiful in the light of associations connected with it. All this is holy ground, for it has been trodden by Him "who spake as never man spake." Here he preached in the synagogues, on the plains, and on the hill-tops. Here he wrought those miracles which not only relieved suffering humanity but served to attest his divine mission, healing the sick, feeding the hungry, comforting the mourner, raising the dead. Here he put into operation those divine influences which reach and subdue the sinner's heart and save souls from superstition, error, and sin. Here he taught those truths that

"Wake to perish never,"

by which the world will be redeemed. No wonder, then, that the Christian who comes into this region and looks upon these hills, plains, vales, rivers, lakes, and mountain summits, once seen and traversed by Jesus of Nazareth, should feel his soul stirred within him and gaze with rapture and awe upon them again and again.

Eighteen hundred years ago there were around and upon the immediate borders of the Sea of Galilee more than a dozen cities consecrated by his presence: Capernaum, to which he retired after being driven from his own city Nazareth, and where he wrought many wonderful miracles which made his name so honored;

Bethsaida, the residence of the apostles Peter, Andrew, and Philip; Magdala, the home of Mary Magdalene, who has introduced a new word into the language of all Christian nations, whose repentance and subsequent faithfulness, as handed down to us by the artist's pencil and historian's pen, have encouraged thousands to go and do likewise; Gadara, where Jesus healed the demoniacs and sent the swine down a steep place into the sea; Chorazin, upon which Jesus invoked the maledictions of heaven with other cities on the plain, and Tiberias, a more modern city and the only one that now survives, where the disciples witnessed the display of Jesus' power in the miraculous draught of fishes. These and other places along the shore of the sea are intimately associated with the presence and labors of our Saviour, and the Christian traveler calls to mind the events which have sanctified the places and thus deepens his interest in them.

We are now in Galilee. This is the northernmost of the three provinces into which Palestine was divided in the time of Christ, Samaria bordering it on the south and Judea still further south. Galilee extends from the mountain ridge that divides the plains of Akra and Esdraelon to the Sea of Galilee on the east, and from Jezreel on the south, including a portion of the great plain, to a line far up among the ridges of the Lebanon range on the north, beyond the Waters of Merom to Mount Hermon. It is some thirty by sixty miles in extent, of small dimensions, rough and rocky, but noted as the scene of some of the most important events related in biblical history. It was formerly rich and fertile, and contained many wealthy and

populous cities. According to Josephus, the province contained two hundred and four cities and villages, each having a population of fifteen thousand or more. It was doubtless the custom then, as it is now, for the people to dwell chiefly in large communities and not in isolated houses scattered over the country, but in this case there would be more than three millions of people in that small district. These cities and villages have now crumbled away and not even the site of some of them can be found. Others contain a meager and thriftless people. Ruins cover the surface, and weeds, briers, and thorns hide them from the eye of the searching antiquary. The land has been cultivated so long and so negligently that it has become far less productive than formerly. The general features of the country are bleak and desolate. A portion of the plains has been given up to wandering Arabs. They cross the Jordan with their flocks and herds, and lay waste the fields around the base of Mount Tabor and elsewhere. The tillers of the soil can get no remuneration for the grain wasted. When Lieut. Lynch, of the American Surveying party, encamped near Mount Tabor, he offered to pay for forage and damages. The owners of the fields were astonished at the proposition. They never before had received such an offer.

The sides of the mountains are bare and gray. Deep furrows have been worn down into the soil and the rock by the constant treading of man and beast and the rains of thousands of years. Seldom does the tourist deviate from the usual traveled path. Here and there is a grove of oaks or olive trees. In its season the oleander gives forth its fragrance from a thousand

blossoms. Other flowers also cover the hill-sides and give beauty to the landscape during the rainy season, but the sultry, cloudless sky of summer sweeps them all away. Tufts of dome or carob bushes thickly cluster along the paths. Long rows of cactus, or prickly pear, fence off the fields. An Arab village of stone huts occasionally greets the eye. Squalid, dirty, ill-clothed men lounge on the sidewalks or saunter over the plains. Saffron-colored women are gathering olives on the trees, pressing out the oil in dirty vats, or picking up little bits of roots, twigs, and dried grass and weeds for fuel, which they pile upon the backs of donkeys and take down to their goat-hair or reed huts in the grassy valley. Companies of men, women, and children are occasionally seen wandering over the plains, or defiling up and down the deep slopes or narrow gorges, on camels or mules, or walking by the side of these animals loaded with their household effects.

There are places here that still retain something of their former beauty. Nazareth, with its comfortable houses, convent, mosques, and churches, surrounded by its wooded or grassy hill-slopes and beautiful suburbs of gardens, vines, fig-trees, and flowers, the plains of Esdraelon, Buttauf and Hattin with their luxuriant pasturage, vast fields of wheat and millet, and acres of flowers waving in the breeze or reflecting the sunlight, while oftentimes the gentle shadows of the passing clouds play lightly over them, are pleasant objects for the eye to gaze upon. The smooth summits of Tabor, little Hermon and Gilboa stand up as silent sentinels above the plains, while "the excellency of Carmel" gently sloping off down to the plain of Sharon on the south,

and overlooking the village of Kaifa which extends along the coast, and Mount Hermon far up in the north in its icy coldness standing guard over all the surrounding country—all these add to the beauty and grandeur of this province. But while nature attempts to keep up a little of its ancient glory, man's works, under an oppressive government and shiftless management, are rapidly going to ruin.

As we come down that steep height overlooking the Sea of Galilee, so steep that we are obliged to follow a zigzag path, picking our way among the rocks and stunted bushes, we enter through the wide cleft of the wall into the old Roman city of Tiberias. Amid remnants of its former greatness and power, we see great masses of dirt and stones piled up in the streets, tall towers with loose stones lying on the top leaning over, the walls of the houses partly fallen down, the flat roofs displaying great gaps large enough to admit floods of rain, narrow, muddy lanes, ragged children sitting on piles of rubbish, women with dried up, brown faces staring at you from the narrow front doors, and men lying asleep or too lazy to look up at you from their secure position upon the door-steps. The Jews' quarter is especially filthy, and their dirty faces and tattered garments show the poverty and degradation of their lot. Tiberias is one of the four cities regarded as sacred by the Jews, the others being Jerusalem, Hebron, and Safed. Many Jews come here to live in the midst of its sacred associations and be buried with their fathers. There was a celebrated Rabbinical school here after the destruction of Jerusalem, where great numbers resorted to learn the mysteries of the Talmud and the Mishna.

They still believe that the long expected Messiah will enter the city from the sea and be enthroned at Safed, on the hills fifteen miles to the north.

The Latin Christians have a little church here, built probably by the Crusaders on the shore where it is said the miraculous draught of fishes was made (John xxi.) on the occasion of Jesus presenting himself to his disciples the third time after his resurrection, and where occurred that touching incident of Jesus testing the faithfulness of Peter by asking him three times "Lovest thou me?" and then commanding him to feed his lambs. The church is dedicated to St. Peter. • It is a long, narrow vault, without windows and having no architectural beauty. It is occupied by a single monk, a bright, shrewd-looking individual, who receives travelers and provides for their temporal wants, and cares for the spiritual interests of the few Christians who dwell in the city.

Our party lodged at the house of a Jew who pretended to be a sort of a physician. We were kindly received and treated with all the respect we could reasonably ask for in such a place. A large room, with a stone bench or divan two feet high extending along three sides of it, was assigned us at night. A Spanish guest occupied the same apartment. A fish fresh from the sea was served for our supper by our good hostess.

Tiberias is supposed to occupy the site of the ancient Rakkath or Chinnereth, (Josh. xix:35,) from which the sea received its name. The city was built by Herod the Great before the Christian era, probably on a level plot of ground which lies along the shore a mile to the south, where are now broken columns, arches, and other

ruins. Herod named it after the Emperor Tiberias, his patron. It became the capital of Galilee. Its founder built a royal palace here, and collected people from various quarters and bestowed upon them special privileges. It even outstripped Sepphoris, its former capital, which lay farther west towards Nazareth. During the war of the Jews against the Romans, the historian Josephus fortified it and assumed the command, and after the capture of Jerusalem, he opened the gates to Vespasian and obtained terms favorable to the Jews. Learned rabbis assembled here, and from its famous school were issued the *Talmud of Jerusalem* and the *Masora*, which was destined to preserve the purity of the Old Testament Scriptures. Justinian rebuilt portions of the city in the sixth century. It was taken by Omar, the successor of Mohammed, in 637, and retaken by the Christians in the first crusade and surrendered to Saladin after the unfortunate defeat of Count Raymond and the Crusaders, July 4th, 1187, on the plain of Hattin, within sight of its walls. Since the Mohammedans have had possession of it, travelers occasionally have visited it, and small commercial transactions have been carried on. The low, warm lands extending west and south have brought vegetation to maturity very early, so that this region has supplied the upland villages with fruits and vegetables before they could ripen elsewhere. A few invalids visit the hot springs of Emmaus, two miles south of the city, and bathe in the waters. But the city has played no important part in the affairs of the world for the last seven hundred years.

As we go north on the shore of the sea we come to Mejdal, the ancient Magdala, which contains scarcely

twenty huts, and these hardly fit to shelter its miserable inhabitants; Bethsaida, or the modern Khan Min-yeh, inhabited by a few Arabs and well supplied with springs, from which westward spreads out the grassy plain of Gennesaret; *Ain et Tin*, "the Fountain of the Fig," with its sparkling waters; the pretty little bay of Et Tabigah, with its five fountains and reservoir for collecting and distributing the water over the plain; and lastly Tell Hum, which recent researches have very nearly proved to be the ancient Capernaum. Here Capt. Wilson and Lieut. Anderson brought to light a large synagogue which they think is the one built by the Roman centurion whose servant Jesus healed when "sick and ready to die." (Luke vii: 1-10.) In this synagogue he also conjectures Jesus gave that discourse on "the bread of life" recorded in John vi, and as Wilson after great labor turned over a stone block and discovered engraved upon it a pot of manna, he was struck with the words of Jesus, uttered perhaps while looking upon this very emblem, "Your fathers did eat manna in the wilderness and are dead. This is the bread which cometh down from heaven, that a man may eat thereof and not die. I am the living bread which came down from heaven; if any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever." A vast mass of ruins spread over a large space, broken columns, arches and layers, over-spread with weeds, vines and bushes, distinguish this place and show that once it was the site of a magnificent city. Two miles distant from Capernaum and the sea to the north, is seen another mass of ruins, with some more wretched huts, which is supposed by the best informed tourists and antiquaries to be the site of

Chorazin. Here, too, the remains of a synagogue have been discovered. Nine in all have been recently discovered along the shore.

Nain, Shunem, Jezreel, Endor in the gorges and upon the slopes that run down the mountains to the plain of Esdraelon, exhibit little but masses of ruins. A dozen rude huts in the midst of palm and olive groves mark the spot where once memorable deeds were enacted and great events occurred.

There is little in this region to attract the attention of the passing traveler. A general air of desolation broods over the scene, and few are the redeeming features of town or country. Yet multitudes of travelers love to visit this province and gaze upon its decaying glories. Now, why is this? Not for its present attractions, but because "Jesus went about all Galilee teaching in the synagogues and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of diseases." (Matt. iv : 23.)

If Jesus was merely an ordinary man, we should not feel so, though peculiar emotions do often arise in our souls as we stand on spots consecrated by historic deeds or literary genius. We can hardly visit the home of Burns or Sir Walter Scott, Mount Vernon, Bunker Hill; Waterloo, or the Castle of Chillon, without a thrill of soul which common places do not inspire. If, then, we can not unmoved look upon places of purely secular interest, how much more when we visit the spots consecrated by the sacred presence of Him who came to introduce, by signs and wonders such as the world had never before seen, a new system of religion among men, which in eighteen centuries has changed

nearly all the features of human society and wrought the greatest revolution ever witnessed. Surely my heart must have been of adamant, if, when I stood upon the "Mount of Beatitudes," and gazed upon that sea sleeping so calm in the sunlight, and sought out the few broken pillars of Capernaum, it had not been full of emotion and my eyes moistened with tears. It was a lovely landscape, lovely in the midst of its desolation from the blessed associations which hung around it.

Let us now look at some of the events connected with the residence of Jesus here. After having been baptized in the Jordan, he performed his first miracle at Cana and his second at Capernaum, and visited Jerusalem; then returned to his own city of Nazareth. He entered the synagogue on the Sabbath day and taught, we all know with what result. Moved by hatred or envy, his old neighbors and friends expelled him from the city where he spent his early life. Thence he escaped and fled to Capernaum, some twenty-five miles distant, where he met with a very different reception: "The people were astonished at his doctrine, for his word was with power." And as he continued to teach and work miracles here, "the fame of him went out into every place of the country round about." It appears that he made Capernaum his head-quarters, and thence he went into the cities and villages, and taught the people and healed the sick. Here he chose a portion of his twelve disciples. Peter and Andrew, James and John, the sons of Zebedee, humble fishermen, were called to the work of preparing themselves for propagating the gospel. Afterwards Matthew, the publican, was called from the post where he was stationed, per-

haps as collector at Capernaum, to the same high office of saving men.

It appears that he pursued his way unmolested through Galilee, and his message was received with evident marks of approval, "for the common people heard him gladly." If not protected by the Roman rulers here, he was not disturbed by them while he was engaged in his labors of love.

His preaching was simple, and he drew his illustrations chiefly from the fields and the occupations of men. These must necessarily have been very different from those suggested by the dry and rocky regions of Judea. Justin has thus described this peculiarity of his teachings: "In the spring, our Saviour went into the fields and sat down on a mountain, and made the discourse which is recorded in Matthew, and which is full of observations arising from the things which offered themselves to his sight. For when he exhorted his disciples to trust in God, he bade them behold the fowls of the air which were then flying about them and were fed by divine Providence, though they did not sow, nor reap, nor gather into barns. He bade them take notice of the lilies of the field, which were then blown and were so beautifully clothed by the same power, and yet toiled not like the husbandmen who were then at work. Being in a place where they had a wide prospect of cultivated land, he bade them observe how God caused the sun to shine and the rain to descend upon the fields and the gardens, even of the wicked and ungrateful. And he continued to convey his doctrine unto them under rural images," good trees and corrupt trees, wolves in sheep's clothing, grapes as not growing on

thorns, nor figs on thistles, houses built on sand and on a rock, and a city set on a hill, all suggested by the very objects that met their gaze as they meet the gaze of the traveler now visiting this region. This mode of enforcing and illustrating the truth which he taught made it doubly significant to the minds of his unsophisticated hearers.

Here, when passing over the sea with his disciples in the midst of a great storm, he rose and rebuked the winds and calmed the troubled waters, astonishing his disciples, who said, "What manner of man is this that even the wind and the sea obey him?" Here he walked upon the water when his disciples were out by night sailing on the sea, and he rebuked their fears, saying, "It is I, be not afraid." And when Peter would come to him and was sinking in the waves, Jesus stretched forth his hand and saved him. Two writers have recently described storms on the sea from personal observation—J. McGregor, the author of "Rob Roy on the Jordan," and Capt. Wilson, of the English Surveying Party—and both represent them as fearful. The sea is surrounded by hills, like Lake Lucerne among the Alps, and gusts of wind suddenly sweep down from these hills and stir up the waters to their lowest depths. Those only who have witnessed such a scene can fully appreciate the expression of Luke, "and there *came down* a storm of wind on the lake." Here Jesus gave his "Sermon on the Mount," so much at variance with the sentiments of that age and so full of the marrow of Christian truth, around which all Christian sects can gather on common ground and find food for their souls, like the five thousand who were fed on the plain. Here

he wrought those miracles which even now convince the unbeliever. For if a man can heal those diseases which baffle the skill of the physician, and instantly restore to soundness the lame, the deaf, the blind, and the paralytic, it is proof undeniable that he receives power from the Most High, and is acting as his commissioned agent.

It was in Galilee that Jesus did his chief work. He spent but a small portion of his three years' labors in Jerusalem and Judea. He resided more in Galilee than in any other part of Palestine. Hence it will ever be embalmed as a sacred place in the hearts of all Christian people. We read about it, we gaze upon it with fresh interest when we realize what Jesus did here. We can not separate his teachings from the places where he lived, labored, and taught. As we study these places, then, our sentiments of gratitude and love will be strengthened, and our faith in God our Father and Jesus our Saviour, and in heaven as the final home of all souls, will be made brighter as life wears slowly away and the vistas of heaven open before our enraptured vision.

VII.

JORDAN, THE SACRED RIVER.

DEAN STANLEY calls the Sea of Galilee "the most sacred sheet of water that this earth contains." So we may say of the Jordan that feeds Galilee and runs, a swift current, along its whole length and pours its waters through the rifted rocks on the southern border of the lake, that it is the most sacred river in the world. If it had never flowed, the Sea of Galilee would not have existed. It is *the* river of Palestine, though insignificant in size and length compared with many other rivers in the world. Some of the greatest events recorded in the Old and New Testaments have been transacted along its borders. Wonders have characterized its history. Its banks witnessed some of the most remarkable miracles that attended the career of the Israelites and the journeyings of our Lord and Saviour. When the Israelites, after having spent forty years wandering in the wilderness, came to its eastern bank, the swollen waters were turned back and over the dry bed, they passed into "the promised land." Subsequently two other similar miracles were wrought in its channel, indicating the presence of the Eternal. In its sacred waters Jesus was baptized, and they were thereby hallowed for all time. Here he received the Holy Spirit and the approval of his Father in heaven, "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased."

In its geographical features, the Jordan is a singular river. In fact, its peculiar history can not be clearly understood without considering these. Rising on the hill-slopes between the two ridges of the Lebanon, it flows down into and through one lake, thence down a steep declivity into another, whence it flows in a zig-zag course with many sharp turns and over many rapids into a larger lake that has no outlet. Nearly all its channel lies below the level of the Mediterranean Sea. From its source to its mouth, some two hundred miles, it falls three thousand feet, and half of this distance from Lake Huleh, near its northern source. It thus runs through two lakes and into a third. Its channel is of volcanic origin, as indicated by the hot springs along and near its banks and the traces of lava seen in the valley and up the hill-sides. A fissure or crack in the rock was made by the upheaval of the crust, from the waters of Merom to the Dead Sea, and through this its waters run. There are two or three terraces extending back from the river east and west, the inner one from ten to forty feet high, which ordinarily incloses the water. But when the snows melt on Mount Hermon and the rains pour down in the wintry months, especially February and March, the water overflows these banks and reaches out to the second terrace, creating a deep and wide river, almost impassable till it subsides. The deep valley or gorge through which it runs, at the entrance into the Dead Sea, thirteen hundred and fifty feet below the Mediterranean and nearly four thousand feet below Jerusalem, which is less than twenty miles distant, is hot and unhealthy. It seems like a furnace to a

traveler descending into it from the Mount of Olives or the Mount of Beatitudes to Jericho or Tiberias. No other river presents such a climate. _

It flows on unseen and unimproved. Its current is too sinuous and rapid to admit of its being navigated. Lieut. Lynch found it dangerous to attempt it down stream with his light shallops. It is so winding that his party traveled on land much more rapidly than the one on the river. The direct distance from Galilee to the Dead Sea is only sixty miles, while the channel of the Jordan is two hundred miles. At some abrupt bends you are obliged to go around two or three miles to advance half a mile.

Only occasionally a mill is seen on its banks. It is "a river that has never been navigable, flowing into a sea that has never known a port; has never been a high road to more hospitable coasts; has never possessed a fishery; a river that has never boasted of a single town or city of eminence upon its banks." Oleanders, sycamore trees, acacias, willows, and immense growths of fragrant bushes and flowers of the richest tints, red, white, and purple, line its banks, shut out the water from view, and fill the air with delicious perfumes. It is picturesque, but except in particular localities, the country lying back is barren and desolate; bare and rocky hills, sandy dunes, gravelly slopes, stony gorges, destitute of human habitation or wild beasts' lair. Yet its secluded situation in some spots renders it a fit haunt for animals of prey, lions and tigers, and robbers, and hence a dangerous place for travelers. The east side of the river is the abode of fierce Bedouins, who cross the fords and attack the unwary traveler on his

way from Nablous or Jericho to the scene of Jesus' baptism. Scarcely a traveler from Jerusalem to-day goes there without encountering these graceless fellows, who will strip him, if they are too cowardly to kill, and leave him in the condition of the man who fell among thieves; unless, as was our good fortune, he chances to take a Shiek as a guard, when they are afraid to attack him for fear of the consequences.

Gurgling down there through that narrow channel, the river can be heard but not seen. Look down upon it from the peaks of Moab on the east, the walls of the castle at Jericho or the Mount of Temptation on the west, and you can distinguish the green foliage that marks the limits of the current on each bank, but you can not see the stream itself. Unseen, as if afraid to expose itself to the gaze of sinful mortals, it pours its waters down the steep declivities and then reluctantly enters the fathomless sea. It has all kinds of climate and produces all kinds of fruits. While the region around Galilee and between the two seas produces early tropical vegetables for the inhabitants of the uplands, eternal winter with its glittering ice-peaks and flying snows reigns on the summit of Hermon, whence its fountains are supplied.

Let us now commence with its sources and follow its crooked channel to its mouth, pausing by the way-side occasionally, if perchance we may learn something of the events of its varied history and read the impressive lessons which it has to teach us. We shall find it an instructive as well as a beautiful journey.

The sources of the Jordan have furnished matter for many an ingenious disquisition. While some have

contended that it originates near Dan or Banias, others have as strongly argued that it originates some thirty miles farther north, among the icy ridges of Hermon, or still farther, among the ridges of Central Lebanon. In this controversy, unlike many others, both parties are undoubtedly right, for there are three or four sources of the Jordan, and one and another have at different times been claimed as its true source. These all have their origin in the Lebanon range near Mount Hermon, and the streams unite before they enter Lake Huleh or the waters of Merom. Beginning on the east we come first to the Banias, next to the Leddan, and lastly to the Hasbany. Thompson says: "Of the main branches of the Jordan, the Hasbany is the longest by forty miles, the Leddan is much the largest and the Banias is the most beautiful." A fourth source has been pointed out by some travelers to the east of the Banias, but at best it is a small and insignificant stream, and is hardly large enough to be enumerated. During the wet season, however, all this region is interspersed with little fountains and streams, which issue from the soil and send forth their waters temporarily to fill up the larger streams that enter into the composition of the Jordan.

The Hasbany has not usually been regarded as the principal source, for the same reason, I suppose, that the Missouri was not recognized as the source of the Mississippi. The latter branch, though shorter, was first brought to notice, and consequently the name of the principal stream was given to that instead of the longer branch. A little more than three years since, Mr. Macgregor, the author of "*Rob Roy on the*

Jordan," visited the Hasbany source with his famous canoe, and describes it as bubbling up in many spots around an island of sand, under the shadow of a tall, precipitous lime cliff. "There are about twenty of these curious fountains on this islet, and the water runs from them in all directions. That which pours out towards the north runs a few feet up the stream, being at first a foot higher in level. The island and the rocks near are formed into a weir or dam for the terribly practical purpose of supplying a mill! Perish all the mills and millstones that spoil the birth-place of such a stream! But the weir, happily, is moss-grown, and delicate cascades tremble through its broken edges and unite below in a narrow pool," some one hundred and fifty yards long, under a fall of ten feet in height, and thus art has done something to increase the natural beauty of the spot. The neighboring city Hasbeya lies on an elevated ridge in the form of an amphitheatre, two hundred feet above the valley. Its terraced steps, covered with stone-built houses, make it look like a fortified city. The houses are mostly two stories high, with flat mud roofs. The Governor's residence, near the main entrance gate, appears like a fortified citadel. The inhabitants have been estimated as high as nine thousand, two-thirds of whom are Greek Christians, one thousand Druses who worship in a single mosque, and a few Protestants who keep up constant religious services. Eight hundred Christians were barbarously massacred here during the Druse insurrection of 1860, but in spite of this terrible blow, missionary operations flourish here more than ever before. So true it is that persecution aids the cause which it undertakes to crush

out. Groves of olive, mulberry, apricot and fig trees fill up the ravine, and flowers of white and pink oleander, the wild rose and the virgin's bower, along the silver stream, occasionally dipping their petals into the water, add to the picturesqueness of the landscape. The land seems to be highly cultivated and to produce abundantly.

Descending the wady or vale some twenty-five miles, we come to the city of Laish, the ancient Dan, noted as marking the northern boundary line of Palestine, as indicated in the designation "from Dan to Beersheba," the latter city being situated on the northern limit of the great desert of Arabia, some forty miles south-west of Jerusalem. Here we find the real historic source of the Jordan, though lower than the one at Hasbeya. Tell el Kady, the site of the ancient city, is an irregular mound or hill, as the Arabic name indicates "Hill of Kady," or the Judge. It is eighty feet high, and looks like the crater of an extinct volcano. At the south-east corner of this hill is the spot where the idol was set up by Jeroboam for the Israelites to worship as related in I Kings xii: 28, 29. Tall trees are scattered over this hill and at the south-west corner are seen the ruins of a village. West of this hill there is a pool, whence, beneath the spreading branches of a large oak tree, issue the clear, translucent waters that form the Leddan branch, or, as Josephus calls it, "the fountains of the lesser Jordan," though it really is the largest of the three sources, the river only a short distance below the pool being five feet deep. The whole region around is beautiful so far as nature has been able to make it so, but desolation has fastened upon

all that man has attempted to do. In consequence of its having been polluted by idol worship, a curse seems to have fallen upon it, justifying the prophecy of Ezekiel,—“In all your dwelling-places the cities shall be laid waste and the high places shall be desolate; that your altars may be laid waste and made desolate, and your idols may be broken and your works may be abolished.”

Here some of the wonderful events in the history of the Jews occurred. This was the scene of the first war mentioned in the Bible. When Lot and his family were captured by the king that defeated Sodom, Abraham with his little band of three hundred servants rushed from his tent at Mamre and smote the robber king, released the captives, seized the goods that had been taken and returned to Dan; thence on his way home he met Melchizedec, the king of Salem. Here Joshua defeated the Canaanites and destroyed the great city Hazor, lying a short distance to the east. To this land spies of the tribe of Dan came and found it a goodly land, and after they reported to their brethren the result of their observations, six hundred came out in battle array and wrested it from its Sidonian possessors and settled in the portion assigned to the tribe. “And they called the name of the city Dan, after the name of Dan their father who was born unto Israel; howbeit the name of the city was Laish at first.” Here arose the rebellion of Sheba, the son of Bichri, who blew a trumpet and exclaimed, “To your tents, O Israel!” But he was destined to a terrible fate. David sent his great captain, Joab, who attacked and slew him, and dispersed his band. So this land of

quiet beauty has been the scene of carnage and death, and has witnessed many an exhibition of contending human passions.

Three miles to the east, five hundred feet above Dan, and eleven hundred and fifty feet above the Mediterranean, lie the remains of the old Greek city Panias, or, as the Arabs call it, Banias, rebuilt by Herod the Great in honor of the Emperor Cæsar Augustus, and enlarged by Philip the Tetrarch, and named in honor of himself and the Emperor Tiberius, Cæsarea Philippi. It occupied a lovely spot on a terrace of the hill. Oak and olive groves, and, in the wet season, flowers of bright hues are scattered over the surface. The bald sides of Mount Hermon rise up before you in the north, whose summit is covered with eternal snow, and on one of its lower spurs the crumbling walls of a castle are seen, once occupied by Phœnician soldiers. On the east stretches out the blue range of the Hauran mountains, while to the west, below you, the smooth, grassy plain of Huleh extends to the mountain ridge in the distance, and south to the waters of Merom.

North of the hill on which the old city stood, in front of a morass, a dark opening to a cave is seen, directly below a precipitous limestone cliff, and in front of this cave a copious flood of water rises from the ground and flows off towards the south. Soon it becomes a stream large enough to turn a mill. This is the third source of the Jordan. Huge stones that once entered into the foundation walls of a temple dedicated to the Pagan god Dan, obstruct the course of the river, which flows along under a three-arched bridge that is still preserved and leads to the site of

the old city. Here, too, we meet with sacred places. One of the most interesting scenes in the life of Jesus occurred in this region. "When Jesus came into the coasts of Cæsarea Philippi, he asked his disciples saying, Whom say ye that I am? And Simon Peter answered and said, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God. Jesus answered and said, Blessed art thou Simon Barjona; . . . and I say unto thee, That thou art Peter (i. e. a rock), and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." (Matt. xvi: 13-18.)

Porter conjectures that our Saviour stood near this fountain when he uttered these remarkable words, and that the great white cliff overhead and in front suggested the figure which he used in application to Peter. If so, it gives us a more vivid idea of the scene and its lessons, for there is the firm rock to give force to the language concerning the stability of the church. And the expression "this rock" may not apply to Peter, but to the veritable cliff before us which symbolizes the enduring character of the church. Not upon Peter, a frail human being, but upon the everlasting rock were its foundations laid.

As Jesus was in this immediate vicinity "six days after" (Matt. xxii: 1.), it is concluded by many that the Transfiguration of our Saviour took place upon one of the lower ridges of Mount Hermon rather than on Mount Tabor. This mountain is before us, "an high mountain apart," answering all the conditions of the sacred narrative.

The old theory, broached by Josephus and accepted by Barnes in his Commentary, that the fountain at

Banias is fed by the waters of Lake Phiala, ten or twelve miles to the east, must be given up. A valley extends at right-angles from a direct line connecting them, through which runs the brook Zareh. If the waters of the lake flow underground to Banias, as is asserted, they must pass under this brook, and this can not for a moment be admitted. The story of the chaff thrown into the lake and reappearing at the fountain of Banias must be explained in some other way. It would require only a short time for the fountain to drain out all the waters of the lake, and besides, the bright, sparkling waters of the former can have no connection with the dark, stagnant, slimy mosses which fill the latter, lying some two hundred feet below the surrounding country.

Before entering Lake Huleh, all the streams which form the main current unite, and this flows several miles through a marshy tract, almost impassable. Macgregor attempted to go down the river into the lake with his canoe, but got so completely entangled among the reeds and bushes that it was with great difficulty that he extricated himself and returned. The lake itself is little known, by reason of the tall grass, and thickets, and morasses that encompass it and the wild animals that infest it. It is only about ten or twelve miles in circumference, and on account of the marshy nature of the land around it, never had a town upon its borders. It is only once mentioned in the Bible, and that is in connection with Joshua's account of the great battle which he fought near it against Jobin, king of Hazor, which gave the Jewish leader possession of all this part of Palestine.

The distance from Lake Huleh to the Sea of Galilee is only eight or nine miles, yet the fall is seven hundred feet, at least, so that the water dashes, in cataracts and swift currents, down the rocks and rushes impetuously into the sea, and preserves its current distinct from the waters of the sea through its whole length of thirteen miles. One bridge, called "the Bridge of the Daughters of Jacob," spans this portion of the river, and two miles below this the waters of the Jordan come to a level with those of the Mediterranean. If the waters of the Mediterranean, then, were admitted into the valley of the Jordan, as was proposed a few years ago, by cutting a canal across the plain of Esdraelon, they would rise to this point, flooding all the valley, blotting the river out of existence, and standing up over the Dead Sea and Galilee at a fearful height, and submerging a large part of the Holy Land.

We come now to a region consecrated by the presence of Jesus, who spent much of the three years of his ministry around and upon the Sea of Galilee; for it is a mistake for us to suppose that he spent the greater portion of the time allotted to his mission in Jerusalem. We have described the features of this region in a previous chapter, and we must hasten on, though there is a fascination about these waters, and plains, and green hill-slopes that leads us to gaze upon them with fresh interest, and reluctantly tear ourselves away.

The waters of the Jordan again contract and pass down in their tortuous channel two hundred miles to the Dead Sea, though the direct course by land is only sixty miles. Its fall for this distance is some seven

hundred feet, making its descent much less rapid than above the Sea of Galilee, yet rapid enough to justify its hereditary name of "the Descender." Lieut. Lynch marked twenty-seven rapids or falls besides many others not specially noted. Ordinarily the width is only eight to twenty rods, but in some spots it is wider and the depth correspondingly less. The greatest width is thirty-three rods, which is at the entrance of the river into the Dead Sea, where the depth is only three feet, justifying the expression of Porter that it flows "reluctantly" into the sea of death, "for the current becomes slower and slower, and the channel wider and wider, till at length water touches water, and the Jordan is lost."

The valley of the Jordan is from five to ten miles wide, shut in by parallel ranges of mountains on the east and west. The lower banks are ten to forty feet high, which confine the waters in the summer or dry season, but when the snows melt on Mount Hermon and the rains pour down, in the wet season, it frequently bursts over its lower banks and flows out to the second, when it presents the spectacle of a deep and wide torrent dashing furiously down toward the sea.

Owing to the deep banks, there are few good fording places across "the lower Jordan." Only three or four are mentioned, and two of these are inconvenient crossing places. The two principal ones are that near Succoth, on the route from Sychem to Jabesh Giliad and Pella, and that opposite Jericho, three miles above the Dead Sea. In these places the banks are so low that men and animals can cross without much difficulty. At the former place, John is supposed to have baptized

many of his converts, near Salim, "where much water is;" and the latter from its position on the most feasible route from Jerusalem and Jericho to the country lying east of the Jordan, and the facility with which it could be forded; is supposed to be the place where the Israelites crossed over into the land assigned them, and where our Saviour was baptized by John. There is only one bridge which now spans the river, and accordingly it is difficult for travelers to pass from one side to the other during the wet season, when the water is high and overflows the lower banks. There are remains of some half a dozen bridges along the banks, mostly of Roman or Saracenic structure, but all but one are in ruins and unfit for crossing. The one at Semak, near the southern outlet of the Sea of Galilee, is a grand old ruin of ten arches, and was the crossing place for travelers from Tiberias to Gadara and Decapolis.

As we, with Lieut. Lynch, take our eight days' voyage down the Jordan from Galilee to the Dead Sea, we are reminded of many incidents in the life of Abraham, Jacob, David, Joshua, Gideon, Naaman, Elijah, and Elisha, which took place on or near this river, displaying God's power and his wonderful dealings with his children, but which our space will not allow us to give in detail. The spot most interesting to Christians is undoubtedly the ford opposite Jericho. Here the Israelites crossed over, through the miraculous interference of divine power, for the banks were then full, as they always are in the time of harvest. (Joshua iii : 15.) The waters were rolled back, and the multitude, with the ark and the tabernacle, crossed over and encamped on the plain at Gilgal, between the river

and Jericho. Again we are here reminded of that solemn scene of Jesus coming down with the multitude to be baptized of John, in order that he might "fulfill all righteousness," and the heavenly dove as an emblem of peace, descending down and lighting upon him as he came up out of the water, when the approval of the Highest was audibly expressed. For this reason its waters are regarded sacred, and on Easter week thousands of pilgrims come down from Jerusalem in crowds and bathe in the river, dipping their heads three times as an emblem of the Trinity in which they believe, and then returning to the Holy City, and thence to their respective fields of labor in various parts of the world.

I shall long remember the journey which our party took from Jerusalem to this spot. On the first day we passed over that rocky road from Jerusalem to Jericho, which all travelers speak of as so frightful, and stopped near the fountain of Elisha. The next morning we looked out over the plains of Jericho, from the walls of the old castle building where we lodged, and saw the sun rise over the mountains of Joab, beyond the river, with all that splendor and excess of light peculiar to oriental climes. After a simple meal we started on horseback, rode six miles over the fertile plain, and descended among the tall pyramids or sand hills that mark the approach to the river. As we came in sight of the river, we saw an Arab carrying his wife, with a child in her arms, across. The water came up only to his arm-pits. The bank here is only three or four feet high, the river some twelve rods wide, the current rather swift, though not so

swift as to incommode one while bathing. I stood in the center of the stream, filled a bottle with water, picked up four smooth stones from the bottom, came ashore, plucked a handful of fragrant herbs from the bank, sat down and read those passages of the Bible which relate to the place; in imagination saw the heavens again open and the Spirit descend, the Shekinah glory resting upon the ark, the Israelites crossing over on dry ground, the twelve stones plucked from the bed of the river, and then I mounted my horse and rode along toward the Dead Sea. It was a lovely spot as compared with most other parts of Palestine, and association made it still lovelier. The sacred lesson was soon learned, but time will never efface it from my mind.

Such is the Jordan, the sacred river. We may regard it with Thompson as a type of human life, "bright and beautiful in its cradle, laughing its merry morning away through the flowing fields of Huleh; plunging, with the recklessness of youth, into the tangled brakes and muddy marshes of Merom, hurrying thence, full grown, like earnest manhood, with its noisy and bustling activities, it subsides, at length, into life's sober midday, in the placid lake of Gennesaret. When it goes forth again, it is down the inevitable proclivity of old age, sinking deeper and deeper, in spite of doublings and windings innumerable, until finally lost in the bitter sea of death, that melancholy bourne from which there is neither escape nor return."

Again, the Jordan is the emblem of immortality. From that sacred passage-way where the Israelites crossed and Jesus was baptized, have been derived new

and precious terms to enrich our language and illustrate our faith. "Over the river," "across the stream," "the beautiful hills," "sweet fields beyond the swelling flood," "on the beautiful shore," in contrast with "Jordan's stormy banks," and other like phrases, were suggested by this spot. As the Jews stood on the barren ranges of Moab and shrinkingly looked over into the sweet fields of Canaan, "the promised land," so mortals stand on the border land of the river that separates the two worlds,

"And fear to launch away."

"Yet could we make our doubts remove—

Those gloomy doubts that rise,

And see the Canaan that we love

With unbecclouded eyes ;

Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,

Should fright us from the shore."







PLAIN OF THE JORDAN ABOVE JERICHO.

VIII.

JERICHO, THE CITY OF PALMS.



WE had visited the "Sacred Enclosure" on Mount Moriah in the forenoon of a warm day in November, and returned to our lodgings in the Prussian Hospice at Jerusalem in season to start for Jericho and the Jordan by eleven o'clock, the time agreed upon with our dragoman. We waited and waited, frequently stepping out from our room upon the flat stone roof of the covered court to look over the battlements into the streets and see whether the horses were coming. But no horses appeared, and we were about to give up the project for that day at least, when some three hours after the time appointed our dragoman appeared, and excused the delay on the pretense that a German had concluded to join our party at the last moment, and he had found it difficult to provide an extra horse for him. This delay proved very unfortunate for us, as by it we were compelled to ride far into the night before we reached our destination, and on our arrival to take up with poor accommodations for lodging. At length the horses were brought to our door, we mounted and started.

We wound our way along the narrow streets, wretchedly paved, through the Damascus Gate on the north, past the Grotto of Jeremiah, around the north-east corner of the city walls, through multitudes of Mohammedan graves, down the rocky declivity to the dry

bed of the Kedron, across the stone-arched bridge, up the narrow bridle-path that leads between the tomb of Mary and the Garden of Gethsemane, gazed upon the old stone tower at the foot of the mount which the Crusaders are reputed to have erected, turned to the right and rode slowly up the northern slope of the Mount of Olives among thousands of Jewish graves, each marked by a thick flat stone lying horizontally upon the ground, and stood upon the smooth surface of lime rock upon which Jesus is said to have gazed upon the city and wept on the day of his triumphal entry into Jerusalem. I turned around and looked down upon the city, with its domes, minarets and flat roofs, and was struck with the splendor of the scene. The whole city was visible, and "the mountains round about Jerusalem" were there, marking the limit of the great amphitheater which was spread out before me. The atmosphere was clear and the sun shone brightly, and all objects were sharply defined. No smoke, no mists, no clouds to obscure the brightness of the view, and not a sound to break in upon the harmony or disturb the full current of feeling that was flowing unchecked through my soul. I sat there upon my horse, absorbed by the sacred associations that cluster around this spot till my companions were out of sight. Suddenly recalled to myself, I turned and rode on over the rocky path, stopping for a minute to see the women with their brown earthen water-pots drawing water in the primitive fashion, with ropes, from a deep well that was situated close by our path, and carrying it away on their heads. Thence I descended to the village of Bethany. It seemed nothing but a pile of stones with

a smooth wall rising up from the ruins. I could not have thought that a single human being dwelt here, had I not been told by our dragoman that some twenty families find dwelling-places somewhere among the ruins. Above the ruins stands an old mosque, and the trees around form the only attractions of the place. We had no time to visit the houses of Mary and Martha and Simon the leper, nor the tomb of Lazarus. Our dragoman rode into the village to secure a guard or escort for our party and we rode on, but he soon appeared with two soldiers, who were, however, afterwards replaced by a Sheik of one of the Arab tribes dwelling beyond the Jordan. He was a fine appearing young man, who greeted us cordially.

From Bethany we went down between masses of huge stones almost completely covering the ground, to the Apostles' Well. We watered our horses at the cistern, and drank of the pure water that poured out of the rock and then passed on. Down through a deep gorge we go till we reach an opening where Arabs are plowing and sowing grain. Thousands of partridges, plump and tame, cover the hill-sides, which shows that powder is scarce or hunters are wanting. We wind around the brow of a hill, down another steep declivity, across the bed of a brook, and up the opposite slope, where we ride through the narrow path which has been worn many feet into the lime rock by the travel of two thousand years. Our stirrups touch the rock on each side, so narrow is the pathway. As we reach the summit of the hill, we catch a glimpse of the ruins of an old *khan* and discover fierce-looking Arabs eyeing us from behind the stones. Arabs, too, on horse-

back, with long guns on their shoulders and polished knives in their belts, dressed in their peculiar costume, with bright colored turbans on their heads, meet us, but we felt safe while the head of the tribe was with us, so we rode on under a strange sense of security while traversing the road where the traveler fell among thieves. It was extremely fatiguing to go down those limestone steps, mile after mile, Indian-file fashion, one after another; and as the shadows of night gradually settled down upon the plain of Jericho and the valley of the Jordan which lay spread out there below us, and eventually shut out these distant objects from our view and enveloped us also in darkness, we felt that we must commit ourselves to the guidance of our trustful leader and yield ourselves to our fate, while our horses stepped down the rugged declivity and jolted us along the way. The pathway was so narrow that we could not see how there could be any "other side" over which the priest and Levite could pass to avoid the man who had been wounded, and lay there in the passage way disabled and senseless. At one turn in the road, we came near a terrible gorge that opened its huge jaws five hundred feet below us. If we had fallen into that, we never should have again seen Jericho or the Jordan. I wonder not that this road has been characterized as terrible. No other part of Palestine equals it in fearful and desolate grandeur, save perhaps the wilderness of Engedi, between Jerusalem, Hebron and the Dead Sea; and in fact this is a continuation, if not a part, of the same desolate range of scenery. It is the resort of robbers still, and scarcely a solitary dwelling relieves the awful solitude of the place. In this region Jesus was tempted

after his baptism. Here he wandered forty days and forty nights, fasting; and a few centuries afterwards multitudes of monks made this their habitation, dwelling in caves or rudely constructed convents.

After a long and painful ride we reached the plain and then rode past a mass of ruins which indicate the site of a large town, and underneath a lofty aqueduct which conveys water from the fountain of Elisha to the plain of Jericho eastward, and in a few minutes we reached our stopping-place for the night.

We halted in front of a stone tower or castle, some thirty feet square and forty feet high. It is used as a station for Turkish soldiers, but when we arrived there the garrison consisted of a single Turk, who occupied it with his two wives. Our muleteers put the horses and mules into the lower story, while we climbed up the rickety stone stairway and found ourselves in a central court, with faint lights burning dimly around us and the stars shining over our heads. We entered a side door into one of the best apartments which the house afforded, where we obtained the rest which we so much needed. The Turk apologized for the poor quarters which were furnished us, and expressed some sympathy for us, but I presume he had a selfish motive in view for doing so, as he very soon inquired for quinine to cure the ague with which he was afflicted.

In the morning we rose early and took a careful view of the surrounding country. The fertile plain of Jericho extends east six miles to the Jordan. It is covered with a rich alluvial soil, with clusters of shrubs and low trees scattered over the surface. It is capable of yielding abundance of grain and fruit, but the indolent in-

habitants scarcely deign to cultivate it at all. Formerly stately trees grew here and groves of palms extended for miles around the city; hence it is called by Moses (Deut. xxxiv: 3) "the city of palm trees." These palm trees remained for centuries and all the early travelers notice them. Josephus speaks of them as growing on the banks of the Jordan. The French bishop Arculf, who visited this region in the latter part of the seventh century, says that "the whole site of the city is covered with corn-fields and vineyards without any habitations. Between it and the Jordan are large groves of palm-trees interspersed with open spaces, in which are almost innumerable houses, inhabited by a diminutive sort of men of the race of Canaan."

Since that time the palm-trees have all disappeared, a solitary one only being seen there by Dr. Robinson, when he first visited the place in 1838. The sycamore tree has also disappeared, but the fig-tree and the grape-vine still grow here and produce a great abundance of fruit. The *nubb* or thorn, of which popular tradition maintains that the crown of thorns worn by Jesus at the time of his crucifixion was made, grows luxuriantly along the banks of the rivulets and on the plain. It is a shrub, or more properly perhaps a tree, from eight to twenty feet high, with a slender trunk and a branching top full of sharp thorns half an inch to an inch long. It is used as a defense against the predatory Bedouins, who cross the Jordan, hide among the sand hills on the plain and pounce upon travelers who may happen to straggle from the party without a guard, and attack villages when they are unprotected. The inhabitants throw it in front of their houses and

pile it in huge winrows around the whole village, so that neither man nor beast can easily get through them. The apples of Sodom are also found here. They are a yellow fruit, three-fourths of an inch in diameter, soft and yielding, full of small seeds. They grow on a shrub about as high as a man's head. Another kind as large as an orange grows on the west shore of the Dead Sea, which is doubtless the kind alluded to by Milton,

"which grew

Near that bituminous lake where Sodom stood."

It is destitute of seeds, contains a few silken filaments, and on being pressed explodes like a puff-ball. It does not, as Josephus states, dissolve into smoke and ashes in the hand, but contains little solid matter. Covering the bulb with the white of an egg, in order to preserve its shape, we brought some specimens home with us, but it is extremely difficult, almost impossible, to carry those found along the shore of the sea any distance without crushing them into a shapeless mass.

We stood there in the morning sunlight, in that deep valley, nearly four thousand feet below Jerusalem, only fifteen miles distant, and gazed upon the mountain ridge of Moab across the Jordan, cutting the intensely blue sky on the east, and upon the parallel ridge of Ephraim on the west, more rough and jagged than its eastern companion. We eagerly scanned the bare and brown limestone range over which Jesus wandered when fasting and tempted by the devil, down whose steep declivity we had come the day before, turned toward the south and saw hills over hills, all bleak and desolate, parched in the hot sun, with deep and dark ravines

piercing the slopes down to the plain, one leading directly to the convent of Mar Saba, through which our guides were carrying our baggage; and then our eyes fell upon the flat surface of the Dead Sea, which appeared like a mass of molten lead absorbing the sun's rays; we wandered along the line of trees that mark the course of the Jordan but hide its waters, and looked upon the irregular hills which rise up to the west of the Jordan and merge themselves into the hills of Samaria. A dark cloud hung over these hills which before night burst upon us in all its fury, reminding us of that line with which we are all familiar,

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand."

Withdrawing my gaze from the distant view, I looked down from the walls. Our mules and horses were tied to the trees that bordered the little stream which flows from the fountain of Elisha, the fountain itself some two miles to the north-west under the hills, whose waters were purified by the prophet Elisha with a cruse of salt. I afterwards tasted of the water and found it sweet and pure, but not cool. The dirty little village of Rihah, which we had passed the night before, was only an eighth of a mile distant on a gentle eminence rounded at the summit. We descended and entered it. The habitations were rude masses of stones thrown together carelessly and covered over with boughs and a little earth. Narrow paths separated these habitations, and on looking in we saw dogs, camels, horses, donkeys, mules, sheep, men, women and children, all huddled together in seeming confusion; while the moaning of the camels kneeling to receive

their heavy loads, the bleating of the sheep, mingled with the sharp gutturals of the Arabs, talking, quarreling and giving orders, and the doleful cries of children, so operated upon my senses that I was glad to beat a hasty retreat; which was hastened by the fierce glances of the men, who with old firelocks in their hands and ugly-looking knives in their belts, seemed eager to part company with me, either voluntarily on my part or with violence on theirs. If I had not been alone, I should not have feared even their hostile demonstrations, for the Arab is virtually a coward, and always betrays his real character when confronted with a resolute face and a Colt's revolver. No powder need be wasted. The sight of the pistol is enough to send him leaping over the plain.

The history of Jericho can be dispatched in a few words. It has few remains to indicate its ancient grandeur or even fix its site. The ancient city did not occupy the ground of the modern village probably, but extended along to the west and south and occupied the plain around the Fountain of Elisha. Before the passage of the Israelites into the promised land, it was a magnificent city. Joshua sent two spies from the east side of the Jordan, who visited the city and lodged in the house of Rahab. They were sought after by the people, but succeeded in escaping, aided by Rahab, and returned to their brethren. After the Israelites crossed the Jordan, they encamped at Gilgal, which was situated on the plain between Jericho and the Jordan, near which Joshua encountered "the captain of the Lord's host." The gates of the city were closed, but besieged by the Israelites and encompassed seven times on seven

successive days by the priests bearing the ark, the walls miraculously fell down, and the city became an easy prey to the conquerors. Rahab and her family were saved in consideration of her having enabled the spies to escape, and they were afterwards converted to the Jewish religion. Joshua pronounced a curse upon any one who should attempt to rebuild it. Hiel the Bethelite, after a long interval, actually laid the foundation for a new city, and upon him it seems (1 Kings xvi: 34) the curse of Joshua fell.

We do not believe that the city bearing the name of Jericho which flourished during the time of Samuel and the Judges, where was established a school, where Elijah spent his last days, to which the Jews returned after the captivity, which was enlarged and fortified under Herod Archelaus, and which was sufficiently engaged in trade as to justify the employment of such a wealthy tax-gatherer as Zaccheus in the time of Christ, occupied the same ground as the city destroyed by Joshua. That, as we have said, was situated nearer the base of the hill on the north, around the Ain Sultan, or Fountain of Elisha, where over a circuit of several miles are scattered stones, square and worked, which doubtless once entered into the walls and houses of the old city. The fountain bursts out in clear and limpid waters at the base of a steep hill or mound covered with limestones. A large dom or thorn-tree hangs directly over the water of the fountain. A large basin, mostly in ruins, incloses the water and turns it off through the aqueduct that conveys it to the plain on the south, though a portion of it is absorbed by the thirsty lands in the immediate vicinity. No dwellings

are near, but the remains of a large building lie only a few rods from the head of the fountain.

Our Saviour visited Jericho several times. There he healed the blind men, and tarried with Zaccheus the publican, and brought salvation to his family. The monks pretend that the square stone tower was the house of Zaccheus, but it can not be traced back farther than to the thirteenth century, when it was probably built by the Saracens as a protection to the people while cultivating the rich fields around it. It was also through Jericho that Jesus must have passed on his way from Jerusalem to Galilee, when instead of passing through Samaria he went up on the east side of the Jordan.

Since the time of Christ, Jericho has played but a meager part in the affairs of Palestine. It was destroyed at the taking of Jerusalem by Titus in the year 70, and in the third century Origen discovered some Greek and Hebrew manuscripts here which indicates that it was inhabited by those who took an interest in sacred literature. Christians dwelt here and on the adjoining plain. They built convents in the immediate vicinity, and travelers to the fording place of the Jordan now discover the walls of the St. John convent on the right as they leave Jericho, near the northern end of the Dead Sea, and another bearing the same name a short distance above the ford on the western bank of the Jordan. At the present day not a single Christian dwells here. It is wholly occupied by a low, vile race of Arabs, the descendants, doubtless, of that diminutive race of which Arculf speaks in the seventh century. They are a filthy, thievish-

looking set, and richly deserve the reputation which travelers give them. Two years and a half since, a friend of mine was sitting in his tent at midnight, writing, when two guns were fired into the encampment near the village. He sounded the alarm and the guard succeeded in driving off the assailants. The same day their baggage train was attacked on its passage from Mar Saba to Jericho. This fertile plain can not be properly cultivated till such inhabitants are dispossessed of the land. But the Turkish government is disinclined or too weak to protect the inhabitants against these marauders.

While there is little to interest the Christian in modern Jericho, we do find much of interest connected with its past history. The Israelites dwelt here. Jesus performed miracles and taught here. Within sight of its walls, Jesus also was baptized, was tempted, yet without sin, and frequently he and his disciples passed through it on their way from one part of Palestine to another. It is not without meaning, then, that we call even this one of "the sacred cities."

IX.

DAMASCUS, THE PEARL OF THE ORIENT.

PERHAPS no city mentioned in the Bible has more of an oriental look than Damascus. It is surrounded by a high and massive brick wall; its streets are narrow, winding, dark, and filthy; its houses built of mud and chopped straw, with bare, unbroken walls facing the streets, flat roofs, and projecting lattices and walls in the upper story, and central courts.

While there are no large parks, wide promenades or open public places in the city, the houses in some parts are separated from one another by narrow intervals which are filled with shrubbery, and occasionally a palm-tree waves its lofty branches over the sea of continuous flat roofs and rounded domes. In the suburbs, outside the walls, are immense gardens, covering a space of twenty-five miles, which waft to the surfeited senses the fragrance and beauty of orange, olive, and other tropical trees. These gardens are adorned with innumerable fountains, plants and flowers, which, with the delicious climate, make the spot seem more like a paradise than any other place on earth. It is not wonderful that its former inhabitants located here the original garden of Eden. It is this circle of exuberant vegetation surrounding the city walls that calls forth those extravagant expressions of admiration in which all travelers approaching it from the west indulge. Wind-

ing paths bordered by rustic walls covered with trailing vines, and houses scattered over the surface add to the picturesqueness and beauty of this charming landscape.

In the streets and private houses the Arabic, Turkish, and other oriental languages are spoken, mingled with an occasional English, French, or Greek word uttered by the passing tourist or transient resident. The streets are filled with a motley crowd of people. The native dress is peculiarly oriental; the turban or red fez cap, the long flowing robe, with the white shawl covering the back part of the neck and the shoulders, large baggy trousers, and either sandals or awkward, homely shoes. The women, like gliding phantoms, move along in the midst of the crowd enveloped in long, flowing white robes, their faces concealed by black veils, through which two apertures are pierced for their eyes. Thus they are effectually hidden from the stupid stare of the eastern suitor and the over-curious gaze of the Howadji, who chances for the first time, perhaps, to fix his wondering eyes upon such a strange spectacle.

The bazaars are peculiarly rich and fantastic. They never would be mistaken for western places of trade. The merchant sits Turkish fashion in the front end of the long, narrow, dark passage which contains his stock in trade, and lazily serves his slow-moving and patient customers. The mechanic sits in his low, damp shop on the side of the street and planes his board, securing it between his toes. The metal-worker, in the same lazy posture, hammers out his iron, silver or copper, and the shoemaker and the tailor ply the needle in other dreary-like apartments. In the heat of day

they sit like motionless statues, or lie bent up on the pavement of the elevated floor. Innumerable pilgrims crowd the mosque and fall on their knees in apparent sincerity and devotional fervor, and howling dervishes go through the religious dance and grotesque contortions of the Mussulman form of worship.

Such are some of the features of Damascus which strike the foreign visitor as essentially and peculiarly oriental, more even than Cairo, Jerusalem, or Smyrna. These have been more open to western influence, which is gradually changing their odd and long-standing customs. The city lies back fifty miles from the Mediterranean, and its port was very difficult to reach until the French macadamized road was open some eight years ago. Before that the toilsome journey from the sea to the city was made on the back of the mule, horse, camel, or donkey, over the two steep ridges of the Lebanon, and across the frightful valley intervening. For this reason Damascus has felt less these modifying agencies which a new form of civilization is likely to introduce. Now the traveler can enter the French diligence at Beyrout, and by one long day's ride reach the city with convenience and safety, traversing some of the wildest and most picturesque scenery. Trade takes the same route, and articles of merchandise from different parts of the world are beginning to be offered in the bazaars, and the European costume is gradually mingling with the stately turban and the flowing robe. But the essential characteristics of the oriental city have not yet disappeared from its streets, its houses, and suburbs.

All travelers agree in acknowledging the situation

of Damascus to be one of transcendent beauty. It lies on the border of a large plain, some twenty-five miles in diameter, at the base of the Anti-Lebanon range of mountains. The approach to it from the west in the direction of Beyrout, or Sidon, over this range affords a most magnificent view. From an elevation of five hundred feet you look down upon the plain to the east. The river Barada, traced by a winnow of verdant foliage, rushes through a broken cleft of rock, the green carpet spreads out before you until it reaches the borders of the lakes that bound the desert, and in the midst of the leafy grove that covers the plain, lies the city, whose tall minarets and modest domes rise up above the dilapidated walls and flat roofs which contrast beautifully with the varying hues of the verdure around. The gardens in the suburbs are filled with peaches, apricots, olives, walnuts, poplars, apples, citrons, pears, pomegranates, and the different kinds of grain.

At the distance of twenty-three miles in the southwest, the three icy peaks of Hermon, from whose slopes runs the Awaj past the city on the south; on the north a few moderately-sized peaks of the Lebanon range greet the eye, whence towards the east extends an unbroken plain to the sands of the great desert of Palmyra. On this spot tradition avers that Mohammed, when a camel-driver stood with the heights of Salahiyyeh on his right, and gazed upon the city in its surpassing loveliness; but he declined to enter, saying that he never expected to enter Paradise but once, and he would wait till he reached the one above.

Rev. J. L. Porter, who resided in Damascus five

years, speaks of the view from this stand-point as "rich and grand almost beyond conception. Its own poets have called it 'the Pearl of the East.' The view of the city from the brow of Lebanon is unequaled in Syria—probably it is unsurpassed in the world. One gazes upon it enraptured when it is before him, and when far away, though long years have intervened, memory dwells upon it as upon some bright and joyous vision. Forty centuries have passed over the city, yet it retains the freshness of youth. Its palaces look as joyous, its houses as gay, its gold-tipped minarets and domes as bright as if only completed yesterday. Its orchards and far-reaching groves, rich in foliage and blossoms, wrap the city round like a mantle of green velvet powdered with pearls. Its rivers, better yet than all the rivers of Israel, having burst their mountain borders, send a thousand streams meandering over its plain, sparkling in the sunlight, and spreading verdure and beauty along their course."

Dr. Robinson, too, who visited this city twenty years ago, and who took his last view of it from the summit of Kasyon, seven hundred feet above the plain, on his way to Baalbek, says, "The scene often occurs to my mind as the memory of a glorious vision." The more distant view from the summit of Mount Hermon is exceedingly grand and inspiring.

The fertility of the plain of Damascus is due to the presence of the two rivers, one of which, the Barada, flows down from the heights of the Anti-Lebanon range in a south-easterly direction, and divides the city into two unequal parts, having the chief portion on the southern bank. The river then takes an east-

erly course and empties into a large lake. It is the Abana of the Old Testament. Hundreds of canals convey the water to different parts of the country, and keep up the fertility of the soil as well as supply the inhabitants with water for culinary uses. Such a blessing is fully appreciated in a hot city where wine is prohibited to the followers of Mohammed, and baths are held in high esteem. The bazaars are near this stream, and along its banks under the tall trees are numerous saloons where gather the dusky Arabs at twilight, repeating the stories of "The Arabian Nights," and more modern oriental tales. Other lighter colored groups may be seen under the dim light of the hanging lanterns, sipping their cool drinks and talking over the news from Palmyra, Bagdad, or Beyrout. The scene is unique and picturesque.

The Awaj, the Pharpar of the Scriptures, rises on the slopes of Hermon and waters the southern section of the plain. The country around Damascus, in the fertility of its soil, the abundance of its productions, and the beauty of its scenery, affords a complete contrast to the desolate and barren mountainous district in which Jerusalem is situated.

You approach the city along narrow lanes bounded on each side by mud walls five or six feet high. The city wall is pierced by eight gates, some of them beautiful specimens of architecture. Formerly there were twice as many. The city presents many novel sights to the western traveler who for the first time enters it. The part within the walls disappoints one who has seen it from the heights of the Lebanon and traversed the rich groves of its suburbs. Many of the houses

are made of sun-burnt brick, others of wood, and some of stone. Even the better class of houses, occupied by the refined and wealthy, look exceedingly dilapidated on the outside. As you pick your way from the streets through the lanes, narrow, filthy, encumbered with piles of dirt, offal, loose stones, and dogs, both living and dead, and pass through the door too low to admit a tall man without stooping, your eyes are dazzled by the splendor of the neat court adorned with marble fountains and exotic shrubs, and still more, as you enter through the doors that open on three sides of the courts, and behold silk ottomans, marble floors, and elaborate carved work and gilded arabesque ceilings and roofings. Yet amidst all this splendor you see neither books, newspapers, or paintings to feed the mind and educate the taste. The narrow streets are in many places filled up with heaps of rubbish, several feet deep, between the walls of the courts or houses, and arched over with brick or stone, or covered with palm-leaf mattings and boards, and are thus kept damp and gloomy, rendering a walk through the city very unpleasant. Water, too, is so plenty that the streets are generally muddy, which adds to the discomfort of traveling through them. Many, especially the women, make use of pattens or clogs three or four inches high, which keep their sandals and slippers dry and warm. Many of the houses are whitewashed and separated from each other, and surrounded by vines and shrubbery, and this gives the city a more rural and picturesque look, unlike most cities of the east. Thus while some parts of the city exhibit considerable neatness, other parts are repulsive and disgusting. The

houses are small and the walls are crumbling, the streets are neglected, and a general appearance of desolation and unthrift pervades the whole.

Many of the merchants are wealthy, dressed in silk and the finest wool garments, decked out with gold and precious stones, and scented with the most costly and fragrant perfumes. Seen at their sumptuous dinners, or smoking their favorite chibouks, in their gayly decorated palaces, they remind one more of Eastern romance than of the reality of daily life.

The bazaars of Damascus are among the finest in the world, exceeding those of Cairo and Constantinople. This is due to the extensive trade carried on in oriental productions, with Palmyra, Bagdad, and other cities of the east, and the facility of communication with its seaport Beyrout in the west. A particular locality of the covered street is set apart to one kind of articles alone. Hence they have the shoe bazaar, the perfume bazaar, the tobacco bazaar, the shawl bazaar, the medicine bazaar, and so on through the whole catalogue. The city is celebrated for its swords. By a peculiar process which is kept a secret the Damascus blade is made to excel all others in brightness, pliability, and sharpness. The damask stuffs which were once peculiar to this city are still manufactured here. These bazaars are visited by a motley crowd of natives and foreigners, and from ten o'clock to four each day with the exception of Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath, trade is brisk. And even the Sabbath is not always observed, in the eager desire of the Mussulman merchant to drive a good bargain with the infidel Frank.

Great crowds of dogs, with gaunt form, fierce eyes

and hungry mien, throng the streets by day, and would devour the passing stranger if they dared make the attack, but mean living, and frequent kicks and blows, have made them cowardly and they seldom molest one.

Like other cities under Mohammedan rule, this is divided into different parts or districts, to each of which is assigned a particular race or sect. The Christians occupy the eastern portion of the city from the East gate on both sides of the street called Straight; the Jews the south center, and the Mohammedans the remaining portion, chiefly in the west and north, though vast numbers of these and the Druses dwell in the gardens and groves outside the city walls. The number of inhabitants is estimated at 150,000, consisting of some 5,000 Jews, 15,000 Christians, and the remainder Mohammedans. The Christians belong mostly to the Greek Church, a large majority of whom claim to be "Catholic." There are also Armenians, Latins, Maronites, and Syrians. A few Protestants dwell here, mostly connected with the Mission Church. Several thousand Christians were barbarously massacred in the outbreak of 1860. It was a most cowardly and cruel attack, instigated by the Mohammedans. The attempt seemed to be made to extirpate the Christians from the whole region, for the attack in Damascus and other parts of Syria was simultaneous and premeditated. Some six thousand in the province were assassinated, nearly half of whom belonged to Damascus. The Christian governments have since interfered, and instances of insult and abuse to traveling and resident Christians are much rarer than fifteen or twenty years ago.

The walls of the city are three miles in circumference, just as large as Jerusalem. The street called Straight, on which was situated the house of Judas where Saul lodged immediately after his conversion, and to which Ananias was directed to go, was undoubtedly the longest and principal street of the city, and extended from East Gate to the great Mosque, a distance of one mile. The gate had formerly three entrances, which corresponded with the three avenues of the street. These avenues were divided off by stately Corinthian columns, but shops and houses have been permitted to encroach upon them, so that now the street is confined to a single avenue, and this is narrower than it formerly was.

The name of Abraham is still associated with this city as it is with Hebron. The sanctuary or "House of Abraham," is a rude mosque in a wild ravine three miles north of the city. Some explain the appellation by saying that he was born here; others, that he stopped here and worshiped God when he turned back from pursuing the kings of the East who had plundered Sodom; and others still, that he erected an altar here when he was king of Damascus. Near this spot the Jews have a synagogue, where they affirm Elijah fled from his persecutors, and a cave is pointed out as his place of refuge, and here also took place the meeting of Hazael, king of Syria, with the prophet, as recorded in the first book of Kings.

This is an Arab and consequently a Mohammedan city. Two-thirds of the inhabitants are Arabs, and Turks and Persians make up the chief part of the remainder of the Mohammedan population. The Per-

sians are more liberal towards those who differ from them than the other nationalities. Most of the Mussulmans are terribly fanatical and zealous in the defense of their faith against all Christians. Their mosques are numerous. "The graceful minarets rise like a forest of masts above a sea of verdure, some of them to a great height. The mosques are not here, as churches in Christian cities, among the dwellings of the people, but close to their shops, that as little time as possible may be taken from labor to fulfill the onerous duties of devotion. The most magnificent are found in the business quarters of the city." Like the churches of Rome, they are of all shapes and styles of architecture. The great Mosque of the Omeiyades, occupying a site near the west end of the "Straight" street, is four hundred feet long, has a splendid dome and three lofty minarets, and furnishes a good specimen of the combined Corinthian and Saracenic style of architecture. It was originally erected as a heathen temple, dedicated to Juno, afterwards a Christian church, dedicated to John the Baptist, and has inscribed over its principal entrance a quotation from the 145th Psalm: "Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations." Yet till recently no Christian for twelve hundred years has been permitted to enter it. By a special firman of the Sultan, all the mosques are now open to Christians as well as other classes of people.

Damascus is probably the oldest city in the world. It has existed at least four thousand years. Others were founded earlier, but have long since passed away. Its site is one of the most favorable for a city, if we

take into consideration, defense and sustenance. It is situated back from the great marts of trade, and the ports to which easy access by ships of war could be made. It lies on the border of a great plain, whose continued fertility is insured by three rivers whose waters flow from Anti-Lebanon and Hermon, across the plain into the lakes that border the eastern desert in the direction of Palmyra. Thousands of canals from these rivers carry the fertilizing streams to every part of the plain and convert it into the richest gardens.

It is an oasis between a barren desert and rocky hills. According to Josephus, it was founded by Uz, the son of Aram and grandson of Shem. Its inhabitants, then, belong to the Shemitic branch of Noah's family. It is older than Zoan in Egypt, Hebron on the borders of the Arabic desert, or Jaffa, Tyre or Sidon on the coast of the Mediterranean. While all these cities have had their downfalls and been captured and totally destroyed several times, Damascus has kept up a continuous existence as a city, and though subjected to the ravages of war, and alternately ruled by Pagan, Jew, Christian, and Moslem, it has never been completely exterminated.

Only occasionally is it mentioned in the Bible, first as the limit of Abraham's expedition in pursuit of the kings who took Lot, and as the native place of Eliezer his steward. The incidents connected with the Syrian Naaman and the Hebrew servant girl, the prophets Elijah and Elisha, with Hazael and Gehazi, are interesting episodes. Naaman was induced by the captive to visit Elisha near Samaria, that he might be cured of his leprosy, and by the prophet was directed to go and

wash seven times in the Jordan, and was assured that he would by this means be made clean. The proud Syrian captain was indignant at the idea of the little Jordan's possessing any peculiar virtue, and exclaimed, "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the rivers of Israel?" and he departed in anger. But finally moved by his servants, he complied with the prophet's directions and was healed. Outside the city wall, near the East Gate, a large antique-looking building is seen, which is used as a hospital for lepers. According to tradition, this is the site of Naaman's house

David and other Jewish kings frequently engaged in war with the inhabitants of this district, until at last it was captured by the king of Assyria, who was then in alliance with the king of Judah. Again it revived, was captured by Alexander, and after his death it fell into the hands of Seleucus. Nicator, who in 300 B. C. established the city of Antioch, some two hundred miles north, near the coast, embellished it and made it the capital of Syria in the place of Damascus. This was a great blow to the prosperity of the latter city, from the effects of which it did not recover for several hundred years.

Aretas, an Arabian king, held sway over it when the gospel was first preached here by Saul and his associates. The scene of Saul's conversion has been laid a mile east of the city walls, on grounds now used as a Christian cemetery. But on his way from Jerusalem he would naturally approach the city from the west, and accordingly the scene has been located by some four or five miles west of the walls. Wherever it took

place, it must have been so near the city as to invest it with sacred associations in the mind of the Christian pilgrim. Saul's conversion was a crisis or turning point in the history of the Christian church. He had been a great enemy and persecutor of the church; now he becomes its zealous advocate, and goes forth as the apostle of the Gentiles, who have received little consideration from the other apostles. He advocates their admission into the Christian fold on an equality with the Jews. On this principle, he establishes churches in Damascus and Antioch, where the disciples were first called "Christians," to distinguish the Gentile converts from the Jews.

Jesus in a vision appeared unto him at midday, and in the spirit of mild but effective rebuke, inquired, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" The brightness of the light blinded him. Trembling and astonished, he fell to the earth and humbly asked, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" His friends led him into the city to the house of Judas, where he prayed and fasted for three days, and where Ananias visited, and addressed him as "brother Saul," when scales fell from his eyes, and his darkness vanished. He was baptized by Ananias, and thenceforth became the most zealous propagator of the faith, which he had before hated and despised. He preached Christ in the synagogues of Damascus, and then started on his peculiar mission to the Gentiles in the deserts of Arabia. After three years' absence he "returned to Damascus, boldly preaching the name of Jesus." But the Jews were incensed at him because he was an apostate from their faith, and Aretas, because he had preached in his Ara-

bian kingdom, and they conspired together for his destruction. But aided by friends, he escaped from their hostile hands "through a window, in a basket let down by the wall." This spot has been traditionally preserved. The peculiar style of building the walls of the city with a projecting part on the outside, rendered this mode of escape very easy. The spot is close to an arched gateway walled up. The top of the wall is uneven and crumbling, weeds and tufts of grass grow out from the crevices, and every thing indicates dilapidation and decay. Paul turned towards the more hospitable Jerusalem and never more returned to Damascus. Other regions claimed his faithful services, which a quarter of a century later were ended in Rome.

Christianity gained a firm foothold in Damascus, and for several hundred years flourished with remarkable vigor. In A. D. 634 it fell under the power of the Mohammedans, who have virtually held it ever since. Twenty-seven years later it was made the seat of the dynasty of the Omeiyades, whose rule extended over a vast territory to the east. They enriched and adorned it with mosques, palaces, and fountains of great magnificence, but ruined many noble Roman structures to build up their own.


The Crusaders attempted to take it, but were unsuccessful. Saladin, the distinguished king of Syria, proved more than a match for them. He fought a most bloody battle on the plain of Hattin under the Mount of Beatitudes, July 4, 1187, taking prisoner Guy de Lusignan, king of Jerusalem, and soon after subjugating nearly all of Palestine. Saladin died in 1193, and his body lies in the great Mosque of Damascus.

The city is slowly recovering from the outbreak of 1860. Christians are now permitted to go there undisturbed, and visit the mosques and other public buildings, but they are sedulously excluded from the houses of the proud-spirited Turks and other Mohammedans. A better state of feeling is beginning to be inaugurated. A better form of civilization is displacing the old, and Damascus in the future promises to become a city of greater commercial and religious importance than at any time during its past history. As the "city of Jehovah's joy," "the Eye of all the East," and the fabled seat of the terrestrial Paradise, it may be confidently predicted that like Rome, it will prove to be "the perennial city."



X.

JOHN AND THE ISLE OF PATMOS.

HE traveler, in going by steamer from Beyrout, on the western coast of Syria, to Smyrna, in Asia Minor, passes over a sea of surpassing loveliness, offering to him, even during most of the wintry season, a climate balmy and delightful. Scattered over this sea, extending down to the coast of Greece, numerous islands are seen through the clear atmosphere, whose bare and rocky peaks rise up before him as he stands on the deck of the steamer, like giant sentinels warning him of unseen dangers. These islands are the summits of great mountain ridges, running generally in the direction of east and west. These ridges, with the mountain ranges on the adjoining Asiatic mainland, far back in prehistoric times, were thrown up by volcanic agency from the watery billows. The mountains on the coast and in the interior, were thrown up higher than those on the islands, so that the water flows neither above nor around them. Along the coast of Asia Minor the rocks drop down abruptly into the water, and thus correspond to the coasts of the islands. This, with the contrast of white houses scattered over them, gives a picturesque and romantic air to the whole region.

One of the most desolate of these islands is Patmos, lying half way between Coos and Samos, and some twenty miles from Miletus, on the mainland. It is a

small isle, only five miles wide and ten miles long. It stands up there, a steep and precipitous rock, divided into two principal and numerous small peaks, elevated above the water. Its deeply indented shores form several bays which offer a safe refuge for ships, but only one of them is used, and that is on the north-east side, looking towards the mainland. La Scala or Patmos Landing is a small village of fifty houses, the site of the old town. Here ships land, and thence communication is held with the main village of four hundred "houses, two miles distant, over the old stone-paved Roman road, to the summit of the highest ridge. The brown stone houses are built along the narrow strip of land on the water's edge, and up the slope; while the summit, five hundred feet high, is crowned with the large church and convent, named from the Evangelist John. With its brown and crenelated walls, it appears to the distant spectator like a mediæval castle. Around the convent, and extending down the slope, some four hundred stone houses are seen interspersed with little whitewashed chapels, of which there are more than a hundred on the island.

The convent or monastery was founded by Saint Christodoulos, during the reign of the Greek Emperor Alexius Comnenus, in 1078, nearly eight hundred years ago. The original charter, stamped with the seal of the Emperor, is preserved by the monks; though, like the parchment of the Magna Charter in the British Museum, it is scarcely legible. The convent is under the care of Greek monks, and is independent of bishops and patriarchs, though the bishop of the neighboring island, Samos, claims supervision over it. The income

of the convent is small, so that the thirty monks who reside here are obliged to go elsewhere a portion of the year to obtain their support. They are held in high repute for their learning, their liberal views, and their freedom from low and debasing superstitions. They are very hospitable to strangers, throw open their church, library, and other places of interest for your inspection, and set before you, on your arrival there, bread, eggs, cheese, fruit and wine, for refreshment. The library consists of several hundred manuscripts and several thousand printed volumes. One manuscript is of interest to us, as it purports to be an account of St. John's residence here, written by his pupil Prochorus.

As the traveler goes from the port to the village he passes an abrupt, cone-like hill on his left, which is surrounded by wind-mills and several chapels, and on his right a low group of buildings, surmounted by two towers, which are used as a church and school, and residences for the teachers and other persons connected with these. They are erected over "the Cave of the Apocalypse," so called because tradition assigns this as the place where the apostle John received the Revelation that bears his name. The grotto is a natural cavern in the rock, enlarged by the hand of art. It is thirty-six feet long, twenty wide, and ten or twelve feet deep. A square pillar supports it in the center, and overhead is a triangular cleft or opening, which, the monks say, symbolizes the Trinity, and through which the apostle received the voices of the Spirit alluded to in Rev. i: 10. Some assert that John wrote his Gospel here also, but we incline to the opinion that this was a

later production, and that it was written in the city of Ephesus, whither he retired after leaving Patmos.

The School of Patmos on this spot was founded by the Greek Christians, a hundred years ago, and has sent out many scholars. It has received aid from our own country through the missionaries of this region. It has still a good reputation, though but meagrely supported. The people of this and the other islands near, get their education here. There are not more than four thousand people on the island, and these dwell chiefly in the village. The land is sterile and rocky, though in some places the inhabitants have collected together a little soil in terraces on the hill-sides and in the valleys, and some wheat is grown, but little grain of any kind is produced on the island. There is a solitary palm-tree in a valley that is called "The Saint's Garden." A few stunted olive-trees and cypresses make up the wood productions of the island, with the single exception of the carob tree, or St. John's locust, which is an evergreen twenty or thirty feet high, growing in hedges and resembling an apple-tree. It produces a long, flat, brown-colored pod or bean an inch wide and eight or ten inches long, which in the parable of the Prodigal Son is incorrectly translated "husks," that the swine did eat. It is succulent, mealy, of a sweetish taste, contains a good deal of nourishment, and is sold in the markets in Palestine, Italy and the Greek Islands, to the poor people for food, and is also fed out to swine. In Syria it is ground up, and furnishes a kind of molasses, that is used in the manufacture of sweetmeats. In these countries, which are nearly destitute of trees, this affords an agreeable

and refreshing shade. Goats, rabbits, and partridges abound here, and many kinds of fish, but sheep and cattle are brought from the neighboring islands. Sponges are seen scattered along the shores, washed up by the waves in great quantities, as along the Phenician shores, between Tyre and Beyrout.

The prevailing rock is trachytic porphyry. As this decomposes, crystals of feldspar often take the form of the cross, which are called by the monks "apocalyptic types, and are collected as great curiosities. All parts of the island have been sanctified by the miracles which the apostle John is said to have wrought here.

The inhabitants are engaged chiefly in navigation. They carry on trade with the ports of Europe along the Mediterranean. This mode of life leads them to adopt the dress, the customs, and opinions of the European countries which they visit. The women are generally beautiful, and dress in tasteful and elegant costumes, crimson, green, or rose-color, with a white or yellow turban, ornamented with silver or jewels. They are noted for their industry in manufacturing domestic articles from cotton and silk, obtained from the neighboring coasts of Asia Minor. The island is subject to Turkey, to which it pays a small tribute or tax. Great liberty, however, is enjoyed, one evidence of which is that the people are allowed the use of bells on their houses of worship, a privilege seldom granted by the Sultan to his Greek subjects.

But the connection of the Apostle John with this spot effaces all other interests. To this bleak and lonely island he was exiled by the Roman Emperor Nero, for his adherence to the despised religion of

Jesus. In that age it was customary to send criminals to barren and desolate islands. Here John was compelled to labor, it is said, with the vilest of criminals, in the mines, which were once worked on the island; but here, too, he was favored with the voices of the Spirit, and those heavenly visions, which have forever associated his name as a sweet-smelling savor with this desolate place. Here he wrote the Apocalypse, though, as we have remarked, probably not the gospel. That was doubtless written at Ephesus, where he alone, of all the original apostles, died a natural death, at a ripe old age, about the commencement of the second century. Internal evidence would indicate a large interval between the composition of the two works. The gospel is calm, argumentative, unimpassioned, such as we should naturally expect from a man in the mild evening-time of life; while the Apocalypse is full of bold imagery and the fire of emotion, such as are peculiar to youth and middle age. Popular tradition and the general sentiment of theologians have assigned the date of the Revelation as late as A. D. 96 or 98, but internal as well as external testimony seems to point to a much earlier origin. The book itself speaks of the tribes of Israel as constituting a distinct people, still dwelling in their own land, and refers to the Temple in Jerusalem as still standing, which John was directed to measure with a reed. It must, then, have been written before the destruction of Jerusalem. The city was destroyed in the year 70, when the Temple also was leveled with the ground. The book was addressed to the seven churches of Asia, located at Ephesus, Smyrna, Pergamos, Thyatira, Sardis, Philadel-

phia, and Laodicea, and history makes it nearly certain that only these seven churches did actually exist before the year 70, unless we except that at Colosse. This was so near Laodicea that Paul, in his Epistle to the Colossians, requests them to salute the brethren there, and that his Epistle be read in the church of the latter as well as the former, the distance being about fifteen miles; so that we may regard them both as virtually belonging to the same parish; and the message that John communicated, he undoubtedly designed for all the churches then existing in that region.

On the admission that the book was written before Jerusalem was destroyed, many things related therein which the writer says "must shortly come to pass" can very easily be explained as referring to that event; but postpone the date of its composition a quarter of a century later, and these things appear inconsistent and hard to be understood.

Irenæus states that John "was seen and saw the Revelation near the end of the reign of Domitian," which most readers explain as if it was his *visions* that were then seen, which does not necessarily follow. Eusebius also says that John was in Patmos during the reign of Domitian, who was Emperor of Rome A. D. 81 to 96; but there are grave reasons for doubting the genuineness of this passage, as many critics have done, who do not allow this isolated statement to overrule acknowledged historical facts inconsistent with this date and the internal evidence which tells directly against it. We have the testimony of two writers, Andreas, Bishop of Cæsarea in Cappadocia, and Arethas, one of his successors, living in the fifth and sixth centuries,

who both assign the date before the destruction of Jerusalem. In the Syriac version of the book it is entitled, "The Revelation which was made by God to John the Evangelist in the Isle of Patmos, into which he was thrown by Nero Cæsar." Nero reigned from A. D. 54 to 68. We accordingly place the date of its composition somewhere in the vicinity of A. D. 64 or 68, from two to six years before the great event so graphically painted in prophecy by its author.

Having thus presented some of the reasons for coming to this conclusion, a very important consideration in enabling us to understand the contents of the book, we will proceed to consider some of the details contained in the message which the apostle sent to the churches.

John was banished to this isle by the Roman emperor. He was destined to endure suffering and tribulation in the patience of Jesus Christ. He calls himself the brother and companion in tribulation of those who were then persecuted for their adherence to the gospel. He was there "for the word of God and the testimony of Jesus Christ." While there in exile he was not allowed to be idle. He must still hear and proclaim God's truth. He was "in the Spirit on the Lord's day." This doubtless refers to the first day of the week; the Jews observed Saturday as their Sabbath; but after the resurrection of Jesus, his followers began to observe Sunday, the day on which He rose from the dead, as a memorial of this event, as a token of respect for his memory, and an indication of the significance of his resurrection; for as the prelude to universal man's resurrection to life and immortality, it

is the grandest of all events recorded in the history of Christ. It had an important connection with the early Christians' faith in this doctrine. Paul says, "If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain; yea, and we are found false witnesses of God." (1 Cor. xv: 14, 15.) This was all-important in its bearing upon the doctrine of man's highest hopes. Hence the significance attached to the day on which Jesus rose.

On this day John was "in the Spirit;" this means that he was under the influence of God's Holy Spirit, and subject to its direction. The Divine Spirit was poured out upon him in sufficient measure to enable him to receive, understand, and make known the important truths revealed unto him. He heard a great voice, like the sound of a trumpet. In the Scriptures the revelations of God's truth are often represented as made known with a loud voice. Paul, Peter, and others were likewise addressed audibly from heaven. So here John was addressed in an audible voice, and the communication is important; it is an address to the seven churches of Asia, as representatives of all subsequent churches, containing admonition, rebuke, warning, and encouragement. It announces the overthrow of the Jewish capital and nation, as obstacles in the way of the continued progress of the gospel kingdom; the downfall of the Roman power, as the great persecuting power of the church, the final victory of Christianity over all its foes, its complete triumph as a universal and redeeming agency, and foretells the ushering in of that period when "there shall be no more curse," no more "night;" "for the Lord God giveth

them light;" when "the leaves of the tree shall be for the healing of the nations," and the saints of the Lord "shall reign forever and ever."

This surely was a glorious subject for the pen of the Revelator to transcribe. The significant voice of the Spirit on this occasion was heeded by John. He wrote out its revelations and left them, so that they could be transmitted to future generations. These revelations have thus descended to the people of the present age, and are full of instruction to us. While they give encouragement to those churches and Christians that are faithful, they are voices of warning to those who prove recreant to the trust committed to their charge.

The triumph of the Gospel over Judaism, Romanism, and all associations, dominions, and powers arrayed against it, is fully assured. This is a prominent feature in the revelations of the Spirit to John in Patmos. Here God's law of retribution is seen triumphantly vindicated: Jerusalem was to be destroyed, its temple overthrown, and the Jews to be scattered and become a by-word and a reproach in every nation, because they crucified the Saviour and refused to acknowledge him as the Redeemer of men. These were obstacles in the triumph of God's holy truth; hence, in accordance with the divine purpose, they were removed. The Temple was leveled, never to be rebuilt; the Jews were exiled, and in distant lands became a "perpetual miracle," and a testimony to the truthfulness of God's word. Not that they were forever to be cast off; "Blindness in part happened to Israel, until the fullness of the Gentiles came in. Then all Israel shall be

saved." Eventually, after enduring tribulation, are they to share the blessings of God's kingdom.

History testifies to the faithfulness of the divine prediction. Where is pagan Rome now? Gone to dwell with Thebes, Nineveh, Tyre, and like nations that have violated the divine law and received the threatened penalty. God's truth must march on to victory, though men, churches, and nations stand in the way. Defeat, disgrace, complete humiliation and death await them if they oppose the progress of the spiritual kingdom.

A few pagan monuments still exist in Rome, but these have been mostly changed into means for promoting the Gospel of Christ. The old Colosseum, where on one occasion ten thousand Christians were sacrificed in the brutal gladiatorial shows, is now used as a temple of worship. The cross has displaced the pagan standard. The Pantheon, where all the gods were represented as having assembled in the later days of paganism, is now one of the principal churches of Rome. The bronze statue of old Jupiter has been melted and converted into the image of Peter, and made to do service in the church bearing his name. A few ruins mark the site of old Tyre; but the object of greatest interest there to-day is the old church, at the dedication of which Eusebius, in the fifth century, preached one of his most eloquent sermons, which has come down to us with his other writings, and within whose walls the great and good Origen lies buried.

In our wanderings among the Greek islands, we caught sight of Patmos twice: first on our voyage from Beyrout to Smyrna, we saw it in the dim twilight. Darkness was gathering over its rocky slopes and

hiding it from our view. We stood on the deck of the steamer until it vanished from our sight amid the deepening gloom. Again, on our passage from Constantinople to Athens, we steamed along its southern shore as the rays of the declining sun were playing upon its mountain summits, and we bade it farewell, while a flood of glory bathed the sacred isle. These two scenes symbolize the two ages of Paganism and Christianity. While pagan Rome held sway, moral darkness settled down upon the earth; when the Gospel was proclaimed to the world, the Sun of Righteousness arose with healing in his beams, and cast a flood of glory over the most desolate places of the earth, and lighted up every rocky summit and gloomy vale. The moral is obvious: God's truth will triumph at last! This is the encouragement which the Revelator gives to all those who are toiling in his kingdom. How cheering are his words: "And I John, saw the holy city, the New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice out of heaven, saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away. And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new." (Rev. xxi: 2-5.)

Such are the voices addressed to the churches of that day from this triangular opening in the rocky vault at Patmos. They are equally addressed to us also; and

how gracious and cheering their teachings! How triumphant the end which they foretell! From that lonely isle, barren and desolate, eighteen hundred years ago, came forth these voices through the mouth of John, who wrote them down. They have since gone over the whole world, thrilling all hearts, rebuking the unfaithful, exhorting the stubborn, encouraging the desponding, filling the souls of all true Christians with notes of cheering and triumph. To-day let not these voices unheeded pass by us as individuals, societies, denominations, communities and nations. If we obey them, God's richest blessing will rest upon us.

XI.

EPHESUS AND ST. PAUL.

IT serves at once to give us a striking idea of the contrast between the ancient and modern world, the bare statement of the fact that the most convenient mode of reaching Ephesus to-day for a traveler approaching it from Athens or Constantinople, is by railway. Yet such is the fact. A railway connects the two Apocalyptic cities of Smyrna and Ephesus. It is a strange innovation, and befits the slow caravan pace and stand-still civilization of the East as a Buckeye reaper would befit Palestine, or a sewing machine the nomadic inhabitants of the Arabian deserts. This fact serves also to mark the molding and regenerating influence of the arts, the commerce, and the science of the West upon the passive minds of the East. What would Paul, John, or Polycarp have to say of these modern improvements? It may be that this is the instrumentality by which the wild dwellers of this barren region may eventually be introduced into a higher order of civilization, and a nobler condition of life. "First the natural, afterwards that which is spiritual."

There are no railways running out of Constantinople, none in Palestine; but a telegraph wire unites Jerusalem and Damascus, running over the heights of Lebanon; and two iron tracks, over which trains drawn by locomotives daily fly into the interior of Asia

Minor, extend out of Smyrna. When these circuits of intelligence and trade are multiplied throughout all the Mohammedan lands, we doubt not the most favorable results will follow.

Speaking of the journey between the two cities, Presense, the French traveler, says: "By the railway we made the journey in two hours." It crosses the river Meleas, of Homer's fame, near "the Caravan Bridge," enters "a smiling, fertile valley," between high ranges of hills, among tall trees, along pleasant streams, affording several stopping-places in Turkish villages. You first catch a glimpse of the mountains which surround Ephesus, then the castle on the hill, and the aqueduct, and after crossing the river, you are set down on the plains, amid a mass of ruins. As you move swiftly along, "numerous herds are startled into flight at the whistle of the engine; several caravans pass before you, as if to draw the contrast between the antique locomotion of the desert world and the unbridled haste of a more advanced civilization."

Between Mount Ida and Troy of classic fame, on the north, and the Halicarnassus of Caria on the south, a broken, volcanic region of country extends along the *Ægean* Sea, watered by several rivers, the principal of which are Hermus, near the mouth of which lies Smyrna, and Mæander, a remarkably winding river, at the mouth of which lies Miletus. In the basins of these rivers are situated the seven churches, to which John from Patmos addressed his pastoral epistle contained in his Revelation. . Between the two rivers which we have mentioned runs the river Cayster, at the mouth of which is situated Ephesus, midway from

Smyrna and Miletus, and some forty miles distant from each. The Island of Samos lies opposite to it in the south-west. Once trading ships used to stop here, but now the harbor is filled up, and the steamers of the regular lines have "resolved to *pass by* Ephesus," and land at Smyrna, or some other more commodious port.

We are now on the site of the ancient city. Ruins are strewn over the ground every-where; the long ridge of the mountain Coressus, surmounted by a wall, extends along before you as you look toward the south; the isolated eminence of Prion rises from the plain to a less height. On a peak of the mountain range rise up the strong walls and high towers of a castle. The Turkish village of Ayasaluk lies at the foot of the mount, and near by the magnificent proportions of the great Mosque, formerly the Church of St. John, with its high dome and stately minarets, constitute a prominent object of observation. The Turkish Bath; the prison of St. Paul, probably a simple watch-tower or a building for defense, appear on and below the shore, the site of the Temple of Diana farther inland, the remains of the theatre partly up the slope, and the stately aqueduct, that was used to convey the water from Mount Pactyas to the castle, across the valley. The castle itself, situated on the summit of the hill overlooking the village, is the most conspicuous object. It is approached from the harbor through a gate-way half way up the hill resting on a mass of stones taken from the old theatre, some of them highly decorated. Some pieces of sculpture, representing Homeric scenes of the Trojan War, over the arch, have given it the name

of the "Gate of Persecution." From this gate-way we ascend the hill between high walls to the castle, which is a rude structure, with square towers and parapets, within whose walls are stone huts, a mosque, and a pile constituting an altar sacred to the Greek Christians.

The village of Ayasaluk consists of a few dilapidated huts, and a mosque, built out of materials taken from magnificent houses; in the huts dwell several wretched Turkish families, who mostly follow the occupation of shepherds, and carry on a small trade with the Greek merchants of the interior. The name of the village, though inhabited exclusively by Mohammedans, still calls to mind the apostle John, having been derived, according to the best authorities, from *Agios Theologos*, or the "saint divine;" but like the poor, degenerated inhabitants of most of these regions, they have little or no idea of the history of their village, and no adequate conceptions of the scenes and personages that have rendered it dear to the Christian heart.

Across the plain, towards the south-west, appears the jagged declivity of Mount Prion, in whose rocky sides innumerable niches have been cut, once used as sepulchres. Here tradition points out the cave of the Seven Sleepers, so mysteriously connected with this city, the burial-place of Timothy, the first bishop of the church here, and that of St. John, who died in Ephesus. On this mount, a shepherd, in the sixth century before Christ, fortunately discovered the marble which was used in building the first temple of Diana, and the marks of the drills and chisels are still to be seen in the quarry. It is said that Pixodorus was feed-

ing his sheep on this mount, when one day two of them began to fight, and one missed his antagonist, rushed past him, and struck his horns upon a piece of white marble so violently as to break it off. Pixodorus picked it up, and, delighted, ran with it into the city, where the people were anxiously seeking for material to erect the building. They received him with great joy, and gave him the name of Evangelus, "bringer of glad tidings," and afterwards paid him divine honors.

The ruins still seen here help us to conceive something of the vastness and magnificence of the ancient city. Ephesus was the most distinguished city of all this region. Pliny called it "the eye of Asia," and the Romans made it the capital of the province bearing that name. The Theatre itself, whose ruins now lie before us, was estimated to be capable of seating thirty thousand spectators. Its Stadium, or race-course, its Agora, or market-place, its Odeum, or music theatre, and its public baths, were all on a large scale. It had, too, its gymnasiums, its prisons, its churches, in the successive stages of its flourishing career. Its commercial relations were extensive, in spite of its contracted harbor, and the country around was a garden of beauty.

But all else was eclipsed by the great Temple of Diana. It was commenced 541 B. C., and was two hundred and twenty years in building. It was the largest Greek temple in existence, four times the size of the celebrated Parthenon on the Acropolis in Athens. It stood, a bright, particular gem, at the head of the harbor, near the theatre, and was one of "the seven wonders of the world." It was partially burned on the night of the birth of Alexander the Great, B. C.

356, by a fanatic named Herostratus, who wished thereby to immortalize his name, but who, instead, has covered it with infamy.

It was rebuilt of white marble, and was 425 feet long, 220 feet wide, and its roof was supported by 127 columns of Parian marble, each a single shaft sixty feet high. Some of the columns are said to have been transported to Constantinople by Justinian, and now adorn the Mosque of St. Sophia, and two smaller ones were carried to Pisa in Italy. It was raised on a basement ascended by ten steps, and from below inspired the beholder with feelings of grandeur. "In style, too, it constituted an epoch in Greek art, since it was here first that the graceful Ionic order was perfected. The magnificence of this sanctuary was a proverb throughout the world."

All the Greek cities of Asia contributed to its erection, and the ladies of Ephesus threw their jewels into the treasury to hasten on the work of restoration. The interior was even more splendid than the exterior. It contained the celebrated statue of Diana, to whom it was dedicated, a rude image of ebony wood, which was reputed to have fallen from heaven, like the Palladium in Troy, and the oldest statue of Minerva on the Athenian Acropolis. It was preserved with care, kept covered by a curtain drawn up from the floor to the ceiling, and exposed to view only on certain festive occasions. It was richly adorned with offerings from provinces far and near. The temple itself was the depository of treasures from the various Grecian states, and all offerings were regarded as sacred and inviolable. The interior was adorned with statues, busts, and paintings

from the great artists of that age, and decorations of various kinds cast a dazzling brightness over it. The great painting of Apelles, representing Alexander as the Thunderer, was the chief work of art in the temple. "The hand which held the thunderbolt was particularly admired. It was so finely painted that it seemed to come out from the clouds by which it was surrounded. Alexander was in ecstasy; he loaded the painter with riches and honored him with his friendship."

This temple was the great rallying point of heathenism, and this will account for much of the opposition which Paul and his co-laborers encountered on the occasion of their visit here. This city was the seat of magic arts and sorceries. Many exorcists dwelt here, who, on the occasion referred to, "took upon them to call over those who had evil spirits the name of the Lord Jesus," among whom were the seven sons of the Jew Sceva. When their experiment proved an utter failure, fear came upon all, and many believed, and confessed their deceptive deeds, brought their magic books together and burned them. "So mightily grew the word of God, and prevailed." Acts xx. 13-20.

Here, too, dwelt numerous silversmiths, who, under Demetrius, made "silver shrines of Diana," which were supposed to be little images and models of the goddess and the temple, one or both, and which were purchased by great numbers of visitors, who carried them as talismans on their persons, set them up as shrines in their houses, or trafficked in them in the countries situated on the shores of the Mediterranean. By the sale of these models the artists gained a liveli-

hood. Hence since Paul's preaching struck at the very roots of the superstition, by feeding which they accumulated "no small gain," it is no wonder that they, under the show of religious zeal, should oppose the apostle. Their "craft was in danger," to be set at naught by him. And if they were honestly inclined towards superstitious notions, these would be somewhat jostled by the same agency, as "the temple of the great goddess Diana would be despised, and her magnificence destroyed, whom all Asia and the world worshiped." (Acts xix: 24, 27.) And when the people heard these things, they were filled with indignation towards Paul, and they cried out, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" They caught two of Paul's companions and rushed into the theatre, which was only a few rods from the temple. Great confusion prevailed. Mob law for a time seemed triumphant. When Alexander the Jew would have spoken, they repudiated him, and for the space of nearly two hours the arches and domes of the magnificent theatre resounded with the confused cry, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" Then the recorder, or town-clerk, addressed them, and endeavored to allay the tumult: "Ye men of Ephesus, what man is there among you that knows not how the city of the Ephesians is the worshiper (Greek, *neokeros*, temple-keeper,) of the great goddess Diana, and of the image which fell down from heaven?" This city was the special guardian of the temple, and consequently it would not allow any one to come there and boldly say that "there be no gods which are made with hands." Certain Asiarchs, or "chiefs of Asia," as our common version has it, were there, and they took part with

Paul. They were officers appointed to preside over the celebration of the public games, which were connected with the worship of Diana. They came from different provinces of Asia, and were probably present on this occasion to perform the special duties assigned them. Through their aid and by the influence of his own authority, the recorder was at last able to quell the disturbance and dismiss the assemblage, when quiet reigned again.

Thus we learn that this city was the centre of the dominant religion, as well as of the commercial interests of the province. Activity in the support of trade, and zeal in behalf of superstition, characterized it for many generations; but now how changed! A few dilapidated huts remain to indicate the existence of human beings, and broken stones scattered over the plains, and heaps of sand drifted up in the marshes, mark the site of this mouldering city, while two or three sorry-looking palm-trees wave over the scene, as if weeping for its sad fate. And such has been its condition for many years. Ricaut, nearly two hundred years ago, visited Ephesus, and says: "This place, where Christianity once so flourished as to be a mother church, and the see of a metropolitan bishop, can not now show one family of Christians; so hath the mysterious providence of God disposed affairs too deep and too mysterious for us to search into." Arundell, in his account of the Seven Churches, says, "I was in Ephesus in January, 1824; the desolation was then complete. A Turk, whose shed we occupied, his Arab servant, and a single Greek, comprised the entire population, some Turcomans excepted, whose black tents were pitched among

the ruins. The Greek revolution, and the predatory excursions of the Samiats, in a great measure accounted for this total desertion."

Its condition may have improved somewhat since Arundell visited it and the railway from Smyrna was built, but a new moral influence must be thrown into it before it will rise again. The fact of its harbor being filled up, like that of Miletus, which has experienced a similar fate, will prevent its attaining to any great commercial prosperity, especially now that Smyrna, with its wide bay and excellent harbor, has become a large centre of trade for caravan and railway traffic, extending over a wide expanse of country in the interior, as well as along the coast of the *Ægean*. It has a small port, *Scala Nova*, nine miles from the site of the old city, where vessels sometimes land and carry on a limited business. Missionary operations have been attempted with indifferent success in this desolate region. The Greek Church has the firmest hold here, and the English Church has done something to reclaim the natives, but in the midst of so much ignorance and superstition as characterize the Turcoman and Mussulman population, little progress has been made in striving to introduce "the truth as it is in Jesus," as preached by Paul and John. Christianity as it appears here is of an inferior grade, and bears little resemblance in its spirit and practical workings to that which came from the lips of the primitive Teacher.

The origin of Ephesus, like that of most Oriental cities, is involved in the mists of pre-historic times and mythological fable. It was the chief of the seven cities of Ionia, and was said to have been founded by the

Amazons, who were permitted to settle here by Hercules, their conqueror. Hence the Greek name *Ephesus*, "permission." Others say that the Amazons fled from Theseus and Hercules to Diana for protection against foreign foes, and she granted it, and she became the patron goddess of the city. The time of its greatest prosperity was undoubtedly during the reign of Lisymachus, one of Alexander's generals, some three centuries before Christ. He compelled the people to leave the morasses on the river, which were frequently inundated, and build on the hills farther back. Cræsus, king of Lydia, Xerxes, Alexander the Great, the Romans and the Turks, have successively taken and governed the city. It is said that Alexander offered to rebuild the temple after the first was destroyed, if the inhabitants would allow him the sole honor of it, and permit him to inscribe his name upon the front; but they declined his munificent offer with the graceful compliment that "it was improper for one divinity to erect temples in honor of another." The coins and medals pertaining to the city are stamped with figures of the temple, the goddess and the eagle in front, Diana the huntress, as Luna, the face of Nero, and the temple with "neokeros" underneath it, confirming the fact of its being the "temple-keeper." It is alleged that the famous painters, Parrhasius and Apelles, originated here, as also the philosophers Heraclitus and Hermodorus, and Hipponax, the inventor of parody. Others say the Isle of Cos was the birth-place of Apelles. But the place was chiefly noted for the temple and worship of Diana, the patron of the city, as was Minerva of Athens. Notwithstanding the blow which heathenism received from the apostle Paul,

it continued to flourish here till A. D. 284, at least, when the Goths plundered it they did not destroy the temple. The goddess worshiped here was not exactly of the Greek, but rather of the Oriental type, the goddess of nature and fecundity, and was rarely represented with her bow and arrows. The image in front of the temple represented her as a statue whose head is covered with a hood, her extended arms supported by bars of metal resting on the pedestal, and the figure terminated below in a shapeless block of wood, and not the tall, graceful figure of a huntress, like that of the Louvre in Paris.

Paul, on his return from his second missionary tour from Corinth to Jerusalem, about A. D. 54, probably first introduced the gospel into Ephesus, though some think Epaphras founded a church here before. On this occasion he entered the synagogue and reasoned with the Jews. They wished him to tarry longer, but he, desiring to be at the feast in Jerusalem, and promising to return again, departed. In the following year, probably, he passed through "the upper coasts" and came to Ephesus, where for three years he "ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears." He met with great hostility, as we have seen. He "fought with the beasts of Ephesus," as he has told us, which is interpreted by a figure of speech to mean savage men, and he conquered. Again, on his return from Macedonia, on his third missionary tour, he determined that he would not call at Ephesus, but landed at Miletus, forty miles distant, and sent for the elders of the church, with whom he held a long consultation, gave them a parting benediction, and left them, "sorrowing most

of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more." (Acts xx. 38.) Apelles, a learned Jew from Alexandria, who had been instructed in the gospel by Aquila and Priscilla, Paul's converts, continued the good work which Paul had commenced, and Timothy and others preached here, and the church became a flourishing one.

From this city Paul sent his Epistle to the Galatians, and while a prisoner in Rome he wrote his Epistle to the Ephesians, about A. D. 62. Some four or five years afterwards he wrote to Timothy, who was officiating here, in which he "besought him to abide still in Ephesus," that he might charge some that they teach no other doctrine, "neither give heed to fables and endless genealogies, which minister questions rather than godly edifying, which is by faith." It is presumed that Timothy did remain here and minister, we know not how long, to the spiritual wants of the people; but tradition, as recorded by Eusebius, tells us that John came here after being released from his banishment at Patmos, lived to a ripe old age, and, unlike all the other apostles, died a natural death. He wrote from Patmos, probably about the year 66 or 68, the Pastoral Letter to the Seven Churches of Asia, of which Ephesus was the first addressed.

There are special reasons for this. The city lay across the water, the nearest to the exiled abode of the apostle. He could almost look out from his rocky cell on the northern declivity of the mount over the sea to Ephesus, where a flourishing church had been gathered. Special efforts had been made here, in the midst of the grossest idolatry, with signal success. The church had

enjoyed the labors and counsels of devoted servants of Christ, and among them John himself, who visited Ephesus before he was sent into exile. "Nowhere does the word of the gospel seem to have found a kindlier soil, to have struck root more deeply, or to have borne fairer fruits of faith and love." Hence, with a faithful but tender pen, he writes: "I know thy works and thy patience, and how thou canst not bear them who are evil, and thou hast tried them who say they are apostles, and are not, and hast found them liars; and hast borne, and for my name's sake hast labored and hast not fainted." (Rev. xi. 2, 3.) So far he is pleased to speak well of them, though not so well of some of their teachers. But he was compelled by his conscience, however hard, to rebuke them. "Nevertheless, I have a charge against thee, because thou hast left thy first love." Their sin was great; they had taken hold of the work with pure zeal; they had loved, and had now grown cold and indifferent to the interests of the church. He proceeds to exhort them to repent and return to their first love, else he will come and remove their candlestick, which was the church itself, (i. 20) out of its place. Still he could not leave them without farther testifying his approbation of those things which were worthy. "But this thou hast, that thou hatest the deeds of the Nicolaitans, which I also hate."

Neander thinks that the Nicolaitans were not a sect, but a class of persons who lived sensual lives, and enticed Christians to the sacrificial feasts of the heathen idolaters. They were undoubtedly the same as the Balaamites (v. 14), and were utterly hostile to the spir-

itual requirements of the gospel, and therefore John hates them, and warns his disciples against them.

The condition of the church to-day indicates that they did not give full heed to the warnings of the apostle. Says the missionary Fisk, in 1820: "Now no human being lives in Ephesus; and in Ayasaluk, which may be considered as Ephesus under another name, though not precisely on the same spot of ground, there are a few miserable Turkish huts. The candlestick is removed out of this place. How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people!" But the church continued to live for many years afterwards, as is evident from the traditional account recorded by the ecclesiastical historian Eusebius, to the effect that John came from Patmos to Ephesus and presided over the church as bishop several years before his death. If he was banished by Nero before the destruction of Jerusalem, as seems probable, he must have come here several years before his death, which took place, according to Eusebius, about A. D. 100: tradition makes it probable that he came here before his exile, and labored to correct certain heretical opinions and corrupt practices that were introduced through the Jewish and pagan element of the church after Paul left, afterwards was carried to Rome, and thence to Patmos, whence, on the death of the emperor, he came again to Ephesus. Many interesting incidents are related of him here. He had Polycarp among his disciples, also Papias and Ignatius, all afterwards eminent in the church. Here, in the latter part of his life, some say at the age of ninety, he wrote his Gospel, in which he combats some Gnostic errors, and presents the tender and

spiritual side of Jesus' character in greater prominence than those who preceded him. He exercised paternal supervision over all the churches of the region, especially those to which he had addressed his Pastoral Letter from Patmos.

It is related of him, on the authority of Clement of Alexandria, that he took a special interest in the spiritual welfare of the younger members of the flock, and that on one occasion he specially commended a young man distinguished for his manly beauty and his mental attainments to the presbyter, who instructed him in the principles of the Gospel and baptized him. But after this, neglecting him, he supposed him to be safe in the fold of the church. Certain dissolute fellows got his confidence and led him astray, until finally he became chief of a band of robbers, all of whom he surpassed in deeds of cruelty. At length John came and asked the presbyter to return to him the deposit which he had committed to his charge. Groaning and weeping, he exclaimed, "He is dead—dead to God." The apostle, learning the details of his sad career, called for a horse and a guide and rode towards the forest, the head-quarters of the band. He was seized by one of them and asked to be conducted to the chief. When the captain beheld him approaching, he turned to flee, but the apostle persuaded him to stop, when the robber fell at his feet and burst into tears. John reclaimed him and induced him to return with him to the city, where he was received by the church, forgiven, and became a true and faithful member for the remainder of his life.

This beautiful incident illustrates the power of gospel

love to subdue the stubborn heart, and has been chosen as a fit subject for artists of different ages of the church, who represent John as embracing the robber, who has thrown down his weapons and lies on his neck weeping. It is a striking subject; "the forest background, the contrast of youth and age, bright armor, flowing drapery, and the most striking and affecting moral, are here all combined."

Another incident, related by Jerome, illustrates the native beauty and tenderness of the apostle's character as depicted in his Epistles and his Gospel. In his extreme old age, infirm and almost helpless, he was still borne to the church by the pious hands of his friends, and while he was unable to deliver a regular discourse, he was still accustomed to say to all within the range of his feeble voice, "Little children, love one another." He repeated this so frequently that some persons were dissatisfied, and one day asked him why he always uttered this expression. He replied: "Because it is the command of the Lord, and when this is done, it is enough." How terse a commentary on the passage, "Love is the fulfilling of the law!" It is the practical spirit of the gospel in its completeness, whose efficiency is illustrated in the story of the re-conversion of the robber-chief. If these are mere fictions, invented by scheming persons, as some say, and not reliable incidents, they certainly betray a knowledge of the spirit of Christianity and its practical applications, wonderful indeed for the age which invented them.

These things invest Ephesus with an interest which belongs to the whole Christian world. John was "the

disciple whom Jesus loved" above all the others, and the accounts of his latter years well accord with his life, which was one of affectionate interest. At the age of nearly one hundred years he calmly passed away amid these familiar scenes where he had labored so long and so successfully, and among friends who gave him a decent burial. Pious pilgrims still go to the site of the church which bore his name, stealing away from the jealous eyes of Mohammedans and worshipping at the hallowed shrine as they worship on the site of the old church of Polycarp in Smyrna.

The cause of Christianity continued to live in this city for hundreds of years, as we read of it in subsequent history. In this city "The Robber Synod" met in A. D. 449, and other important events in the history of the church occurred here. But the candlestick has now been removed and time is needed to effect its restoration. In the meanwhile, Ephesus will live as an unfading memory in the hearts of Christians every-where.

XII.

SMYRNA AND POLYCARP.



MYRNA is the daughter of Ephesus. The two cities, from their intelligence, and commercial and religious prosperity, were called "the eyes of Asia." The ancient city originated, we know not at what period, its beginning having been lost in fable. It is reputed to have been founded by the Ephesians, after an Amazon, bearing the name of Smyrna, had founded Ephesus. It underwent various changes, and passed under several conquerors, but was finally destroyed by Alyattes, king of the adjoining province, Lydia, the father of the celebrated Cræsus, about the year B. C. 580. After remaining in ruins for some two and a half centuries, it was revived, or rather rebuilt, two and a half miles from the old city on the sea-shore, by Antigonus and Lysimachus, two of Alexander's generals, in fulfillment of a plan conceived by him. Since that time it has met with many reverses, having been subjected in turn to the rule of Lydians, Æolians, Greeks, Turks, Genoese, Christians, Mohammedans, and the Crusaders.

Smyrna is mentioned in the Bible only in connection with the account given by the Revelator (Rev. ii. 8-11) concerning the seven churches of Asia. This is the second church of the seven mentioned, Ephesus being the first. Christianity was introduced here at an early period, and experienced many reverses, but

this is the only one of the seven cities that has kept up continuous worship from the latter part of the first century to the present time.

After the death of Bucolus, Polycarp, who was born here about the year 68, was appointed bishop of the church by John the Evangelist, and he exercised the duties of his office faithfully until his death by martyrdom, about the year 167. He is regarded by some as "the angel of the church in Smyrna" (v. 8), to whom John from Patmos addressed his epistle, but this opinion is probably incorrect. He was one of the most respected of the Christian fathers immediately succeeding the apostles. His intimacy with John lends additional interest to his life and views. He was a very conscientious man, and labored to reconcile the differences which divided the church during his life-time. He was venerated for his age, as well as his virtues, having lived nearly a century before he was martyred.

During the period of the persecution by the Roman emperor Marcus Aurelius, his life was threatened, but moved by the entreaties of his friends, he left Smyrna, and retired to a small village inland, and there spent several days praying, as was his custom, for all the churches throughout the world. When hard pressed by his enemies, he went to another village, still farther from the city. Betrayed by friends in whom he had put confidence, he was again pursued. When his persecutors reached the house in whose upper chamber he was lying, he might have escaped by walking from the flat roof of one dwelling to another, but he declined making the effort, saying, "The will of God be done!" He accordingly went down and set food before them,

and while they were eating and drinking, he asked them to give him an hour to pray. This was prolonged to two hours, and the countenance of the old man glowed with such fervid and heavenly radiance that his pursuers repented of their attempt to arrest him. But they finally concluded to carry him back to the city. They brought him before the proconsul, who, unwilling to put so old and venerable a man to death, entreated him to change his faith. He refused, when he was led to the stadium, where a voice as from heaven reached his ear: "Be strong, Polycarp, and contend manfully." The chief officer again urged him, saying, "Swear, and I will release thee. Revile Christ." The aged servant of his Master replied: "Eighty and six years have I served him, and he has done me nothing but good; and how could I revile him, my Lord and Saviour? If you would know what I am, I tell you, frankly, I am a Christian."

Gazing around with a stern look upon the circle of heathen who stood there, and then raising his eyes toward heaven, he firmly made his profession of faith, as he was not ashamed to confess Christ before men. The Roman ruler wanted still to release him, but as in the instance of Jesus before Pilate, the people demanded his execution. At first they desired Philip, the keeper of the stadium, to let a lion loose upon him; but when he reminded them that this kind of sport was done away with, they clamored for his life by fire. Both Jews and Gentiles collected together fagots and fuel from the workshops. He met his fate with unflinching firmness, praising God to the last.

As with other good men who have been sacrificed

for their devotion to their honest convictions, marvellous accounts were related of scenes connected with his martyrdom, as that the flames disposed themselves in the form of an arch, and thus formed a wall of protection to his body; whereupon a spearman pierced his body, and blood flowed forth so profusely that the flames were extinguished; that a dove issued from his mouth as an emblem of immortality, and that his bones were preserved intact and deposited in the grave. These stories have a significance only as they serve to indicate the veneration of the early Christians for his saintliness and purity.

The place of his martyrdom is still pointed out on the site of the old stadium, or race-course, under the brow of the hill which overtops the present city. It is semi-circular in shape, one side abutting against the hill, the other resting on arches under which the wild beasts that were used in the gladiatorial shows were undoubtedly kept. Some, however, think that he was burned on the site of the theater directly under the steep part of the hill, lower down than the stadium. On this a church was erected, but now even its ruins have mostly disappeared. In the early days of Christianity it was customary to erect churches on spots consecrated by some great event, as the birth, the residence and ascension of Christ, the imprisonment and burial of Peter and Paul in Rome, and the martyrdom of saints, and this church may have been located in this place to commemorate the martyrdom of the beloved bishop.

Between the stadium and the theater, now designated by a cypress tree, is the raised tomb of a Mo-

hammedan saint. Two hundred and fifty years ago a Mussulman dervish dwelt in a narrow cell here, which Christians have sometimes called the tomb of Polycarp. A stone sarcophagus within the cell has been supposed to contain his remains. The Turks have great reverence for this tomb, because they claim Polycarp as a friend of Mohammed.

Another place of interest near Smyrna is a grotto, in which, it is asserted, John the apostle lived, and before which Polycarp planted his staff just before his martyrdom, which took root and grew into a tree! The Turks regard this as a place of peculiar sanctity, and celebrate one of their annual feasts here. An ancient slab-stone monument has been discovered with the single inscription "Polycarp" cut beneath a wreath of leaves.

Smyrna has undergone great vicissitudes in the last two thousand years. During the Mithridatic wars it remained faithful to the Romans, and was liberally rewarded for its fidelity; but later, having received and protected Trebonius, one of the assassins of Cæsar, it was besieged and taken by Dolabella. It sought the favor of Tiberias by erecting a temple to him. Marcus Aurelius did much to repair the terrible ravages of an earthquake, from which it has several times severely suffered. Near the end of the eleventh century it was taken by the Turks, soon retaken and partially destroyed by the Greek fleet under John Ducos. Defended by the Knights of St. John in 1402, after an obstinate and bloody resistance, it was taken and sacked by the great Persian conqueror Tamerlane; and finally, in 1424, it was captured by the Sultan Amurath II,

and has been in the possession of the Turks ever since. In 1841 a terrible conflagration destroyed a large portion of the city.

Smyrna is situated at the head of a gulf extending into the mainland some thirty-five miles. As the steamer enters this gulf and passes slowly along towards the city, bold and craggy ridges of mountains rise up on each side, on which little stone huts are seen, and below villages of brown houses nestle under the beetling crags or along the shore. Green slopes extend down to the water's edge, and the view is picturesque and enchanting. At the narrowest part of the gulf a fortress, on low ground, bristling with heavy guns, defends the passage, called the Sandgiac Castle, and the two points are called "The Two Brothers." The Corax range on the south is loftier than Sipylus on the north, through which, some ten miles from the city, run the dark, turbid waters of the river Hermus.

The harbor is one of the safest in this part of Asia, being walled in by hills on all sides. Heavy winds, however, prevail here. The land and sea-breezes during the summer season, are very strong, and vessels coming in are obliged to take advantage of the *Inbat*, which blows inland from nine o'clock in the morning till sunset.

Our steamer approaches the city. First we distinguish the huge sides of the Lazaretto, then the Caserno, or extensive barracks for the soldiers, protected on the seaward by a low battery, the palace of the Pacha, the domes and minarets of the mosques, the spires of the churches, the various flags of foreign consuls that wave on the left, and, crowning all, the

Genoese fortifications on Mount Pagus, directly above the city. Our steamer anchors in the harbor, half a mile from the shore. No port in the east has waters deep enough to enable the steamer to reach the wharf and land the passengers directly upon it; so we engage a young Turk for a franc to take us ashore.

It is Saturday morning. The ship is to remain two days in port. We can spend the Sabbath in the city, where American and English missionaries are laboring. We find the Frank quarter neat and pleasant. The chief street extends along parallel to the wharf. The principal commercial business is in the hands of the French and English, Germans and Italians. A son of the late Prof. K. A. Credner, of Giessen, Germany, whose library adorns the shelves of the new Library Building at St. Lawrence University, is engaged in the book trade here. Business is active, and the city, in this respect, presents a great contrast to many of the towns and villages along the Levant.

We call upon the American Consul, and find him ready and willing to give us any information in his power concerning the city. We pass through the Turkish quarter, and find the streets narrow and muddy, the houses three and four stories high, with balconies projecting and overlooking the street, and far up in the narrow window some gaily dressed Greek or Armenian lady of delicate complexion stands gazing down upon the passers by. Immense trains of camels in single file are passing with a steady, solemn tread along the street, preceded by the owner on horseback and followed by a boy a-foot or riding a donkey, who brings up the rear. Seven or eight camels form the proces-

sion, and these are joined together only by a single slender thread. They have come in several hundred miles from the country and brought silk, cashmere shawls, figs, raisins, oranges, opium, and other fruits and products peculiar to the country. Little bells are attached to their necks, whose constant tinkling relieves the tediousness of the long journey. The camel-driver shows a little delicacy of taste, if not refinement of manners, by inserting in his flowing robes, or carrying in his hand, a bouquet of flowers.

We enter the street of Roses, one of the widest in the city, and in thirty minutes we have reached "the Caravan Bridge," so called because hundreds of camels congregate on the banks of the river Meles, which it spans. They have come in from the country, and the drivers are watering them just below the bridge, and adjusting their loads preparatory to their entering the city. The scene is an exciting one to a stranger, to whom all such objects are novelties.

Just across the bridge, outside the city limits, the tall cypress trees wave their graceful branches over hundreds of Mussulman graves, whose pillared monuments, tipped with red and black turbans, peer strangely out between the leafy foliage. The Turks have the notion that this tree will disinfect the miasma that rises from dead bodies, and hence they always plant it in their cemeteries. If we are not disposed to admit their claims in this respect, we must confess that it gives a picturesque character to the spot, and is in perfect keeping with the associations connected with it.

The river Meles runs sluggishly along the border of the city, and on its banks tradition avers that Homer,

the greatest of Greek epic poets, was born. The inhabitants formerly pointed out a cave where, according to tradition, the poet composed his verses. One traveler, in his eager zeal for classic relics, after a long search succeeded in finding this cave, located above the aqueduct of the Meles. It was only some four feet wide, covered over with a large rock, the floor nicely sanded, the whole as rude and primitive as are some of the scenes depicted by the great epic poet. A Homerion, or temple erected to the memory of Homer, consisting of a large, handsome building, surrounded by porticoes, and used as a library and museum, in which was a statue of the poet, once adorned the city; also an Odeum and a temple dedicated to the Olympian Jupiter, whose worship was so long popular here in connection with the celebrated Olympian games. A large library existed here, and its schools of philosophy drew students from various quarters. Smyrna's claims as the birth-place of Homer are as good as either of the seven cities that set up a claim; and she shows her appreciation of him by establishing a "School of Homer," and calling him "the Melesian bard," from the tradition that he wrote his works on the river Meles.

From the bridge we ascended a steep declivity to the summit of Mount Pagus. Here, a mile from the harbor, directly above the city, are the remains of extensive fortifications, scattered over seven or eight acres of ground. They are called Genoese from their origin, that nation having held possession of the city and built these works on the foundations of older walls during the middle ages. Three kinds of walls have

been discovered, which seem to indicate so many eras of construction by different nations. The principal gate-way is distinguished by a colossal bust of marble, supposed to be of Apollo, inserted in the wall. The walls are from twenty to forty feet high, but they are now bare and deserted. Scarcely a human being is seen here, except occasionally a visitor who walks up the slope or rides up on a donkey to gaze upon these decaying glories of a remote age.

The view from the summit is grand. The city, with its red and brown tiled roofs, its light-brown domes and dark minarets, its houses huddled together so compactly that scarce a single street can be discerned winding around among them, lies at our feet. The somber appearance of the buildings is relieved in some places by the light-green cypresses which rise above them, and the orchards and gardens which appear in the suburbs. The bay is spread out before you, its glassy surface gleaming in the sunlight, and studded with merchant vessels from all climes, and war ships—Turkish, Russian, Austrian, French, English, and American—with their flags fluttering in the breeze; the precipitous Corax range on the left, the huge barracks of the Turkish soldiers at the further terminus of the city; on the opposite side of the bridge, the little river, and the long train of camels coming in from the country on the caravan road from Sardis and Philadelphia, in the valley between Mounts Sipylus and Tmolus; the mount beyond, on the right of the bay, rising up several thousand feet, with the long green beach covered with white cottages down to the water's edge, while we turn around and gaze upon a long train of cars, the first we have

seen in Asia, coming in through the valley between Tmolus and Corax from the direction of Ephesus, bringing its dusky passengers and Oriental products. The whole scene combines beauty and variety, elements of ancient and modern civilization, eastern and western life, such as few others present.

For several hours we wandered around the mount, examined the thick and high walls, the large stone fragments scattered over the surface between which the green grass was springing up luxuriantly. A large arched vault served for a cistern while the garrison occupied the castle, but now it is cracked and useless for gathering and holding water. On the summit of the hill stands a rudely constructed mosque with entrance-hall, pulpit, side chapel, and dome crumbling to pieces. It occupies the site of the first Christian church erected in Smyrna. Indeed, this mount is said to be the site of a portion of the old city, while the present city extends along the shore and climbs up the lower slope of the mount.

As I stand within this little enclosure, my imagination goes back to the scene of the little band of Christians worshipping here, exposed to persecution and death; and as I slowly descend to the stadium, a few fragments of which still remain, I seem to witness the martyrdom of Polycarp, and trace the history of the church from that time to the present. I recall the words addressed by John to "the angel of the church in Smyrna," and I hear the comforting words addressed to them struggling for existence and enduring poverty and tribulation: "Fear none of these things which thou shalt suffer; behold, the devil shall cast some of you into prison, that

ye may be tried, and ye shall have tribulation ten days; be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Surely, lessons of warning and encouragement came forth from the history of the past. While superstition and error are passing away before the light of the rising sun of righteousness, the truth is making progress and gradually banishing the spirit which leads to persecution and introducing a more tolerant and charitable system, full of love and good-will to men. The church at Smyrna was rich, not in worldly possessions, but in zeal and good works. They had faith that knows no wavering amid the sorrows and trials of earth, looking forward to the time when it would be swallowed up in glad fruition on the green fields of the new Paradise above. In the end a crown of life, more splendid than that worn by earthly monarchs, more lasting than the fading wreaths of human glory, more desirable than the riches of this and all worlds.

On this same day we attended service in the Protestant chapel where Mr. Van Lennep, Mr. Brewer, Mr. Fisk, Mr. Temple, and other American and English missionaries have labored. We were glad to witness some signs of a return on the part of the people to that form of Christianity which John preached and for which Polycarp resigned his life. Much, however, yet remains to be done before this mass of ignorant, superstitious, and degraded people will become imbued with the true spirit of gospel love.

Smyrna contains one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, consisting of some fifteen thousand Jews, forty thousand Greeks, and eighty thousand Turks, ten

thousand Armenians, and five thousand Franks. The latter include delegations from America and the more civilized nations of Europe. There is, then, something of a Christian element, though more than half of the people are professed followers of Mohammed. The latter call the city, however, "Giaour Izmir," or Infidel Smyrna, because there is so large a fraction of Christian sects within its walls.


The missionaries are doing a good work in establishing schools and gathering in congregations on Sundays. Protestant missions were first established here about fifty years ago. The schools are conducted on the principle of refraining from direct attacks on the prevailing Mussulman faith and giving more prominence to the practical than to the doctrinal features of Christianity. By this means many Turks, Greeks, and Armenians have been brought into them and have received scientific instruction; while religious instruction is given orally on Sundays in the chapel and on week days through the instrumentality of tracts and Bibles in the Turkish language placed in the houses, the shops, and other public places. But the prejudices of the people have thus been aroused, and the result in some cases has been persecution of the missionaries, burning of the tracts, and breaking off from all social relations with Protestants. But education, the reading of the Bible in the native language of the country, the prudence and dignified bearing of the Protestant missionaries, and the social influence of the merchants from Protestant countries who are doing business in the city, and the conciliatory but firm spirit of our Government as manifested through the consul, are doing much to-

wards bringing about a better state of affairs. Smyrna, as the seat of one of the apostolic churches, will ever deserve the prayers and active sympathy of the whole Christian world in behalf of the cause of gospel truth which, in her early history, was maintained at so fearful a cost.



XIII.

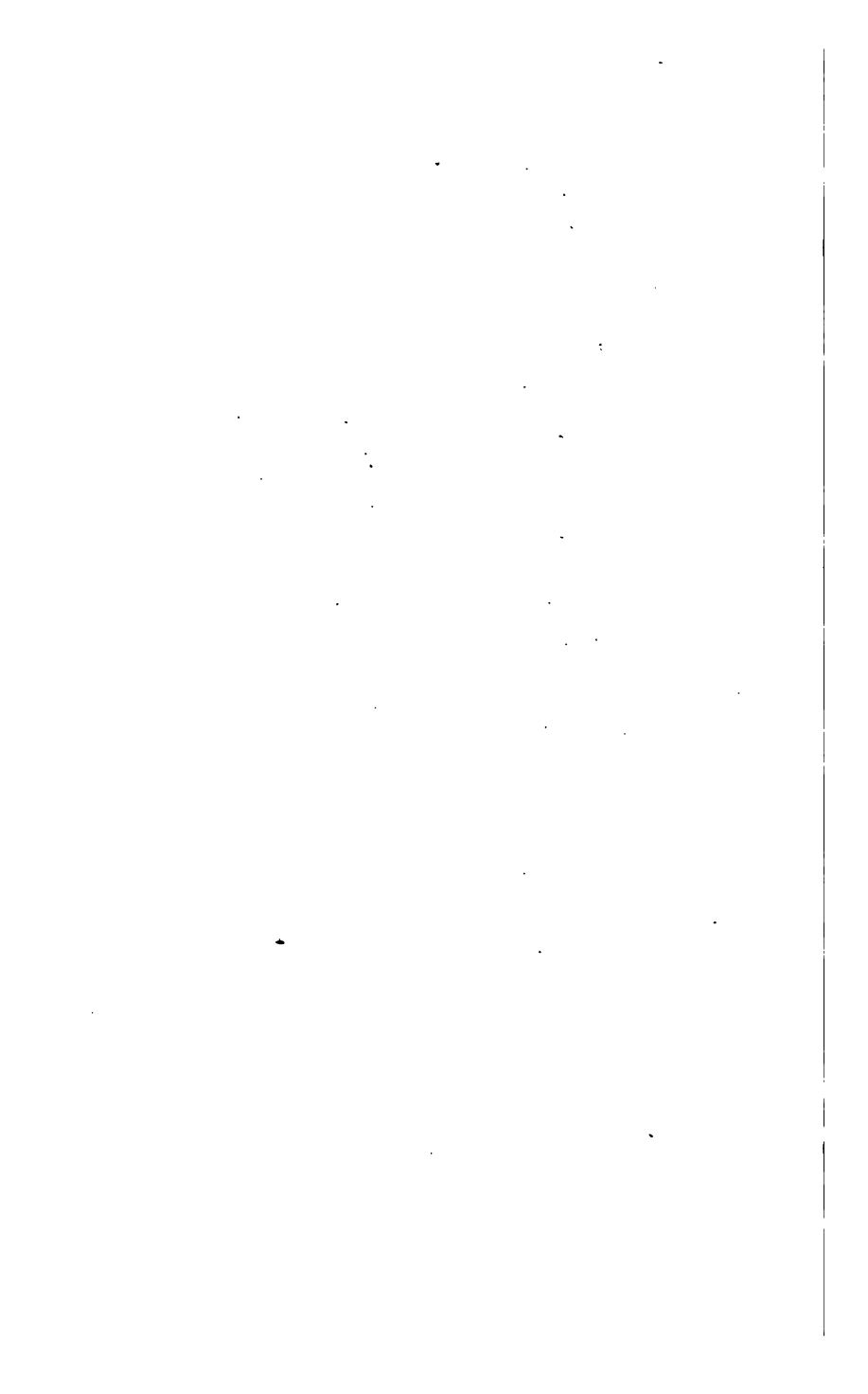
ATHENS, THE CLASSICAL CITY.

O the classical scholar the bare mention of Athens calls up visions of Socrates and Plato, Miltiades and Marathon, Pericles and Aspasia, Demosthenes and the Bema, the Acropolis with its Parthenon, the Agora surrounded with its temples and theaters, all pertaining to the city as it appeared two and three thousand years ago. It is pleasant thus to recall the scenery, the personages, the works of art and the places made forever memorable by the great events which, in their far-reaching influences, are affecting us in this western world to-day.

But there is little in Athens to remind the tourist of its early history. It will hardly compare with Rome in the number and richness of its antiquarian relics. It is older than Rome, having been founded more than sixteen hundred years before Christ, and time has dealt heavier blows upon its buildings, its gate-ways, arches, and statues. War, too, has come in with its iconoclastic, desolating ravages. The weakness of the successive governments for the last thousand years has not prevented other nations from carrying off its precious relics. You can now see more of ancient Athens in the British Museum at London, the Louvre at Paris, the Vatican at Rome, the art-galleries of Munich, Dresden, and Berlin, than in the modern city itself; while Rome has retained within its walls its principal art-



MODERN BETHANY.



treasures, except such as war, time, and revolutionary changes have destroyed. Yet some of the old relics are still to be seen here.

The great object of interest is the Acropolis. This is a naked rock rising up nearly two hundred feet above the modern city on the south. A heavy wall winds along the edge of the overhanging cliff. On one side of the enclosure stands the Parthenon, once the most splendid temple in the world. It is of pure white marble, brought from the world-renowned quarries of Pentelicus, of the plain, massive Doric order of architecture, and was erected to Athens' patron goddess, the virgin Minerva. Forty massive columns are yet standing, the floor is nearly perfect and parts of the roof remain, but with sadness we gaze upon its noble ruins. On the opposite side of the enclosure are the fragments of the smaller temple, the Erechtheium. Roof, columns, entablature, lie in broken fragments in the basement of the temple. Six beautiful columns—the Caryatides, or covered female figures—remain in a tolerable state of preservation, to attest the inimitable skill of the old Greek artists. The elegant little temple "Victory without Wings," near the entrance, at once engages the attention of the observer. But scattered all over the enclosure lie fragments of marble columns and other bits broken from the walls of the buildings, portions of bodies, arms, heads, legs, feet, and hands, once belonging to the noblest statues, while pieces of iron shells and cannon balls among them show us what has done the mischief. During the siege of the city by the Venetians, in 1687, while the Turks were shut up on the Acropolis, a shell exploded in a powder magazine

which had been put into the Parthenon, and did great damage, and the Revolution of 1821 completed the work of destruction. As I entered the Acropolis, I saw innumerable pieces of broken statuary and architecture laid up on each side of a long corridor. Every piece exhibits traces of artistic skill, and excites feelings of sorrow that such must be the fate of these old Greek relics.

An immense stair-way leads to the Acropolis. The Propylæum, or entrance gate-way, is somewhat mutilated, but is still rich in architectural beauty. On the southern slope of the Acropolis are the stage and thirty rows of seats in the form of a semicircle, belonging to the Theater of Dionysus, where the plays of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides used to be enacted. Back of these seats, under the high walls of the Acropolis, sheds were formerly erected for the protection of the spectators during stormy weather, as the Greek theater was always exposed to the open sky. Cells have been excavated in the rock. I looked into one of these cells and saw high perched on a seat above the stone floor a ragged Greek smoking his pipe. He seemed to be disturbed by my entrance, and I came away and left him to the quiet enjoyment of his lofty independence. The Odeon, or Opera-house of ancient Athens, is on the same slope, several rods to the west, whose high front and back walls are in a better state of preservation. This is smaller than the theater which accommodated thirty or forty thousand persons. Theatricals were the rage of the Athenians, and, when the city was most prosperous, nearly all the population were accustomed to assemble here to witness the plays.

The Temple of Theseus, situated on the border of the modern city, below Mars' Hill, small and beautiful in its proportions, is the best preserved of all of the ancient edifices. We found it filled with relics of old sculptures, some of them exceedingly quaint, but displaying taste and skill. North of the Acropolis, under its walls, at the upper end of the Street Æolus, rises up the quaint Tower of the Winds, octagonal, with a bas-relief figure of a god of the winds sculptured on each of the eight sides. Between this and the Temple of Theseus, is seen the Gate of the Agora, or the Temple of Minerva, more properly, consisting of four Doric columns and a beautiful entablature. A more magnificent gate-way, called the Arch of Hadrian, is to be found on the south-east of the Acropolis, forming the entrance to the grand Temple of Jupiter, six of whose lofty columns are still standing, the seventh lying prostrate and broken in pieces, which, with the Cyclopean basement walls, give us some idea of the vast proportions of this structure, which was commenced by Pisistratus five hundred and thirty years before Christ. The elaborate and complicated Monument of Lysicrates, vulgarly called the Lantern of Diogenes, is a graceful column resting on a basement supported by six Corinthian columns, which charms every admirer of Athenian art. It is the pattern whence was modeled the monument of Burns in Ayrshire.

The Stadium, or race-course, is an oblong, level plot of ground extending back some six hundred feet from the river Ilissus. The Lyceum, or School of Aristotle, was on the spot now occupied by the king's palace. The latter is an unadorned marble structure, surrounded

by orange, fig, and olive trees, the pepper-plant, and other shrubbery. Lycabettus rises up, a rock-pyramid, on the left of the palace, north-east of the modern city which is built upon the plain between this and the Acropolis. We found two monks dwelling in a rude stone cabin on the summit of this mount, which commands a wide-spreading view of the country around.

Plato's Garden extending north from the city toward the sacred Eleusis, on both sides of the classic river Cephissus, is now adorned with olive and fig trees. On a moderate eminence stand monuments erected to commemorate the Marathon dead and other Greek heroes, and K. O. Müller, the German who lost his life here in 1840, a martyr to his love for Greek history and art.

These are the chief objects of interest to be found in and around Athens that connect the modern with the ancient city, with the exception of the Areopagus, and, as this is intimately associated with the preaching of the great apostle in the early history of the Christian church, I propose to consider it somewhat in detail.

The account of Paul's preaching at Athens, and the sermon that he gave on Mars' Hill, are found in the Acts of the Apostles, chap. xvii. 16-34. The sermon is probably the grandest, save that of Jesus on the Mount, which was ever delivered to men. The preacher was the chief apostle to the Gentiles; the auditors, Athenian philosophers; the place, the seat of justice in the most cultivated city of the time; the subject, the religion of Jesus, embracing the doctrine of God the Father of all men, his government in the earth, and the resurrection of the dead. Nothing grander could inspire a public speaker; nothing worthier of the most

acute reasoner, the most eloquent orator, the master-spirit of the age. Nobly did Paul vindicate the cause committed to his hands; boldly did he speak forth words of truth and soberness; ably did he defend the gospel of Jesus in its simple beauty and far-reaching results.

Paul was on his second missionary tour in Asia when he came to Troas, and heard the Macedonian cry for aid. Giving heed to this cry, he made his first visit to Europe, and brought with him that gospel which was destined to introduce a new order of civilization and change the character of all this land. First landing at Neapolis, in Thrace, he passed on to Philippi, in Macedonia, where he and his companions were imprisoned, but, being speedily released, they proceeded over the great Roman road, *via Egnatia*, through Amphipolis and Apollonia to Thessalonica, where he preached in the synagogue of the Jews. Having stirred up a commotion among the unbelieving, he again took his departure, and went on still farther westward to Berea, where he was favorably received by the people, who "were more noble than those in Thessalonica." Circumstances rendered it necessary that he should leave this city where he had planted the seeds of divine truth, and he journeyed by sea southward, through the Thermaic and Saronic Gulfs, to Athens. Here "his spirit was stirred in him when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry" (v. 16), and he began to discourse, as was his custom in other cities, in the synagogues and in the Agora, or most public place of resort, daily. By this means he enlisted the attention of the Jews and devout persons, at first, and

afterward of the Stoic and Epicurean philosophers. He doubtless, while under the feeling of excitement caused by what his eyes saw and his ears heard, uttered some expressions which excited their curiosity. So they induced him to leave the synagogue for a season, and take a position on the Areopagus, that he might in the most public manner make known what the new doctrine was. The native and foreign residents of the city spent their leisure time in hearing and retailing the news, and they undoubtedly supposed that they had lighted upon a new subject of speculation, and that this *babbler*, and *setter forth of strange gods*, would add variety to their daily entertainments.

The Athenians have ever been a people of active intellects. They crave knowledge and delight to make it known to others. And the fact that they called all other nations *barbarians*, shows that they were vain enough to believe that they were the most enlightened people on the earth. This thirst for knowledge is a trait noted and commented upon by many writers. It still distinguishes those dwelling here to-day. Their schools are the best patronized of all in the Levant. Hundreds of boys and girls may be seen wending their way through the narrow streets of the city at an hour in the morning when most people are still enjoying their slumbers; and in the morning and evening knots of people may be seen eagerly discussing the latest political or commercial news at the corners of the streets, or in the *cafés* or *leschai*, where they eagerly engage in the discussion of new themes.

While stopping in Athens we used to go at evening into the café He Nea Hellas, situated on the corner of

the wide streets of Hermes and Æolus, and we would always be sure of witnessing an animated scene. The Greeks are evidently a social people. They talk incessantly, and their lively gestures and other manifestations of an intense nervous activity, as displayed in the constant changes of their features, the contemptuous shrug of their shoulders, and the movements of their limbs, make them objects of wonder to a foreigner looking on, even though he understand not a word of the language which they use. Generally they have an intelligent idea of social and political questions. They are far from being stupid or wanting in natural or instinctive curiosity. Great numbers of men, nobles, representatives of the middle class and peasants, all mingled together in equal social relations, were there. They sat down in companies of three or four at the little tables, ordered tea, beer, or wine and fruit, and thus for hours made inquiries, criticised men and measures, discussed political and commercial relations pertaining to their own and foreign countries, and read the little seven-by-nine dailies published in Athens. As the fumes of wine or the strength of the tea began to operate, they talked vociferously, gesticulated furiously, and made a general uproar. The scene reminded me of the character given to the ancient Athenians by Thucydides, who calls them "seekers after new things," and by Demosthenes, who represents them as ever inquiring, "What's the news?" and by the author of the Acts of the Apostles, who informs us that "all the Athenians and strangers who were there spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing."

In this instance, they probably supposed that as the

apostle taught "Jesus and the resurrection," he was about to bring in a new god for them to worship, and a new theme in philosophy for them to investigate, which would afford them amusement, if not instruction. Sometimes, however, it was dangerous for a man to introduce a new deity into their system of religion, as it proved with Socrates, who was tried and condemned to drink the fatal hemlock for making this innovation. But it does not appear that Paul was brought to that sacred court as a criminal to be tried, but only as a vender of new ideas, to amuse and entertain them till something "newer," *kainoteron*, should engage their attention. The whole affair, with them, seems to have no element of seriousness in it, only something to gratify their "garrulity and rage for novelty."

"Then Paul stood in the midst of Mars' Hill," *i. e.*, in the *middle*, but *upon* the Hill. This is the rough-looking, somber, lime-rock, some fifty feet above the valley, about sixty rods west of the Acropolis, between it and the Hill of the Nymphs. It is the seat of Athenian worship and Athenian justice; it is the place where the tribunal of the Areopagus was held, which was instituted by Solon, and regarded as the most honorable and sacred body congregated for the promotion of truth and right; it is a place held in great veneration by the Athenians, for Mars had his trial here for the murder of the son of Neptune; hence its name. And Orestes was represented by Æschylus as having been tried and acquitted here for the murder of Clytemnestra; and the Eumenides, or the Furies, were supposed to reside in the dark cave that opens down into the northern side of the rock. A flight of eighteen

steps on the south side conducts one to the semicircular ridge where the judges, consisting of the most highly respected men of Athens, used to sit in their judicial robes and pass sentence on the great criminals and decide questions of religion and state affairs. Two seats on each side of the judges were set apart for the accuser and the accused, who sat facing one another. A temple dedicated to Mars stood on the summit of the rock, placed there as a reminder to the accused, to increase in his mind a sense of the awfulness pertaining to the spot. The Agora, the public square, where vast assemblies of the people were accustomed to collect in order to take part in the discussions of state, lies here spread out before the apostle as he stands on the judges' platform ready to speak. On the sides of the square stood the public buildings and the private dwellings of the principal citizens. Here are the porticoes, the palaces, the places of literary, historic, and religious interest. Among the plane-trees are the statues of good men and patriots that were dear to the hearts of the Athenians, deified heroes, and gods peculiar to Athens, and especially the twelve principal deities of Greek mythology, and, in the center of all, the great altar dedicated to these deities. Somewhere within the Agora, the exact spot can not now be determined, was to be seen the painted porch or cloister (*Stoa Poikile*), one of the finest buildings in the city, where Zeno, the founder of the Stoics, was accustomed to meet his pupils, while the garden of Epicurus, the founder of the other sect of philosophers alluded to in the narrative, was situated probably further away, yet within sight, toward the Ilissus, on the south.

Directly in front yawns the mouth of the prison of Socrates, consisting of three rooms cut into the solid rock, in one of which was an aperture overhead, through which the prisoner was introduced into his gloomy cell. Higher up on the same ridge is the rocky peak of Musæus, where stood a fortress erected, B. C. 229, by Demetrius Poliocertes, but where for fifteen hundred years has stood a magnificent monument of Philopappus, the Syrian, now crumbling to pieces. At the base of this mount on the south flows the small classic river Ilissus. Turning to the left, we behold the abrupt and craggy peak of the Acropolis overlooking the main city. The only access to this citadel is on the side facing the Areopagus, through the lofty Propylæum of Pericles. All this enclosure was filled with mementoes of gods, heroes and men sacred to the Athenians. It was with peculiar feelings of awe that they gazed upon them. Underneath the cliff, in the dark crevices of the ledge, were shrines of Pan, Bacchus, Æsculapius, Venus, Earth, and Ceres, while the temple of Victory without wings rose in fair proportions above the statues of Harmodius and Aristogiton, just within the entrance. Proceeding along toward the summit, we encounter statues of Venus and the Graces, Minerva as the goddess of health, Diana and Pericles, who did more than all other citizens to fit up and adorn the Acropolis. Within the area on the summit are two temples, the Erechtheum, consisting of two parts, erected to the honor of Minerva Polias and of Pandrosa, the first priestess of Minerva, and the Parthenon, a splendid Doric structure, whose marble columns and walls still resist the ravages of time. Within this temple was

Phidias' statue of the goddess Minerva, made of ivory and gold. Another statue of her is seen in the Erechtheum, which was believed to have fallen from heaven; a third, made of the brazen spoils taken from the defeated Persians at Marathon, with her spear and shield, rose forty feet above the Parthenon, whose roof is just discernible by the apostle as he stands upon Mars' Hill. Gods and goddesses innumerable meet his eye, and the cave of Pan and Apollo opens its dark mouth under the walls of the Acropolis, and the awful caverns of the Furies lie near, beneath the identical rock on which the apostle stands, hidden from his sight by a slight elevation of the rock in his rear.

On his right, in the distance below, appears that gem among sacred structures, the temple of Theseus, filled and surmounted by mythological statues and altars, indicating another seat of Athenian worship; while the gentle slope of the Hill of the Nymphs sweeps around toward the sea. On the brow of the hill, on the right front, is seen the Bema, or a little tribune, a square platform of rock ten feet high, on which Demosthenes and other Greek orators were accustomed to address vast crowds of people filling up the Pnyx or semi-circular open space supported on the north side by a high wall above the yawning chasm which separates the two ridges of hills. The loud, surging sea, on whose surface was fought the battle of Salamis, so disastrous to the invaders, between the hordes of Xerxes and the avenging patriots of Greece, can just be discerned over the ridge behind the Bema, while a wider range of view reveals the graceful sweep of the honey-producing Hymettus, Pentelicus, with its inexhaustible

marble quarries, the abrupt cone of Lycabettus, overlooking the gardens of Aristotle and the olive groves of Socrates and Plato, which were watered by the full stream of the Cephissus.

Such is the scene that greets the eyes of the apostle. Evidences of idolatry are seen on every hand. Gods, goddesses, temples, altars, dark places of vengeance, mythological creations, such as the hand of the architect or the genius of sculptor and painter has nowhere else devised or formed, impress upon his mind most vividly the character of the Athenians as a religious people. No other place on the face of the earth can be found better fitted than this to inspire the hearts of the devout Greeks with sentiments of religious reverence and awe. All the influences drawn from the dark mysteries of their religious rites, the dreaded retributions of the avenging Furies, and the stern exactions of the unyielding Fates, seem fitted to strike fear into their hearts and fill them with mysterious awe. All these centered in the Areopagus. No wonder, then, that the Athenians, devoted as they were to the worship of "unknown gods," should ask Paul to go there and proclaim his new doctrine concerning the Christian's God and his interest in the affairs of men.

Paul, too, in the meantime, beheld such numerous and strange evidences of superstition all around him and "the city wholly given to idolatry," that he was deeply moved, and he could not refrain from making an effort to change the current of thought and feeling and lead the people into a more excellent way.

Who were there to listen to this importer of new ideas? Doubtless many of the common people of the

city, people of different sentiments and characters, moved by curiosity or some equally trivial motive, were present to see and hear him. A wide space opens before him, so there is room enough for a large multitude; but as the champions of two prominent sects of Greek philosophers are mentioned, it is for them, doubtless, that the apostle specially spoke. They, too, are the persons who requested him to speak. Their motives for doing this were not of the highest, as they called him "babbler," or trifler, one that speaks without having any thing important to say, "a proclaimer of strange" or foreign "gods," a person, in the estimation of the Athenians, of doubtful character. Nevertheless, their curiosity was aroused, because he preached Jesus and the resurrection, and they induced him to go to the Areopagus, and urged him to speak, saying, "May we know what this new doctrine whereof thou speakest is?"

The people here were *very devout*, not "too superstitious," as our received version has it. It is unfortunate that the original word has been thus translated. The Greek word is in the comparative degree; hence Hackett renders it "more religious" [than others]. Alexander renders it "god-fearing;" Alford, "carrying your religious reverence very far;" Thomson, "your carefulness in religion;" Sawyer, "extremely devoted to the worship of demons;" Lange and Noyes, "very devout;" The idea of fear is undoubtedly implied in the verb [deido] from which the adjective is derived. Fear predominated in the religion of the pagan Athenians, which often leads to superstition. It signifies, very carefully devoted to the worship of the gods whom

they feared. In this sense it does not imply a rebuke to the Athenians so much as a compliment. They were doubtless "righteous overmuch," for their worship was rendered to false deities; yet this fact does not stigmatize them as destitute of honesty or sincerity of purpose. And as confirmatory of this conclusion, Paul proceeds to say that he found an altar in the city dedicated to "an unknown god," as Noyes translates it. As the original Greek phrase has no article, this better expresses the apostle's idea.

This phrase has occasioned a great deal of perplexity to biblical readers. According to Pausanias and other writers, there were numerous altars erected in Athens and other parts of Greece to *unknown gods*, but not one is mentioned as being dedicated to *a single unknown god*. This has occasioned the difficulty in explaining the passage. I like the explanation of Winer, who says: "It does not necessarily follow that each single one of the altars had the inscription, *agnostois theois*, in the plural, but more naturally that each one separately was dedicated *agnosto theo*, to an unknown god in the singular. But this singular the narrators were obliged to change into the plural, because they spoke of all these altars in a collective way. It appears that there were several altars in different places in Athens with the inscription "To an Unknown God."

Some think that "the unknown god" refers to the Jehovah of the Jews. This is improbable. The Athenians, so devoted to the worship of idols, would hardly tolerate an altar in their city dedicated to the God of the Jews, who were a class thoroughly hated and despised alike by the common people and the philoso-

phers. And the statement of the apostle, "Him whom ye ignorantly" (*i. e.*, not knowing) "worship, declare I unto you," requires this. The Athenians, like all other people, had a desire for God, which they attempted to satisfy by paying their devotions to the pagan deities. But this could not satisfy them. The human mind instinctively seeks one God who is endowed with infinite resources, so as to enable him to succor his needy children. Such a God alone can supply man's spiritual needs. The thirty thousands gods of the Greek mythology were all imperfect and could not supply the place of one living and perfect God. Doubtless the Greeks had in their minds a dim ideal of what they desired. Paul recognized this, and proceeded to unfold to them the Christian's God as fitted to satisfy their desires. They knew him not before. Paul sought to reveal him in his complete character unto them. They had no adequate comprehension of the great Jehovah. Hence the necessity, on the part of the apostle, of revealing him to them. They knew not whom they worshiped; and while prompted by the blind sentiment of devotion to adore some divinity, unknown though he might be, Paul endeavored gently to lead them away from their gods, that had no real existence, unto the living God, the great Creator and Father of all.

Though many of the common people of Athens were there in the Agora to hear the apostle, and it was to them he directed some of his well-timed remarks, doubtless it was chiefly the two classes of philosophers alluded to in the narrative with whom he had to deal, and in whose behalf he specially spoke. It was the Stoics and Epicureans who disputed with him, and

brought him to Mars' Hill, not to put him on trial in this venerated seat of justice, as some contend, but simply to hear what he would say in behalf of the new doctrine which he had taught in the Agora. These philosophers he addressed, and this makes it necessary to ascertain what their sentiments were, in order to appreciate the propriety of the apostle's language. What, then, did these sects believe?

The earlier philosophers of Greece, like Thales and Pythagoras, and their immediate successors, confined their researches to purely physical subjects. The moral element did not enter into their investigations; this was left to be introduced by Socrates and Plato and their successors, thus illustrating the scriptural process: "That was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural, and afterward that which is spiritual." (1 Cor. xv. 46.) The systems of Zeno and Epicurus were essentially moral, but widely different, for while the latter asserted the utmost freedom consistent with enjoyment, and made pleasure the end of existence, the former revolted against sensationalism, advocated a lofty and gloomy spiritualism, and resigned himself to a stern and unyielding fate. Stoicism manifested an utter indifference to human emotion. Loves and griefs, joys and sorrows, should not be allowed in its system to influence men in the least; hence the modern use of the word, implying a stern self-denial, an austere heart, incapable of being moved by the cries of human woe or human joy; pleasure is, in itself, nothing. The Stoics despised sentimentality, and scorned all appeals to the feelings. Pain and death were not to be taken into account in their estimate of life. Heroism consists in

putting all such things under the feet. In this respect it stands in direct antagonism to the gospel of which Paul was here the exponent. Jesus deals with men as susceptible of emotion, and capable of being moved for good by the recital of human suffering. His unrestrained emotion at the grave of Lazarus and on the Mount of Olives, while gazing down upon the doomed city of Jerusalem, detracts not from his manliness. It binds him nearer to our hearts. And the Christian's heaven will not be made splendid and attractive by marble walls and golden streets merely. Sympathy will be there, and love, the noblest element in the Christian character, will add to its joys; and praise, the soul's divinest employ, will attune the heart of the worshiper.

The Stoics inculcated pride in opposition to the humility of the gospel, inasmuch as they taught that man is dependent upon no being but himself. They believed that the soul is material, and will die with the body, or become absorbed in the great All, and that God himself is the soul of the material universe. In a word, they were pantheists, and as such were peculiarly unfitted to appreciate the sublime spirituality of the gospel and Paul's doctrine of the resurrection of the dead. All things in life are subject to remorseless fate. Piety is submission to it because its decrees are irresistible. Its self-command neutralizes all emotion, and forces men to go through the world like moving automata or senseless statues, unheeding alike the cries of joy and the sounds of woe, which enters so largely into life's experience.

The system of the Stoics in a later age was consid-

erably modified for the better, and approximated nearer to Christianity. It gives us an obscure view of divine Providence in the hymn of Cleanthes. Finding a more congenial soil in Rome, it helped to round out the characters of such men as Cato, Seneca, and Epic-tetus, who were noted for their stern virtues. Still, it was far from being a system adapted to man as a moral being, seeking a Power, loving, yet endowed with resources sufficient to inspire the fullest confidence. It could not satisfy his spiritual needs.

Epicureanism, in some respects, was the opposite of Stoicism. It was based on physics, though professedly a moral system. Epicurus was without doubt a good man, and he strove to induce his disciples to seek the pleasures of virtue in preference to vice; but he could not keep them from running into the baldest materialism. Deity had nothing to do with the creation and government of the world. It was formed by a fortuitous combination of atoms; hence the "atomic theory," so called, which has been revived in modern times in the celebrated Development and Darwinian hypotheses. God was a mere phantasm of the mind, having no objective reality; or, if he was self-existent, he kept himself aloof from all the affairs of the world and the operations of nature. Thus the Epicureans were virtually atheists. They regarded pleasure as the chief end of existence; and, in spite of the teachings of the founder of the sect, they listened to the cravings of appetite, and the enticing voice of passion, rather than the promptings of duty. Hence they were unprepared to welcome a spiritual religion which was founded on the doctrine of God the Father, who made the earth and all things

therein, and determines the times appointed and the bounds of men's habitations; in whom we live, and move, and have our being. And their theory of the soul's materiality, and consequent mortality, made the doctrine of the resurrection and man's accountability very distasteful to them. "Thus the gospel met in the garden an opposition not less determined, and more insidious, than the antagonism of the porch. The two enemies which it has ever had to contend with are the two ruling principles of the Epicureans and the Stoics—'Pleasure and Pride.'"

There were other schools of philosophy in Athens at this time, but these two, the Stoics and Epicureans, were the prevailing ones. They had little faith in the popular mythology of the times, but they both conformed to it, and thus lent their influence toward filling the temples, supplying the altars, and otherwise promoting the worship of the gods, to which the city was wholly given up. But they did not object to the introduction of new gods to the shrines of their temples, and perhaps they at first thought Paul would aid them in getting up a better system of religion.

Such, then, were the auditors whom Paul was to address. They stood there in the valley, below the rocky platform from which he was to speak, eager to hear some new doctrine which might afford them a fresh subject for contemplation and discussion.

Who is the preacher? He is the apostle of the Gentiles, once a rigid persecutor of Christians, but now their most zealous champion and friend. He is a scholar, learned in Pagan and Jewish lore; born in Tarsus of Asia Minor, a city where Greek, and espe-

cially Stoical philosophy, prevailed; brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, a distinguished Jewish teacher in Jerusalem, he has made himself familiar with the Old Testament Scriptures, the writings of the Jewish rabbis, and the philosophical systems that are received in Greece. He is thus fitted to consider the sentiments of those who are standing before him, and by a just comparison vindicate the superiority of the Gospel. He could speak the Greek language fluently, though probably his residence in a distant province of the empire might have given to his accent, style, and manner, something of a provincial air, at which the refined and fastidious Athenians might have sneered. Still, we do not learn that they were disposed to make any account of this circumstance. He came to Athens wearied with toil and anxiety caused by his disputes and contentions in Thessalonica and Berea, and doubtless his sad and dejected countenance betrayed his inward feelings struggling to find expression. But he was bold and full of faith in his cause, and under the inspiration of God's Spirit, with full confidence in his heavenly Father, in whose keeping are the interests of truth and the destiny of men, he proceeded to speak.

What doctrine did he present? We have already indicated some of the points upon which he touched. We can not now go into a detailed examination of his discourse on this occasion; every sentence of which, as it is reported to us, embodies a new and important truth, affording a suitable text for a sermon; we can only briefly present some of the principal parts.

The apostle here, as on other occasions, adapted his remarks to the circumstances and spiritual condition

of his hearers. He deals with them as his discretion and sense of propriety dictate. He does not abruptly and provokingly attack their prejudices, which would inevitably drive them away before he could unfold the positive truths of Christianity, but he commences in a conciliatory spirit, and gently commends them for their zeal in behalf of their religion (v. 22). As evidence of this he informs them that he found an altar in their city dedicated to a god unknown to them, and proceeds to reveal to them, in the place of the god whom they ignorantly worship (v. 23), that great and good Being who created all things, and rules in heaven and earth, and says, pointing to the Parthenon, a corner of which could be seen just over the entrance to the Acropolis, "who dwells not in temples made with hands." He is a self-sufficient Being; he needs not man's aid, as he himself gives life and sustenance to all (v. 25). The apostle here rebukes the exclusively national spirit of the Athenians, who conceived that they, as native dwellers on the soil, were specially favored of the gods, a refined and happy race—God has made all nations of one blood, and divided them up and assigned to each a specific portion of the earth, and thence he infers the duty of men to seek after him and serve him (verses 26, 27), since in him we live and have our existence; and he ingeniously confirms his position by reference to the Greek poets, who say, "We are also his offspring." The apostle has in mind, doubtless, the poet Aratus, who was born in Soli, Cilicia—some say in Tarsus, Paul's native city—about B. C. 295, who says, in his astronomical poem *Phænomena*, addressed to Jupiter:

"All are thy offspring and the seed of Jove."

The whole poem breathes the true spirit of devotion. Another poet alluded to by Paul was probably Cleanthes, who, in his hymn to Jupiter, says :

“For thou our Father art, and we thy sons.”

This is the noblest hymn of all the pagan writers, and may be called almost divine. Pindar and Pythagoras have also expressed similar sentiments in their “golden verses.”

In giving utterance to these sublime sentiments, the apostle combats the atheistic and sensual philosophy of the Epicureans, the pantheism and fatalistic views of the Stoics, and the materialism and polytheism of all who worship idols. Then, perhaps, stretching forth his hands toward the marble and bronze and ivory statues in plain sight before him, he emphasizes his doctrine of God by the practical inference: “Forasmuch, then, as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art, and man’s device” (v. 28). What a scene this! How must the words of the Christian orator have sunk into the hearts of those idolatrous Athenians, who were surrounded by such evidences of their senseless worship! Yet, up to this point of his discourse, he does not seem to have offended his hearers. He proceeds to say that God has heretofore overlooked their worship of false gods, and their neglect of him, whom they might find and worship, if they would seek him with the true spirit of devotion; but that now he commands and requires all idolaters to repent and forsake their vain worship and turn unto the one true and living God; for he has in-

troduced a new and perfect system of faith, and the period has arrived when he will rule the world in accordance with this system by that Man whom he has ordained as the Lord and Saviour of men, of which they had the assurance and the proof in the fact that he has raised Jesus from the dead (verses 30, 31).

This doctrine of man's moral accountability and the necessity of repentance for sin in accordance with the requirements of the Gospel, and especially the announcement of the resurrection of the dead, did not fall in with the feelings and prepossessions of Stoics, Epicureans, skeptics, and idolaters; and while some denied the preacher, others, in a state of suspense, or from regard to the outward forms of politeness, turned away from him with the promise that they would hear him again on this theme. Thus his discourse was broken off, and we have no evidence that it was ever resumed on Mars' Hill, or in any other part of Athens.

The great doctrines of theology, anthropology, and Christology which the apostle here first opened to the minds of the Athenians—God, the Maker of the world and the Father of men; Jesus, the Saviour of sinners and the first fruits of those that sleep—are brought out in their beautiful harmony and transcendent excellence. Though rejected by Greek philosophers and heathen idolaters, they will ever stand as a monument of the immense superiority of Christianity over the most refined systems of pagan philosophy and polytheistic modes of worship.

The statues of gods and deified heroes have been broken in pieces, and their mutilated fragments are scattered over the enclosure of the Acropolis, buried in

the ruins of thousands of years, or melted into forms that have been subservient to Christian uses; the numerous altars erected to unknown gods have disappeared; the most magnificent of heathen temples have long since crumbled, and are rapidly decaying under the operation of "time's effacing fingers;" ancient Athens, which reached the highest point of æsthetic culture to which man, unaided by special and divine light from God, ever attained, has passed off the stage of busy life, and mingled with the gods she once so devoutly worshipped. A new Athens, made of fresh marble from the old quarry, has arisen upon the ancient foundations; new temples have been erected, and new altars consecrated, but not to unknown gods. Multitudes throng these temples and bow before these altars, but they worship not a Being whom they know not.

Paul again stands on Mars' Hill and proclaims to willing hearts the hallowed and distinctive doctrines of Gospel grace and salvation. His voice reaches us across the waters and rebukes us for our materialistic and sensual tendencies, and warns us to turn away from the worship of false gods—wealth, ambition, fashion—and adore only Him who is the Lord of heaven and earth.

Such is the efficiency of Paul's preaching at Athens. Few, at first, were converted, and his sentiments were treated with derision and mockery; yet the truth is marching on through the nations and ages, and doing its part toward bringing in universal righteousness.

XIV.

CORINTH, THE CITY OF IDOLATRY.



ATHENS and Corinth, though forty miles apart, are generally associated together. Each can be seen from the Acropolis of the other, across the bay of Salamis. Most travelers visit the two in succession, one after the other. The traveler from the East, after visiting Athens and examining its splendid relics of antiquity, takes a carriage and rides down to the Piræus, over the same route which the apostle Paul traveled after preaching at Mars' Hill. Thence he goes on board the Greek steamer and rides alongside "rocky Salamis," with an amphitheatre of mountains around him in the distance, the Athenian Acropolis receding and that of Corinth approaching, until he lands at Kalamaki, near Cenchrea, where Paul landed and Aquila took the vow—the ancient port of Corinth. There, if he pleases, he can take a carriage and pass along by the walls of the ancient Stadium, where "all Greece" was accustomed to assemble once in three years to engage in gymnastic sports. Portions of the wall remain, the site of the Theatre and Temple erected to Neptune are pointed out, and traces of the walls that were built to fortify the Isthmus, and of the canal which Nero commenced but did not finish, and by which he designed to connect the two gulfs. As he surveys the ground his mind goes back to the scenes of rivalry and strife which characterized the games, the

reading of poems and histories which served to entertain the people, the sounds of confusion and revelry which greeted the ears, and the turmoil and commotion that must ever attend so vast a multitude, and the groves of olive and pine that waved over the heads of the people. Now he hears no sound—he sees no assemblage of men and women. Soldiers, stationed here by the government to guard the traveler from the prowling brigand, lie under the bushes, and the few tall pines that wave in the distance seem to sigh a requiem over the departure of those scenes of the gymnastic strife and social glee which were witnessed here two or three thousand years ago.

In two hours he is on the site of ancient Corinth. The city is mostly in ruins. In 1858 an earthquake visited it and toppled down its walls. Large masses of stones lie in the streets and the parks. A few wretched hovels shelter the inhabitants that have not fled, and desolation marks the spot. One specimen of antiquity remains, a temple of the Doric order of architecture, situated a little to the west of the village. Seven columns remain standing, and capitals, façades, and cornices attest the splendor and antiquity of the edifice. It is supposed to be older than the temple of Egina, or that of Theseus in Athens. It is not known to what divinity it was dedicated, but some have conjectured that it was to Fortune. Near this temple are remains of what are called the Roman Baths and those of Venus. Subterranean passages extend toward the citadel, through which, it is conjectured, the water was brought. These, with some fragments of sculpture in a Turkish fountain, and ruins scattered over the surface

of the plain around, are the only relics that serve to mark the site of the ancient city, whose magnificence once rivaled Athens and astonished the world. In relics of the past, Corinth has nothing to compare with her rival, which with pride still shows us her Parthenon and Odeon.

The site of Corinth is singularly picturesque. It lies on the northern slope of the declivity that extends from the gulf to the base of the Acro-corinthus, a bare, bluff rock that rises two thousand feet on the south. The summit of the rock is enclosed by an irregular wall, and within are houses, barracks for soldiers, a church, and a mosque. A few invalid Greek soldiers guard it. It is one of the strongest fortifications in the world, and the possession of it has many times been sharply contended for by opposing armies on the opposite sides of the Isthmus. It is a romantic-looking object, rising up there into the sky far above the plain, conspicuous from afar.

On our journey from Athens to Corfu, while riding in an omnibus across the Isthmus from one sea to the other, we had the citadel on our left all the way, some six miles. Before we reached Lechæum, or modern Corinth, two miles from the old city, it began to cast its long shadows over the plain as in the days of Statius, who says, "the Acro-corinthus covers the two seas with its alternate shadows." Between us and the heights a beautiful plain adorned with olive, pine, and fig trees, stretched along for several miles, and the brown houses of the modern city appeared at the base, surrounded by an investiture of green. But few farm-houses are seen along the road or on the plain. The inhabitants con-

gregate in villages to protect themselves from the brigands that infest almost every part of Greece. The soil was once exceedingly fertile and produced immense returns to the agriculturist. It has now lost its fertility somewhat, and is still partially cultivated, but the people get from it only a scanty subsistence.

In addition to the antiquities to be found in the city, the foundation walls of the celebrated temple of Venus are visible on the summit of the citadel, where the people used to assemble and engage in revelries and excess. The fountain of Pirene still pours forth its waters, full, clear, and sweet, as in the days of Strabo, who describes it, in the south-east angle of the fortified enclosure. It was here, according to Pindar, that the hero Bellerophon seized and bridled the winged horse Pegasus, when he came one night to quench his thirst. Its waters fall into a deep basin which probably communicates with the subterranean reservoirs and fountains in the city, two thousand feet below.

In its relation to its surroundings the site of Corinth is remarkable. It is the key to the Peloponnesus, or southern peninsula of Greece. In its narrowest part, the Isthmus is only three and a half miles wide. In all periods of Grecian history it has had an important military significance. It is the only passage-way by land between the northern and southern parts of Greece; hence it has been called "the bridge of the sea." At the time of the first Persian war, a wall was thrown across from sea to sea, and it was repaired or rebuilt several times afterward, the last by the Emperor Justinian, who erected upon it a hundred and forty towers. Portions of the wall can now be seen abutting against

the walls of the Stadium. At six different times, from Periander to Nero, attempts were made to dig out a canal across the narrow pass, so that ships might pass through without being obliged to unlade, but they all failed. It would have been necessary to cut a channel two hundred feet deep through the rock, and the ancients had not the means, the perseverance, and the courage to finish the gigantic undertaking.

The citadel is an important means of defense. It is so steep and high that a few soldiers only are required to guard it against a large army. The different nations which have from time to time engaged in contests here have eagerly coveted this as the place of the greatest security. It seems to stand as the protecting genius of the city at its base and the country around.

Corinth is a place, too, of great commercial importance. In the times when Greece flourished as the most enlightened and refined country on the earth, it surpassed Athens in commerce and trade. Great quantities of products were carried to it and through it on their way from sea to sea. Navigation around the promontories of southern Greece was considered dangerous and formidable, by reason of the frequency and fierceness of the storms which prevailed there. Merchant vessels sought shorter and safer, though perchance more expensive routes. But this narrow tract of land, that separated the Corinthian and Saronic Gulfs, was a great obstacle to navigation, and all tourists on this route find it so to-day. Vessels must be unloaded at Cenchrea or Lechæum and the goods carted across, or, as was sometimes the case, the ships must be drawn overland by the aid of machinery.

At an early period Corinth became the center of a vast trade, which introduced wealth and its attendants, luxury, licentiousness, and excess. Its devotion to Greek mythology increased its immoralities. It had temples dedicated to Venus, whose worship was represented as of the most shameless and unblushing kind. Besides the temple of Venus on the citadel, another temple, dedicated to Helios, or the Sun, who in his contest with Neptune for the possession of the Acrocorinthus had gained the victory, was erected here. Minerva and Diana were also worshiped. Its commercial relations with Phœnicia, which was noted for its gross idolatry, increased the effeminacy of its worship, and farther emboldened the people in their devotion to their favorite goddess.

The people dwelt in palaces, lived in sumptuous style, and engaged in all manner of sensual indulgence. They were "carnal," and discerned not "the things of the spirit," for these were "foolishness" unto them. Their city became famed for its corrupt and licentious practices, and equaled, if it did not excel, the Roman Pompeii, which the ashes of Vesuvius buried, with all the evidences of its corruption, only to be exposed to the gaze of the fifty-sixth generation of its countrymen.

The productions of all lands were brought here: the papyrus from Egypt; ivory from Libya; frankincense from Syria; dates from Phœnicia; fruits from Eubœa; wheat from Syracuse; carpets from Carthage. Ships from all parts of the civilized world crowded its three harbors. It boasted of nearly half a million of slaves. Art flourished, but the atmosphere was too polluted for

genuine literature to grow. In this element it offers no comparison with Athens.

Corinth is one of the oldest of the Grecian cities. It was reputed to have been founded, B. C. 1900, by Ephyra, the daughter of the Argive Ephoreus, and under her name it is mentioned by Homer. Sometimes independent, it assumed different forms of government, and afterward it was brought under the dominion of the provinces in the Morea or Continental Greece. In all the political and military contests that arose in this part of the world, it always took ground against Athens, which it regarded as a dangerous rival. After suffering various reverses, it was finally captured and destroyed by the Roman Consul Mummius, B. C. 146, when the whole of Greece fell under the Roman dominion.

For a century it lay in ruins, when Julius Cæsar, B. C. 46, restored and repopled it, partly by freedmen from Rome. It was this Roman city, and not the Greek, which had previously existed, in ante-Christian times, that Paul visited, after preaching at Mars' Hill in Athens. The new city, adorned with temples, altars, porticos, arches, statues of gods and heroes, magnificent dwellings built partially out of the ruins of the old city, surpassed Athens itself. It became the capital of the province of Achaia, and the residence of the Roman governor. The splendor of the new surpassed the old.

It was at this era of its secular prosperity that Paul came here and preached. He found a Jew here, Aquila, and his wife Priscilla, at whose house he lodged. He discoursed to Jews and Greeks every Sabbath. He soon gained Crispus, the ruler of the

synagogue, and many other converts who received the Gospel and were baptized. He was thus outwardly successful. He established a church here, but his letters to them after his departure reveal an unpromising state of affairs. There were three classes who connected themselves with his church: the Jews who had been expelled from Rome, and who still retained their exclusive Jewish spirit; the native Greeks who brought with them their perverted feelings engendered by their idolatrous worship; and the Gentile freedmen from Rome, who were also idolaters. The Jews were strong, but the Gentile element in the church predominated. A spirit of envy and jealousy arose between the rival factions and each followed its chosen leader. Some took Paul, some Apollos, and some Christ. The apostle in his letter to the church discards such strifes. He directs them to Jesus as the only true leader. He says: "I am determined to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified," that their "faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God."

Paul goes on to teach the necessity of toleration, and in the course of his reasoning breaks forth into that magnificent eulogium of charity or Christian love which has never been excelled by speaker or writer.

Some, too, after the manner of the pagan philosophers at Athens, denied and mocked at the doctrine of the resurrection of the dead, which leads the apostle to discuss this also. It is the necessary, logical result of Christ's being raised. "If there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen. And if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain and your faith

is also vain ; ye are yet in your sins." Admitting in common with them the resurrection of Christ, he proceeds to unfold the doctrine of the resurrection of all men, which has soothed and comforted millions of dying believers and mourning friends, who, without the Christian idea of a blissful immortality, would have been without hope, "of all men most miserable."

If the planting of the Corinthian church had done no more than to call forth these two clear and inimitable expositions of doctrine found in Paul's first letter to it, chapters thirteenth and fifteenth, it would not have existed in vain, for a more precious legacy has never yet been conferred upon the world.

It seems that some of the members of this church had perverted the Lord's Supper into an occasion of feasting and rioting, such as characterized the pagan modes of worship, while some ate meat which had been offered to idols, and thus became stumbling-blocks to their brother members. Paul teaches them that "an idol is nothing in the world," but if others are so weak that they are liable to be led astray by this practice, he enjoins upon them to "eat no flesh" lest they make their brothers to offend. Yet each one is at liberty to eat "whatsoever is sold in the shambles, asking no questions for conscience' sake," but all should bear in mind that "whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do," we should "do all to the glory of God." It is not the kind or the manner, but the motive that determines the character of the deed.

The customs in this pagan city in regard to the restraints thrown around the female sex, serve to throw light upon some passages in Paul's letters that have

been strangely perverted by some interpreters. He says, "If a woman have long hair, it is a glory to her; for her hair is given her for a covering." In these pagan communities it was customary for women to keep secluded from the society of men, or if she did go into places of public resort, she must keep her head and face covered, as the Mussulman women do at the present day in Egypt and Palestine. On the contrary, it was customary for man to wear his hair shaven close. It was regarded effeminate for him to wear long hair. "If a man have long hair, it is a shame to him." So the women of the East, according to the fashion, wear long and numerous tresses. Says Lady Montague, who resided long in Turkey and had free access to the harems, "their hair hangs at full length behind, divided into tresses, braided with pearl or ribbon, which is always in great quantity. I never saw in my life so many fine heads of hair." To woman these tresses are "a glory, for her hair is given her for a covering."

The vail must also be worn. This, in Greece, is an emblem of modesty. It is a disgrace for a woman to appear in the streets or in public assemblies without it. So she should wear it in the churches when she comes there to pray or prophesy, as in the Oriental countries to-day. It is only immodest and shameless women who would disregard this practical injunction. This requirement was demanded by the customs of the time and place, and hence it became a Christian duty, for as Mr. Thom says, "decent respect for the usages of society is not arbitrary, but a permanent part of Christian sentiment." We must take into consideration the usages of Corinthian society, both pagan and Christian, at the

time of the existence of the church there, in order to understand the passages containing directions and prohibitions like this. These usages are only a proper and timely regard for the feelings and customs of society.

In this light we are to explain that oft controverted passage in which the apostle forbids women to speak in the churches: "Let your women keep silence in the churches, for it is not permitted unto them to speak." There was a class of women who had been accustomed to attend upon the shameless rites of the temple of Venus, who threw off the veil and exposed their faces to the gaze of men, in violation of the sense of propriety which pervaded the church. They were regarded as infamous, and were shunned by all virtuous members of society. Their conduct brought reproach upon their sex and made woman's appearance in any public capacity disgraceful. Paul could not in a moment change the customs of society. As a Christian teacher, he was obliged to conform to them. His first object was to promote the edification of the church, which was composed of converts from Judaism and idolatrous worshippers at the shrine of Venus and Diana. He knew of abuses in it which hindered its prosperity and threatened its life. He knew that the sentiment of the people was such that they would not tolerate the appearance of woman in public as a teacher. For this reason he enjoined silence upon woman in the meeting for public worship. The prominent idea in the mind of the apostle was the preservation of *order* in these meetings. He says in the verse preceding, "for God is not the author of confusion, but of peace, as in all the churches of the saints." This order which he desired was threatened

by the conduct of certain female members. Paul requested them to cease speaking, in order to secure order and harmony in the church. He says, "Let *your* women keep silence," meaning those women specially who belonged to that church.

And this view is still farther confirmed by the meaning of the Greek word here rendered "speak" (*lalein*). It means "to use the voice without any necessary reference to the words spoken," to talk much, to babble, to prattle like monkeys or parrots. It is talking without sense or purpose, as the inspired or gas-intoxicated priestesses at Delphi and Delos and other Grecian temples, were accustomed to talk without uttering any clear or definite sentiments. We do not mean that this is the only, but the customary meaning of the word. It was this kind of talk that created noise and disorder, and hence the apostle forbids it.

That this prohibition was not designed to be of universal application, is evident from the fact of woman's "praying" and "prophesying" being allowed under certain restrictions, as seen in the eleventh chapter of this epistle, and other facts in the history of the church. Anna, the Jewish prophetess, was permitted to speak in the temple at Jerusalem. The four daughters of Philip, the evangelist, prophesied at Cæsarea. Many of the proselytes at Damascus, who became the most active members of the church, were women. At Philippi, Paul spoke to the women who resorted to the riverside, and he gained a distinguished convert in Lydia, "whose heart the Lord opened, that she attended unto those things which were spoken of Paul."

It seems strange that any Christian believer should

think that God, through any of his servants, should permanently prohibit woman from speaking in public in behalf of the Gospel, which has done more than all things else to redeem her from the bondage of degrading custom and servitude, and restore her to that position in which she could be of the greatest service in propagating its life-giving truths. She

“Who, when apostles fled, could danger brave,
Last at his cross and earliest at his grave,”

must not thus be ignored. The world can not dispense with her influence. She has been of the greatest service in all lands and all ages in promoting the Gospel. Foreign missionaries of all denominations gratefully acknowledge the immense value of her services. Only a few days since, we heard a missionary, who had labored twenty-three years among the Hindoos in southern India, speak of the importance of woman's labors there, and the necessity of her services in securing the object of the missionary work. Many things she can do to advance the spiritual welfare of the flock which man can not do.

It would be going back to the gloomy days of paganism and Mohammedanism indeed to deny her the privilege of publicly aiding in promoting the religion which Jesus originated and Paul did so much to disseminate. We can not believe that the apostle, in Christian society to-day, would deny her this privilege. We must look upon the prohibitions and regulations which are given in his epistles as local and temporary, pertaining to that city and state of society, and not applicable to all churches of all ages and conditions.

It could not be expected that the Corinthians would give up all their notions and feelings formed in their associations with Judaism and Paganism as soon as they entered the church. They would naturally cling to some of their favorite ideas with desperate energy long after they had professed the Christian name. "In more modern times the history of the church has not been without exemplifications of the disorder created by violent attempts to remodel the outward life before the Christian sentiment had taken complete possession of the inward springs of action." And this truth is specially apparent in such a city as Corinth, where idolatry and vice prevailed to so fearful an extent. The Grecian mind was accustomed to look at things not with a moral, but with an æsthetical eye, and hence when it found its way into the Christian church it could not at first appreciate the beauty of its severe morality and unbending probity. Its conscience was not educated and it could not see the inconsistency of blending the sentiments and rites of the system which it had previously professed with the pure and simple observances of Christianity.

This statement may serve to account for evil practices which were witnessed in the church at Corinth and which Paul strove to correct. And he did not labor in vain. After Paul had excommunicated some of the more stubborn and mischievous members, who were stirring up envy and strife, Clement, his fellow-laborer, who visited Corinth and afterward addressed a letter to the church (A. D. 97), which is still extant, says that the members were distinguished for their ripeness and soundness of knowledge, their freedom

from the spirit of faction and party ; and in direct contrast with their previous character, he speaks of the pure and blameless lives of the women—all of which goes to show a great improvement over their former state.

The account of the contention here, as described in the eighteenth chapter of the Acts, gives us an insight into the feelings, the prejudices of the different classes of people residing in the city. Gallio, the governor of Achaia, a brother of the philosopher Seneca, was a man of mild temper, integrity of purpose, and popular manners. The Jews in Corinth did not like the idea of Paul's preaching there, especially after he had converted the chief ruler of their synagogue. They made complaint against him to the governor. He found, on investigation, that it was not a matter of criminal procedure, but only a question of words concerning points in the Jewish law, and accordingly dismissed the case and drove the complainants from the tribunal. Then the Greeks, being influenced against Sosthenes, probably the successor of Crispus in the synagogue, in a tumult seized upon him and beat him in the sight of the court. Gallio took no notice of these illegal proceedings, as he "cared for none of these things." The result was that the Jews were disgraced, and Gallio became the popular protector of Paul in his labors to promote the cause of Gospel truth. He subsequently labored here a year and a half, gained many converts, and then took leave of the brethren and sailed to Ephesus.

The first epistle to the Corinthians was written from Ephesus probably in the year 57 or 58 A. D., and the second a few months later, a short time before Paul's

second visit there, from Philippi, or some other city of Macedonia. In these epistles he gives them advice adapted to their peculiar condition, warns them of the corrupt practices that had crept into the church, and encourages them to persevere in well-doing.

One feature, all intelligent and attentive readers of Paul's epistles will note: he draws his figures and illustrations from the objects immediately surrounding him and them. Instance the expression in 1 Cor. iii. 2: "Ye are God's building," and other similar expressions scattered all through his epistles, in which he likens the church to Grecian architecture. At Ephesus, where the first epistle was written, and at Corinth where it was read, were the magnificent temples of Diana and Venus, built in the highest style of architecture, of which the Greeks were passionately fond. Other splendid buildings were there, and around them, as Howson suggests, and as we find in all Eastern cities, were ill-built and dilapidated huts, where the great mass of people dwelt in rags and filth. If a fire should break out there, it would consume these huts, while the solidly built temples and palaces would stand comparatively safe amid the devouring element. With this scene before us, we shall get a more vivid idea of Paul's language when he says: "Let every man take heed how he build. For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ. Now if any man build upon this foundation gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble, every man's work shall be made manifest; for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work, of what sort it is." If he has builded aright,

his work will stand like the solid stone structures, but if not, it will be swept away and "he suffer loss, but he himself shall be saved, yet so as by fire."

It was doubtless in allusion to the splendid pagan buildings before him that he said to the Corinthians: "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God and that the spirit of God dwells in you? If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy, which temple ye are." And also the passage in the second epistle: "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." How much more clear and vivid must these figures have been to those readers who daily walked by the side of those temples that rose up in their grand proportions and curiously wrought ornaments before their ravished eyes.

Again, the figures which the apostle uses in the ninth chapter show clearly that he had been in Corinth, if he had not actually witnessed the games that were acted in the adjacent Stadium. It was to Greeks particularly that these figures have a significance, for while they frequently engaged in them, the Jews never practiced them. "Know ye not that they who run in a race run all, but one receives the prize? So run that ye may attain. And every man that strives for the mastery is temperate in all things. Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown; but we, an incorruptible. I therefore so run, not as uncertainly; so fight I not as one that beats the air. But I keep under my body and bring it into subjection; lest that by any means when I have preached to others, I myself should be a cast-away."

The Stadium, or race-course, was situated, as we have seen, between Corinth and Cenchrea. All the people were familiar with the games that were celebrated there every third year. The gymnasium, where the actors were trained and prepared for the work, consisting of a long covered gallery; the Theatre, where pugilistic and gladiatorial contests were held; the Temple of Neptune, in whose honor the games were instituted; and the long open space where the spectators gathered—all lay there in front of the city and helped to give the people a vivid idea of the beauty and appropriateness of the figures which Paul used. The actors underwent a long and rigid course of training, were required to abstain from all articles of food, liquors, and practices that would injure them or unfit them for the work of the race-course; or, in other words, they must be "temperate in all things." Where the multitudes came from all parts of Greece, none being excluded except Elea, the crowd was immense and the excitement was great. Boxing, wrestling, foot-racing, quoit-throwing, shooting with arrows, and other exercises were engaged in. The victors were rewarded with the shouts and applause of the people and the ceremony of crowning with pine-wreaths gathered from the neighboring grove. Each was also the recipient of a money gift from the government.

These crowns are presented in striking contrast with the unfading crowns of the Christian who runs with vigor the race set before him. The actor must comply with the rules. If he is caught violating them, he becomes a "castaway" and is ignominiously expelled from the grounds, and is not permitted to enter during

this season, into the contests again. He must keep his limbs in "subjection" to his mind, not "beat the air," but strike home directly upon the point aimed at, and thus he will be better assured of victory. In these particulars we can see the appropriateness of the figures as used by the apostle in application to the course of the Christian who sought an "incorruptible crown."

Like most cities in the East, Corinth declined, and with it the church also. A feeble Greek church exists here at the present time. Corinth is the seat of an Episcopal See, and a dilapidated building called the Cathedral of St. Nicholas furnishes a shelter for the small band of worshipers. The new city called Lutraki, bordering on the harbor where the transit passengers take the steamer, has a few good commercial buildings and shows some signs of life and activity. But the old earthquake-battered town which bears the corrupted name of Gortho is nearly in ruins. The columns and capital of the old temple are fast crumbling to pieces, symbolizing the fate of this once flourishing and magnificent city.

XV.

ROME, THE ETERNAL CITY.



WE came by railway from Naples to Rome. The station is just outside of the southern wall, and thence through the gate of San Giovanni we passed into "the eternal city."

Our route lay along nearly parallel to that of the apostle Paul when he came from Puteoli. We did not stop at Appii Forum or the Three Taverns, but when we first caught sight of the city from the foot of Mount Alba, across the Campagna, like the apostle, "we thanked God and took courage" because our tedious day's journey was so near its end. That night we rested in Rome. The following day we had glanced at the chief objects of interest that have been preserved down to modern times, and became lost in the contemplation of churches, temples, palaces, baths, amphitheatres, statues, paintings, tombs, and fountains, the old and the new commingled, and when I returned to my lodgings at night I felt like exclaiming with Rogers:

"I am in Rome! Oft as the morning ray
Visits these eyes, waking at once I cry,
Whence this excess of joy? What has befallen me?
And from within a thrilling voice replies:
Thou art in Rome! A thousand busy thoughts
Rush on my mind, a thousand images;
And I spring up as girt to run a race:
Thou art in Rome! the city that so long
Reigned absolute, the mistress of the world."

The observations of the following days toned down my enthusiasm somewhat, and prepared me to take a calm and leisurely survey of its present aspect as related to its past history.

Ever since Paul entered Rome it has been a place of special interest to the Christian. As it was for centuries the capital of a great secular empire, so it has since been the head of the Catholic church. It is still the residence of the Pope, who is voluntarily shut up in the many-roomed Vatican, while his peaceful conqueror and temporal ruler of all Italy triumphantly gives forth his decrees from his snug retreat, once the summer residence of the Pope, the Quirinal Hill, in another part of the city. The Ecumenical Council has just been held in St. Peter's, and the dogma of the Papal infallibility been decreed, and the bishops who took part in it have gone home to impose this dogma upon the reluctant members of the church and strengthen their wavering minds. Whatever may be the future history of this remarkable city, we shall never cease to feel an interest in it by reason of the important part it has played in the temporal and spiritual affairs of the world since it was founded by Romulus twenty-five hundred years ago. It will ever endure as "the eternal city."

Let us go back to the time when Paul first visited it. He had been accused in Jerusalem and had, as was his special privilege as a Roman citizen, appealed to Cæsar. This rendered it necessary for him to go to the capital of the emperor's domains. After having been imprisoned some two years at Cæsarea, on the coast of Palestine, he started, sailed along the shore and among

the islands of the Mediterranean, encountering storms, delays, and finally shipwreck at Melita. Worn and weary, he landed at Puteoli, then a city of great commercial activity, now decaying and crumbling to ruins, situated five miles west from Naples. Here he met Christian brethren, with whom he tarried seven days, and then proceeded on his way to Rome, one hundred and forty miles distant. The Christians at Rome, it seems, had heard of his coming, and some of them started out to meet and welcome him on the way.

He undoubtedly went direct to Capua, fifteen miles back from the sea, and thence over the celebrated Appian Way, which was trodden by the ancient Romans. This road stretches along at the base of the Apennines nearly parallel with the coast, yet once or twice reaching down to it. At Appii Forum, thirty-three miles from Rome, he met some of his brethren, and at the Three Taverns, ten miles nearer the end of his journey, another delegation, among whom he recognized some of his former acquaintances. This gave him great joy. As Howson remarks, "The great apostle had the sympathies of human nature; he was dejected and encouraged by the same causes which act on our spirits; he, too, saw all outward objects in "hues borrowed from the heart." The diminution of fatigue, the more hopeful prospect of the future, the renewed elasticity of religious trust, the sense of a bright light on the scenery around him, on the foliage which overshadowed the road, on the wide expanse of the plain to the left, on the high summit to the Alban Mount—all this, and more than this, is in-

volved in Luke's sentence, "*when Paul saw the brethren, he thanked God and took courage.*"

At Aricia, eighteen miles distant, he obtained his first view of the city across the low, undulating, fertile tract of the Campagna. He entered through the Capena gate, near the baths of Caracalla. This gate opened through the ancient Servian wall, some rods within the present wall, where afterward the Appian and Latin Ways diverged to pass through the more modern wall. For though Pliny speaks of "the eternal walls" of Rome, the walls which enclosed the city have several times been displaced, the old ones removed and new ones laid on a different line. In the palmiest days of the city the Capena gate was an important one. Through this the emperors with their attendants, and the victorious generals and their triumphal processions, with all the pomp and show and circumstance of war, passed on their way to the Forum and the Capitol.

At the time of Paul's visit the appearance of the city was very different from what it is now or was after Christianity became enthroned here. It was essentially a pagan city. Many of the ruins yet remain, but they are only ruins. Only one temple remains entire, and that is the Pantheon. It is a circular building, with a beautiful dome and a portico with pillars in front, and has the style of ancient architecture. It was dedicated, as its name implies, to "all the gods," and has since been consecrated as a Christian church, where all the religions are represented as being merged in one under God the Universal Father.

The old city was built on seven hills, all on the

south of the Tiber. The palaces, private houses, temples, arches, porticoes, fountains, clustered around the Forum, the center of life and splendor in the old city, whose broken arches, solitary columns, and crumbling walls now attest the operation of time's destroying power. The modern city occupies partially a different site, though in numerous instances the new, like Jerusalem, is built upon the ruins of the old. Thick clusters of buildings, with narrow streets as of old, fill up the space formerly called Campus Martius, which was used as a military parade ground, between the Forum and the river, and the space around St. Peter's at the Vatican and at the base of Janiculum, now called the Trastevere, on the north side of the Tiber. Rome had not received the splendid gift of churches that from the time of Constantine began to give a new appearance as well as a new character to it. As a pagan city it had numerous altars erected, as in Athens, to "unknown gods," in the temples that witnessed the mystic rites and senseless orgies of the old mythological worship. "Ancient Rome had neither cupola nor campanile; still less had it any of those spires which give life to all landscapes of northern Christendom." It was not yet adorned with the splendid basilicas of St. John Lateran, St. Lorenzo, Santa Maggiore, and St. Paul's; and St. Peter's was not built by Constantine till nearly two hundred and seventy years afterward, nor the present structure until the fifteenth century. The Capitol stood on the hill north of the Forum, and the temple of Jupiter on a rise of ground near it. The Mausoleum of Augustus and the temples and palaces that clustered around the Forum rose with their

fair proportions and inimitable decorations, but the grand arches of Titus and Septimius Severus, the columns of Trajan and Marcus Antoninus, the tomb of Hadrian, and the walls of the Colosseum, the largest and grandest amphitheatre in the world, whose ruins now excite the wonder and admiration of the visitor, were not reared till the next or succeeding generations. Scarcely a tower or a dome rose up above the mass of stone structures that lined the narrow, filthy streets which wound their crooked way through the city. Palaces with gilded roofs and ornamental fountains in the front or rear, statues and porticoes before public buildings and in the squares, sometimes greeted the sight of the beholder and gave variety to the scene, as witnessed by the apostle, but little huts crowded with masses of the lowest dregs of human life gave a motley appearance to the whole.

The old wall of Servius Tullius was thrown down, and the inhabitants depended more upon their own spears and valor than tufa and granite to defend the city against their hostile neighbors. The modern wall, which encloses a city of much larger dimensions, was built by the emperors that succeeded Nero, and improved by the popes of the middle ages.

Modern Rome south of the Tiber may be divided into two parts, the upper and the lower. The latter fills the space between the Capitoline, Esquiline, Quirinal and Viminal hills and the Tiber; the former, the remaining space between this part and the walls on the south and east. The old city was mostly confined to the southern and western parts, occupying the seven hills and Janiculum across the river to the north.

Nearly all the space along the Corso as far as Porto del Popolo and across the Elian bridge to St. Peter's, is now covered with buildings. The remains of the city of Augustus are mostly in the upper town, though we should reckon the Mausoleum of Augustus, the Antonine and Trajan columns as belonging to the lower town. Most of the inhabitants now dwell in the lower part, along the Tiber, in the Trastevere, along the Corso, between the Colosseum and Porto del Popolo, in the Piazza di Spagna, and thence to St. Peter's across the river—in fact, over the whole extent of Campus Martius. Here palaces, private dwellings, churches, interspersed with parks, squares, and gardens, fill up the enclosure. Foreigners are erecting buildings, however, upon and around the old ruins. Cæsar's palace, the space below the Tarpeian rock, and the grounds just within the gates on the south side of the city, have not escaped the operation of modern improvement. Still solitude reigns in all its glory over the ruins of crumbling palaces, high-walled baths, pagan temples, Christian churches, noble porticoes and villas. A tourist remarks of the space between Circus Maximus and the Forum: "I have gone over the whole hill (Palatine) and not seen six human beings on a surface which was once crowded with the assembled orders of Rome and Italy." My experience in the opposite direction was similar. I had occasion to walk from the Colosseum to the church of St. John Lateran, in the more southern part of the city and thence to the gate and the church of Santa Maggiore, and I was struck with the small number of people I met here. There were scarcely enough to enable me to inquire

the way, and there were long reaches where if I had encountered a robber, he might have stripped me before my voice could have raised human aid. And this, too, it must be borne in mind, was Christmas day, when the streets in the lower town are usually crowded with gay and festive people of all ranks, ages, and conditions.

Thus Rome resembles Alexandria, Cairo, Athens, and Jerusalem. Wide spaces between the walls are nearly destitute of human life, and the new town has been built on a different site within the same walls, and into this has crowded modern life.

In this part of the city, now almost denuded of inhabitants, Paul came in A. D. 61, and was delivered up to the captain of the guard, or pretorian prefect, Bærrhus, who probably dwelt in or near the palace of the Cæsars, on Palatine Hill. In this immediate vicinity he was permitted to dwell, under the charge of a soldier, with a chain attached to his feet, "in his own hired house," for two years, and to pursue his chosen work of preaching and gaining converts to Christ. The particular place where the centurion delivered his prisoners to the prefect is supposed to be the camp-ground attached to the palace, whose vast ruins are now partially buried, although portions have been unearthed and their treasures brought to light by the soldiers of Louis Napoleon since their occupation of the city from the year 1849. The discoveries made prove this to have been one of the largest and most magnificent palaces that ever existed.

But though a prisoner, the apostle was not idle. His language was: "Woe is me if I preach not the

gospel!" Only three days were suffered to pass away before he called together the leaders of the Jews and addressed them in explanation and vindication of his position. He asserted that he had done nothing to injure the people, nothing contrary to the customs of their fathers. "I have called to see you and to speak with you, because that for the hope of Israel I am bound with this chain." These words touched a tender spot in the hearts of these Jews, exiled from the land of their fathers. "The hope of Israel" was a subject dear to them, and they appointed a day for hearing the apostle. Paul accepted their invitation to address them, on the rule which he had previously laid down in his letter from Corinth, "to the Jew first," and afterward "to the Gentile."

The Jews had not heard of him before, but desired him to address them again, "for as concerning this sect, we know that it is every-where spoken against." So on the day appointed, they came together in great numbers and listened to Paul, who spoke to them concerning Jesus and the kingdom which he came to establish in the earth, addressing them "both out of the law of Moses and the prophets from morning till evening." Then ensued a long and stormy discussion concerning Paul's claims, which ended, as such discussions generally do, without coming to any agreement, some believing and some rejecting his statements, when the apostle took occasion to administer a just rebuke, in the language of their favorite prophet Isaiah, and turned from them with the words: "Be it known unto you that the salvation of God is sent unto the Gentiles and that they will hear it." (Acts xxviii. 28.) Thus,

here as elsewhere, he vindicates his character and mission, specially as "the apostle of the Gentiles."

Nevertheless, a portion of the Jews embraced the gospel and connected themselves with the church which had been established here. Though the Gentile Christians may have been more numerous, yet it is evident from Paul's epistle to the Romans that the Jewish element entered largely into the composition of the church, but it is difficult to ascertain which element did actually predominate. The Roman government at first treated both alike, regarding Christians as a fanatical sect of the Jews. Afterward the Christians were watched more closely, by reason of their professing to acknowledge a king, Jesus, who was taken to be a kind of rival of the Roman emperor, and his followers as engaged in a conspiracy to overthrow the existing government and place their king upon the throne. This was the charge brought against them by Nero, and it was this that gave color to his pretense that they set fire to the city in the year 64, when it was so nearly consumed.

The account in the Acts concludes with the statement that Paul dwelt two whole years in Rome and "received all that came to him, preaching the kingdom of God and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ, with all confidence, no man forbidding him." This indicates remarkable liberty shown to a prisoner under the Roman law. It shows, too, a commendable degree of toleration at this time on the part of the Romans towards those engaged in the proclamation of the gospel. No man forbade Paul's preaching concerning the Lord Jesus Christ. Surely, at this

time they did not fear the pretensions of Jesus as a king. The Christians were quiet and peaceable in their habits and interfered with no movement of the proud Romans. Hence they were not disturbed in their peaceful vocations. The fiery times of persecution had not yet arrived.

It does not appear that Paul was subjected to a formal trial. But he was at length released. He continued his labors so long as he remained here. He wrote the epistle to Philemon, which he sent with the slave Onesimus back to his master, who was a member of the church at Colosse in Asia Minor. He also wrote the epistle to the Colossians, the Philippians, and the Ephesians. He obtained many converts to the Christian faith, some even from the emperor's household. After he was set free, according to some accounts, he visited Asia Minor, Crete, Macedonia, and Spain, preaching and establishing his faith in these and other countries, and eventually returned to Rome, where after residing awhile, he was arrested in that terrible persecution which Nero instituted against the Christians, thrown into prison, tried, and beheaded in June, A. D. 68, only a few days before the death of the emperor. As a Roman citizen, he was exempted from punishment by crucifixion on the cross, to which Peter on the same day was subjected. He was put to death on the Ostian road, some three and a half miles south-east of Porto San Paolo, outside of the walls and beyond the Protestant cemetery, which is marked by a tall pyramid that was erected to the memory of Caius Cestius, in the reign of Augustus, a short time before the death of Paul. The spot where he was martyred

is on the border of a rivulet which runs into the Tiber. It is marked by three fountains which, according to a legend, miraculously gushed forth on the occasion of his death, and by a small church called "St. Paul at the Three Fountains," which encloses the fountains. The churches of Santa Maria and Saint Vincent stand near. A convent is attached to the latter church. Burgon, in describing it, says: "The pillared cloister encloses a sunny quadrangle where vegetation abounds. How picturesque are their many little columns! How delicious is that cool shade! In the center of the court is a well and a few old cedar trees. One monk, drawing water, looks as if he had gone there to be sketched. You saunter along that chequered perfection sure of a civil word of greeting from every one you meet, until you emerge into a quiet little garden full of orange trees, which commands an enchanting view. The inoffensive, hard life of the inmates, the exceeding urbanity of all in superior station, disarms your prejudices and conciliates your good-will."

Two miles nearer the city walls rises the most splendid of Rome's modern churches, called St. Paul's, erected on the site of the old church first built by Constantine over the body of the apostle, though one account has it, that half of his body only was buried here, the other half at St. Peter's, and his head on the spot where stands the church of St. John Lateran within the city. This building was erected by the present pope, Pio Nono, in place of the former one burned in 1823. In beauty of architecture and magnificence, though not in size, this church surpasses St. Peter's. Its eighty pillars of granite and Ravenna

marble are beautiful in their fair proportions. One of the granite pillars, all of which were furnished by the emperor of Austria, once lay in the Simplon Pass of the Alps, and was intended to adorn Napoleon's triumphal arch in Milan. Wordsworth has commemorated it in a poem composed while it was still lying by the way-side in the Pass:

"Ambition, following down this far-famed slope,
Perchance in future ages here may stop,
Taught to mistrust her flattering horoscope
By admonition from this prostrate stone;
Memento uninscribed of pride o'erthrown,
Vanity's hieroglyphic: a choice trope
In fortune's rhetoric, Daughter of the Rock,
Rest where thy course was stayed by power divine."

But though enjoined by the poet-traveler to "rest," it did not obey, but was transported some five hundred miles from the place where it was quarried, and now adorns this finest church in Rome.

This church is remarkable for the great variety of sources whence the materials came. Some of the fluted Corinthian columns were taken from Hadrian's mausoleum. The alabaster pillars of the high altar were presented by the Pasha of Egypt. A malachite altar in the transept was presented by the emperor of Prussia. The king of Holland made a gift of nearly ten thousand dollars, and a Jew—possibly a descendant of a Jewish Christian converted by Paul—bequeathed to it a large sum. Surely this is a curious admixture of contributions, which may, perhaps, symbolize the union of the Greek, Latin, Jewish, and Mohammedan sects that are represented by these donors.

Few spots outside the walls of Rome afford a more beautiful and interesting walk, aside from its thrilling religious associations, than the one from the Gate of St. Paul to the cemetery where Keats; Shelley, and other Protestants are buried, to this church of St. Paul, and on as far as the convent and the Three Fountains which mark the place of his martyrdom.

Another spot of interest to the admirers of the apostle is the little church of San Paola in the district of Regola, formerly called "The School of St. Paul," from the circumstance of his having once taught the people here. It is near the Sistine bridge on the north side of the river Tiber.

The name of St. Paul is more prominent in Rome, yet that of St. Peter is closely connected with the church here, especially in the estimation of Catholics. They would have us believe that this apostle came to Rome as early as the year 40 or 42, and that he was the founder of the church here, or at least its bishop for twenty-five years, up to the time of his martyrdom; while ultra-Protestants, who are determined to annihilate every vestige of claims which the Catholics have set up as the foundation of their church, have denied that Peter was ever in Rome. Both are undoubtedly in error. It is fully proved that Peter was, during a portion of the time following the year 40, in different places of Palestine and Asia Minor, and since the discussion of this subject in Rome during the past winter, the more intelligent Catholics are giving up the position that he was for so long time a bishop. Protestants have, with too much sensitiveness, undertaken to show that he never visited "the eternal city," thinking

that thereby they should break down the pretensions of the Roman church as being the head of all the churches in Christendom, forgetting that the word "bishop," as used in the early history of the Christian church, means simply *overseer* or *porter*, as of a single church. If Peter had dwelt in Rome all his life-time, it would not justify the extravagant claims of the Catholics, nor if he had never visited it, would it break down their church. We do not regard this as an essential point.

Different writers, and among them Dionysius of Corinth, Irenæus, Tertullian, Origen, and Eusebius, state the account of Peter's being martyred here as a fact well known, and we see no reason for trying to refute it. But Eusebius, undoubtedly, was mistaken in the time of his visit, A. D. 42. It was probably near the close of his life. There are traditions and monuments which connect his name indissolubly with Rome, and afford presumptive evidence of his having visited it and done good service for the church—service that was long and gratefully remembered.

The tourist who comes along the Corso to the Forum will notice an old gloomy-looking stone structure standing on the right corner of the street as it enters Sacra Via. He will not, of course, pass this without entering, for it is one of the oldest monuments of Rome, having been built by Ancus Martius, who reigned B. C. 638 to 614, and replaced by Servius Tullius, B. C. 578 to 535. There are two dark apartments, forming what once constituted the upper and lower dungeons. An aperture at the top is pointed out through which prisoners were let down into the lower dungeon. The bottom is sometimes covered with water, and it is said

that Jugurtha, who was starved to death in this prison, on being precipitated into the vault, exclaimed: "Heavens! how very cold is this bath of yours!" The accomplices of the traitor Catiline were afterwards strangled here.

This is said to have been the place where both Peter and Paul were imprisoned at the same time, though some dispute it. Posts are pointed out by the guide to which they were chained. In the middle of the floor a fountain burst forth, which, according to tradition, is miraculous. The story goes that Peter converted the jailers and others here, and water flowed from this spot, in which he baptized them. An altar has been erected in the upper apartment and the building converted into a church, which is called St. Joseph's.

Another legend is related of Peter which, even if fabulous, is beautiful in its religious lesson. We go out of the city to the south through the gate of St. Sebastian and over the Appian Way along the route which Paul traveled, though in an opposite direction. A mile or so from the walls we cross the rivulet Almone, or Acquataccio, and turn aside into the little church called *Domine Quo Vadis*. We are told that Peter became weary of his work in Rome and disheartened at the rebuffs and persecutions which he encountered among the enemies of Christianity, and started to flee from the city. He reached the spot where this church now stands, when Jesus appeared to him in a vision. Peter addressed him: "*Domine, quo vadis?*"—"Master, whither goest thou?" "Back to Rome, to be crucified again!" The apostle received these words as a severe rebuke for his craven

retreat, immediately turned around, entered the city, and continued his labors in behalf of Christ until he was arrested and martyred.

The place of his martyrdom is popularly believed to have been on the Vatican Hill, where was Nero's circus, and where St. Peter's church and the Vatican palace now are. An ancient tradition in Rome has it that Peter and Paul suffered on the same day and on the same field south of the Ostian gate. Origen asserts that Peter requested the privilege of being crucified with his head downward, because he denied his Master. His body was first deposited in the Catacombs, over which the walls of St. Sebastian's church afterward rose, two miles south of the city walls, and at the end of eighteen months it was transferred to the present site of St. Peter's church. Deep down in the subterranean chapel under the floor of the church a small tomb may be seen by the flickering light of a wax taper. This was erected to commemorate the apostle, and is a spot to which pilgrims from all parts of the world flock as to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem.

A bronze statue, said by some to have been that of Jupiter Capitolinus, with the addition of a nimbus around his head and two keys in his hand, but by others alleged to have been this relic of pagan mythology recast, modernized, and Christianized, is a prominent object of notice to the visitor at St. Peter's, on the left side of the church. The image is in a sitting posture, with the right foot extended and the great toe nearly gone. Every true Catholic who enters the church on occasions of public worship, from low to high, not even

excepting the Pope, is expected to press his lips and chin upon the consecrated toe. In front of the church on each side of the entrance, at the bottom of the marble stair-way, are statues of St. Peter and St. Paul, placed there by the present pope.

Since the martyrdom of Peter and Paul, A. D. 64, the Roman church has preserved its existence, though with varying fortunes. It has passed through perils innumerable, and come not out of the furnace without the smell of fire upon its garments. It has been subjected to all the debasing influences of intrigue, chicanery, and pride. After the prestige of honor began to be accorded to the Roman bishops, it increased in power, opulence, and haughtiness, and finally overshadowed all other churches in the world. Rome had attained a name and a glory which eclipsed all other cities and became the world-capital. The church, after a long struggle, came to partake of this renown, and a series of strong-minded, ambitious, and kingly bishops, like Innocent I, in the early part and Leo the Great in the middle of the fourth century, and Gregory VII, or Hildebrand, in the eleventh century, drew the attention of the Christian world to this as the head-church of Christendom. Constantine's conversion changed the character of this city, as well as the world, and gave greater prominence to the Christian element. The habit, early formed by the other churches, of appealing to this as the church standing midway between the East and the West, strengthened its influence and gave still greater prominence to its already elevated character. Accordingly, by the time that Hildebrand began to infuse his strong will into the church, it rapidly ac-

quired the reputation of mother-church to all other churches. It held this position during the middle ages, and the power of the popes, both religious and secular, was felt all over Europe and far into the countries of the East.

After Martin Luther aroused the energies of Europe against the Papacy, and the power of Leo X ceased to be felt at the center, its influence lessened. The discovery of gunpowder and the invention of printing, the *renaissance* of art and learning, the introduction of Greek literature, the opening of America's boundless fields to the dissatisfied spirits of Europe, the violent separation of the English branch from the great Catholic body, the developments of science and the general awakening of thought throughout the civilized world, the dissemination of the principles of liberty and the increasing confidence of the people in their ability to govern themselves—all contributed to weaken the temporal, if not the spiritual, power of the Pope. In the fall of 1870 the approach of the soldiers of Victor Emmanuel toward Rome served to bring out the latent feelings of the people in opposition to the Pope's secular power, the gates were opened and the papal power fell, never to be resumed. He now resides, a voluntary prisoner, in the Vatican, and refuses to have any dealings with the king of Italy, whom he has excommunicated and condemned as a heretic and an apostate. He hurls at him, firmly established in the Quirinal palace, the thunders of the Vatican, but King Victor heeds them not, and the world looks on and laughs the impotent bravado to scorn.

The Council quietly assembled in St. Peter's, and

after a stormy six months session, enacted the dogma of the Papal infallibility, which had already been in force without a formal decree for hundreds of years, and then dispersed. The bishops returned home, many to find their sees quite otherwise than beds of roses, for the progress of the world in freedom and intelligence had ill-prepared the minds of the people for the reception of so inconsistent a dogma. Some were indifferent to it and others rejected it altogether. The Pope and the Catholic church will find the nineteenth century not quite the same as the eleventh.

Still the Pope retains his position as the spiritual head of the Catholic church, and Rome contains the great mother-church. The religion of Italy is still Catholic; but the Pope has no longer the power to exclude Protestants from the exercise of their rights. Bibles are openly sold in Milan, Florence, Naples, and Rome, and religious worship, under the fostering care of Victor Emmanuel, has been established in various parts of the city, from which three years since it was entirely excluded, except in private houses and under the roofs of the different Protestant consulates. The condition of religion in Rome is now quite anomalous. The three hundred and seventy-eight churches are all nominally Catholic, yet but little interest is felt in religious matters. On special occasions, like Easter and Christmas, the churches are tolerably well filled, or rather the great churches, as the ordinary ones witness only a very meager attendance. It is probably not a great church-going city. The people are interested far more in politics than in religion.

Still I have hope for Rome. She will endure as

"the eternal city." She has filled too large a place in the history of the past for the world to permit her speedily to retire into oblivion. We have too many thrilling memories connected with the early history of the church here to permit us to forget her. She has become the capital of redeemed Italy. She must be raised up. Her church must be purified and brought back to the pure and simple faith which characterized it in the days when Paul, and Peter, and Clement ministered to its spiritual wants. Thus redeemed and purified and placed on a true apostolical foundation, it may become a moral power, such as the world has not yet seen, for the regeneration of the error-bound and oppressed nations of Europe. A new Rome will rise upon the ruins of the old, adorned with greater splendor and fitted to send forth a more far-reaching and noble influence. We rejoice, then, that Louis Napoleon's soldiers are expelled from the city, that Victor Emmanuel has taken possession of the papal palace, and the Pope's temporal authority is now confined to St. Peter's and the Vatican.



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